THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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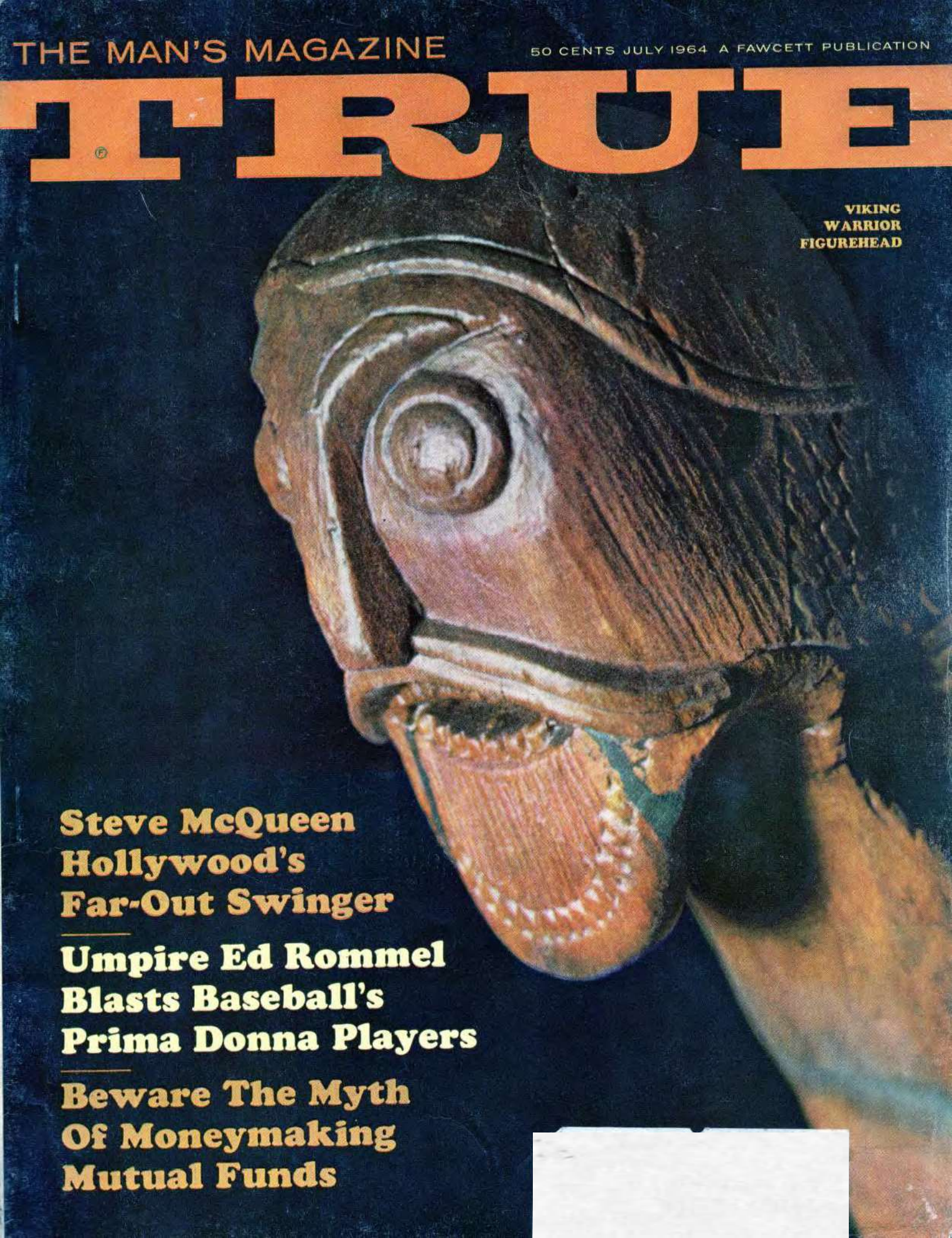

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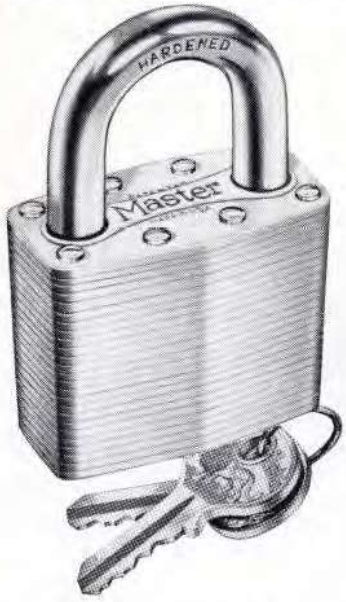

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Defector's Defects

Frankly, I don't get it. Of all the stories to come out of the Korean War, the case of the defectors like Scott Rush (*My Ten Years in Red China: A GI Defector Tells Why*—June) is without a doubt the most depressing and embarrassing to Americans. I don't understand why, with all the heroes and real men you could have interviewed, you chose to dredge up this guy. I grant you, the story told me a lot that I didn't know about life in Red China and about the character defects that make a defector. But was the knowledge I gained worth the bad taste the story left me with?

—Charles Brown
New York, N. Y.

Penicillin tastes bitter, too, Charlie, but it's a lot more useful than sugar pills.

Inflammable People

Your article *The Baffling Burning Death* (May) was a fascinating example of the off-beat literary fare which seems to be available in no other publication. One thing surprises me, though. In all cases, the people present made much of the fact that a fire of such intense heat as to be able to consume a human body did little damage to inflammable material in the vicinity. It occurs to me that the fire may not have been as hot as people assumed. It takes a fierce fire to consume a normal body, but these bodies weren't normal; they were highly inflammable. You can observe what I mean if you dump lighter fluid on your hand and ignite it.

—Oscar A. Neumer
Tucson, Ariz.

***You* dump lighter fluid on your hand, Oscar. We'll watch.**

I am reminded, even as I peck out this letter, of the day I was a sudden victim of Spontaneous Human Combustion. In my case the ashes the pretty blue flames left of me were no cause for concern. I was fortunate in being able to rise above them.

Ima Phoenix

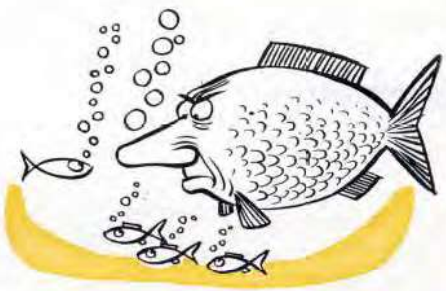
Ura Bird, all right.

Firearm Fracas

I was very pleased on reading *The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It* by Robert Ruark (May). I have been writing letters to Congressmen and in most cases to no avail. We are much closer to losing our guns than most people realize, and for that reason I would certainly like to see more articles like the one by Mr. Ruark.

—Fletcher Johnson
Indianapolis, Ind.

Odoriferous Anglers



Permit me to say that Byron W. Dalrymple's friend Essie Gibbs (*Fishing Luck Poor? You May Have Underwater B.O.*—May) was about 75 years later than my

[*Continued on page* 4]

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This is a Top Stock Eliminator. What did he eliminate? And why.

Dave Strickler in his '64 Dodge Ramcharger. Top Stock Eliminator in the 1964 AHRA Phoenix Dragstrip Championships.

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It was not surprising that a competition-equipped Dodge won. It would be highly unusual if a Top Stock Eliminator was not a Dodge or Plymouth.

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[Continued from page 2]

father in learning that fish do smell with their snoot and have their likes and dislikes. In 1880 an old Indian friend of my father's told him to grind certain seeds, then simmer them to extract the oil which was then added to a bottle of fish oil, which in later years I prepared each spring for use the following year. A teaspoon of this in a bucket of minnows not only improves the bait but keeps the hands deodorized. Moss for worms is also soaked in this water. Everyone found it deadly on rainbows and speckles.

—G. N. Ruttle
Toronto, Ont. Canada

Moss-Covered Cottage

I must say *Stirling Moss Builds His Bachelor Dream Pad* (May) is a very nice spread, and I trust your readers will like it.

—Stirling Moss
London, England

Mouse Manglers

No wonder nobody beats a path to the door of your chief photographer of mouse traps (May). He probably only goes to the cellar to check on the working of home brew, not mouse traps. The U-wire in the small square trap shown snaps up, not down. The mouse shoved his head in the hole, pushed against the trip wire and was neatly garroted. The best mouse exterminator is either dynamite or a 12-gauge shotgun, but upkeep on the house is terrific.

—Herbert F. Williamson
Anderson, Ind.

Looks like you've mousetrapped us, Herb.

Pirates of the Press

The article by Al Stump about *The Denver Post* (*The Yellow Journal That Couldn't Be Muzzled*—May) contains at least a few inaccuracies. He said, at the end of his description of the riot that occurred during the Tramway employees strike: "Their enemies sat back to watch a Bon and Tam boast ended: that the Paper with a Heart and Soul hadn't missed an edition since 1895." I was a printer on *The Post* at that time, and no editions were missed. I reported for work at 7:45 a.m. to go to work at 8, but the foreman said to go to work at once, and the crew had an extra on the street before 9 a.m. You see, the rioters never found the way to the press room, and so the presses were not touched. Also the composing room on the third floor was not reached. There was a night crew in the composing room. The printers heard the mob coming, turned out all the lights and went to the roof until the mob left the building. The mob tried to get to the composing room, but it was pitch dark, and they could not see where they were going. So the critical parts of *The Post*, the composing room and the press room, were not harmed. *The Post* had just doubled the size of their building, and front and back, there was just one window pane that had not been broken.

—John A. Rose
Denver, Colo.

The Zung Plan

Regarding Meyer Zung's proposal for a lottery in which we send part of a dollar bill to Washington ("Buck shot"—*It's A Man's World*—April), isn't it illegal to mar, tear, deface, etc.? It kind of reminds me of a delicious recipe for tiger soup which starts out saying "kill one tiger."

—Mrs. William Swanton
Garden City, N. Y.

In this case it's a paper tiger, Mrs. S. True, Title 18, U.S. Code, section 333 prohibits mutilating, disfiguring, or perforating any Federal Reserve note with intent to render such note unfit to be reissued. But, first of all, most $1 bills are silver certificates, not Federal Reserve notes, and, secondly, it should be obvious that it would take special legislation of various kinds to make Zung's dream a reality.

Let's all give praise to Meyer Zung
Whose likeness should be proudly hung,

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For his great idea for a national lottery.

—Jean Beal
Leonia, N. J.

Buffaloed

The plural of buffalo is buffalo, not buffaloes (*Buffaloes Are His Business*—April). Even as a child I never heard of a herd of buffaloes.

—George Warmack
San Antonio, Tex.

Webster's lists buffaloes, buffalos, and buffalo, as acceptable plurals, but prefers the first two. Sorry, but we prefer Webster to Warmack

To be in True, the American buffalo should be "bison."

—Comstock's Last Stand
Elberta, Ala.

Who ever heard of "a home where the bison roam"?

Commie Confusion

The suggestion by Jim Goodman, age 16, of Denver, Colorado (*TRUEly Yours*—April) that the article *America's Paper Hero* (January) was Communist-inspired makes me wonder what the danger in America really is. The assumption that there is a Communist behind every dissenter does more harm to the American form of government than much of the espionage and subversion of the Communists themselves. The situation is worsened, however, when a 16-year-old is indoctrinated in this belief. Then the seeds of hatred from which spring a disrespect for the cornerstone of our democracy have been planted. My suggestion is that one should concentrate his studies on the principles of the Constitution.

—John F. Petrini
Davis, Calif.

You have degraded more American heroes than the Kremlin ever dreamed of. This proves what your magazine stands for. If you print this, you will receive an avalanche of similar accusations.

—Louis Frank
Reno, Nev.

Woodrow Wilson said it: "If a man is a fool, the best thing to do is to encourage him to advertise the fact by speaking."

Of Caltraps and Caltrops

In your February, 1964 issue appears an article under *Man to Man Answers* about an instrument of war called a caltrop. The insignia of the Third Marine Division is a replica of this instrument. This association's newsletter is called *Caltrap*.

—A. L. Jensen
Executive Secretary-Treasurer
Third Marine Division Association
San Diego, Calif.

The name of your newsletter made us race to the dictionary to find out who made the typo. We were relieved to learn that a caltrap is a heraldic representation of a caltrop.

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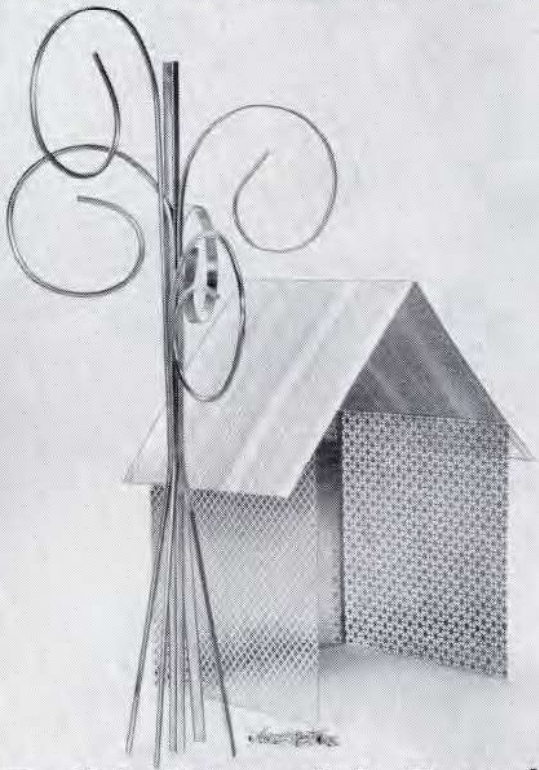

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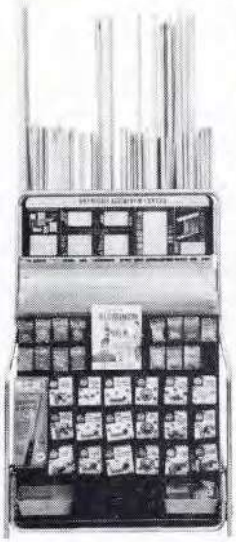

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JULY 1964

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VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 326

Love Letters to Rambler

Joel M. Price

Insurance Executive Joel M. Price of New York City has to get business use *and* family use out of his car—both tough. His letter is full of praise for his Classic Six station wagon with automatic transmission:

"It's the most kid-proof car I've ever seen"

"I have two boys who can do some pretty horrible things to the upholstery of a car in short order. But the inside of my Classic wagon has proved as tough as it is good looking.

"I particularly like the brakes, too. They stand up remarkably well under all the stop-and-go city driving I do. And I've never seen any that work so smoothly in wet weather.

"Gas mileage has been surprisingly good. I never expected to get 18–20 miles with an automatic transmission—and in so much city traffic.

"Writing testimonials is not one of my fortes, but I feel compelled to take pen in hand and congratulate those who make such a fine automobile possible."

You can see why Rambler is America's best-selling six-cylinder wagon! The great Classic also comes with an optional 198-hp

V-8 or the new Torque Command 232... the 6 that comes on like an 8—great! And the smart Roof-Top Travel Rack is *standard* equipment. See your Rambler dealer.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

SLICK CHICKS

If you ask, "What will women do next?" we'll tell you. They'll smear extract of cow blood on their faces. At least, this is the hope of manufacturers who expect millions of women with corrugated countenances to rub on a product that supposedly smooths out fine wrinkles for a few hours. The invisible stuff is said to settle between wrinkles and pull the skin together, like shrinking glue. If you meet a dame who never cracks a smile because she's in fear of cracking her wrinkles loose, chances are she has filled her facial crevices with cow lacquer. The wonder stuff is billed as "bovine serum albumin," meaning that it comes from cow blood. Actually albumin is a protein that is in everybody's blood and is mostly the stuff that egg white is made of. As far as we know, a wrinkled wench could just plaster on some egg white to become a slick chick, and save herself some dough.

SHORT TIP

The tipping rate in moderately priced grub parlors has been cut in half by waiters themselves. In a facts-of-life showdown in a U.S. Tax Court, waiters contended that their average tip is only 7 to 8 percent of the tab, not the 15 percent rate that the internal revenuers want to tax them on. You are free to use this information, at risk of a cup of hot soup down your neck.

DON'T SCRAP THE SCRAPE!

Somebody with a slide rule has calculated that a man spends 139 days of his life shaving off 27½ feet of whiskers. We groan about the daily scrape, but if you could apply a harmless cream that would kill whisker growth and keep you clean-shaven for life, would you buy it? Evidently some outfit is aiming to develop such a nefarious product, for we read in a trade journal that a crew of psychological testers was hired to ask men if they would use a permanent ban-the-whiskers cream. The answer was a resounding "No!" Only three men out of 100 said they might use the stuff. The psychologists concluded that the daily growth of a man's beard is very important to him psychologically. Like those low-cut necklines that remind a woman she's feminine every time she looks down.

WHERE'S THE SIDESHOW?

The New York World's Fair has a fountain of colored water, a wax museum, a 20-minute boat cruise, and a puppet show with girls made of wood, listed as entertainment, but nothing to hold a candle to Rosita Royce's "Dove Dance of Peace" at the 1939 World's Fair. Rosita came on stage elaborately gowned, along with eight doves trained to peck at trick moorings of her dress until the garment collapsed from non-support. In the year 1964 we have sedate boat rides and puppet shows—can this really be progress?

LADIES IN THE SOAPBOX

Have you noticed a lot of female manikins propped in the front seats of political bandwagons lately? It's a sure sign that nominating conventions are upon us, that elections can't be far behind, and that every politician is out to prove that he's crazy about women on account of there being more female than male voters. Even President Johnson, the lone male member of a dimly lit household, is racing (oops! dirty word! we don't mean 85 mph on Texas highways) to appoint 50 women to key posts. According to recent investiture ceremonies, these include positions as advisers to the Peace Corps and the Federal Reformatory for Women.

Cozening of the ladies is one of the smaller arts of politics, like baby-kissing, which entertains more than it alarms the onlooker. It does no more harm than patting a child on the head, and pleases many. Fortunately, women don't vote for women en masse. The ordinary sensible wife is suspicious of female politicians who seem snootily aloof from matters of towering domestic concern, such as the possibility that the family can make do with a single kind of toothpaste. The rush to appoint a few women to government posts is innocuous and tends to subside like hives when an irritant—in this case, elections—is withdrawn.

SAVE OUR MALE TEACHERS

Schoolmarmish administrators of Tufts University, represented to be an institution of learning, are making the teaching profession ridiculous, which is tragic, since if there's anything our petticoated campuses need it's competent men teachers. They want to fire an assistant professor of philosophy who "has been effective in the classroom" but whose "promise of scholarly contribution has not materialized." The prof they want to drum out of their cozy guild is Dr. Woodrow Wilson Sayre, who led a daring independent group of four amateur climbers to the 25,000-foot level of Mt. Everest in 1962. The four paid their own expenses and made the climb without oxygen, Sherpas, or permission, which to our mind is gutty philosophy. Sayre's book about the expedition, **Four Against Everest,** is so fascinating that it probably scared the daylights out of his pettifogging peers who consider 12 footnotes per page of copy about Kant or Liebnitz to be the essence of scholarship. Our advice to Sayre is to change the title of his book to **One Against The Establishment,** and to discuss academic jealousies through the ages with 13 footnotes per page. There's nothing wrong with some of our colleges that can't be cured by compelling administrators to work every other year in some manly occupation that brings sterile scholarship into human perspective.

BEAT THOSE CO-EDS

Four thousand men of the Corps of Cadets of Texas A&M University (formerly known as the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas) are fight-

ing a desperate delaying action in the best interests of the nation. The school has been known as the world's largest all-male military institution and the corps as the largest single source of trained officers for the nation's armed forces. Now there's a clear and present danger that the institution will degenerate into just another campus matrimonial agency bestowing MRS. degrees. Last spring the Board of Directors permitted "limited co-education" and girls with the scent of victory in their quivering nostrils began flocking into hitherto forbidden territory. Next thing, these nubile predators will be demanding equal rights at West Point. Men wouldn't dream of enrolling in Vassar or Radcliffe, but anything that is gloriously all-male is an irresistible target for destruction by dolls with man-glint in their eyes.

There's still a faint chance that the corps may be saved from the creeping virus of co-educational togetherness. Next year the Texas state legislature has a chance to designate Texas A&M as "all male" or "male and female." A committee for an All-Male Military Texas A&M, Box 66855, Houston 6, Texas, has been formed to keep bobbie pins and lipsticks out of their muskets, and we wish them the best. They're not asking for whom the bell tolls. . . . They're telling us.

QUOTE WORTH REMEMBERING

To a feminist's question, "What is the role of women in the future?" Sir Winston Churchill once replied: "The same, I trust, as it has been from the days of Adam and Eve."

FAREWELL, GREEN MAN

Man, we're unique. There's nobody quite like us anywhere in the universe. The cosmos is properly man-centered. This reluctant conclusion by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, Harvard's eminent evolutionist, is likely to make him the target of a "get Simpson" campaign by little green men from Venus and hallucinated earthlings who profess to have seen them. But the doctor speculates on life in outer space from the point of view of an evolutionary biologist, quite different from speculations made mostly by chemists, physicists, moondogglers, fictioneers and NASA fellows in quest of projects.

Some form of life may well exist on remote planets, but the chance that this takes the form of "humanoids" (creatures as intelligent as man, to state it amusingly) is virtually nil, Simpson believes. The common assumption that

(Continued on page 10)

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MAREMONT

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 9)
once life gets started anywhere, "humanoids" will eventually and inevitably appear, is "plainly false." There is no inevitable line leading from ameba to man, but intricate branching, with man on one end of a twig and the housefly, dog and apple tree on other twigs. Millions of species that have evolved and vanished from earth are only a minute fraction of possible forms of life. No species ever has or ever can evolve twice. They busted the mold when man evolved. Only in the past 60 years of billions of years of life on earth has man been in a position to send or receive messages through outer space. If "humanoids" exist on some planet a million light years away, they'd have to have sent a message exactly a million years ago to reach us now. That's a long time for somebody up there to be wearing earphones.

We might as well relax and enjoy our uniqueness as men. Dr. Simpson documents his views in a forthcoming book called **This View of Life.** We give the title so that infuriated saucerians can arrange neighborhood book-burning parties.

BOOM IN BEDDING

Mattresses are getting bigger, along with their occupants. Manufacturers report a boom in king-size beds for king-size men and queen-size women. We wouldn't have mentioned this if we hadn't run across a word the other day that we've been dying to use: bigger beds appeal to "muliebrous" women. Muliebrous, in reference to women, means the same as virile in reference to men.

MOON MADE

We've been trying to track down a rumor that the Russians landed a lady cosmonaut on the moon a while back. She returned safely after two months and was whisked off for a physical examination. Her health was excellent but she proved to be two months pregnant. The Russians are rumored to be suppressing the incident because they know an American must have got there first.

BURTON'S RULES

We have come across some **Rules For My Guidance as a Wife** written by the wife of Richard Burton. One of them reads: "Attend much to his creature comforts; allow smoking or anything else; for if you do not, somebody else will." In case the name of Richard Burton is unfamiliar to you, he was an explorer who lived in the Victorian rather than the Elizabethan age. His wife's name was Isabel.

MANIC COMPUTER

No research is too absurd to fail to get a financial grant from somebody. Out at the Stanford Computation Center they're fussing with an "artificial mental patient," no doubt the best kind. The patient is a computer, fed with a jittery tapeful of a "woman's anxieties and indecisions toward men." No less than 105 "beliefs," in a vocabulary of 257 words, have been fed into the computer's "mind," and the tool is expected to work out thousands of millions of consequences of different beliefs in a few seconds. We can release the experimenters for some useful occupation by telling them what they'll end up with when they put 105 or even a dozen female notions into a digital blender. They'll wind up with a neurotic computer that feels it isn't loved any more.

CRACK DOWN ON CROOKS

We're getting to be a more gutless society all the time. Bamboozled do-gooders crave to deny firearms to law-abiding sportsmen on the fantastic grounds that this would keep guns out of the hands of criminals. Associate Justice Arthur J. Goldberg of the Supreme Court thinks that victims of assaults and robberies should get financial compensation from the government because they have been denied the protection of the law. At the same time, court decisions, some of them flowing from Mr. Goldberg's marbled workshop, have been about as helpful to law-enforcement officers as handing a squirt gun to a guy fighting off a wolf pack. Court decisions make it nearly impossible for confessions obtained before trial to be entered as evidence. Jurists lean so far backward to protect the criminal's "rights" instead of the public's rights that they tie one arm of every cop behind his back. Snotty kids yell, "Yah, you can't touch me—I'm a juvenile" at cops and get away with it. No wonder cynical crooks figure that crime does pay. A law that required every judge to spend at least two years as a law-enforcement officer on the fighting front would do a lot to restore an age-old deterrent to crime: fear of certain punishment.

CIGARS, ANYONE?

Now that the furor about cigarette hazards is diminishing, women don't have to attempt to smoke cigars and pipes to prevent lung cancer. They really haven't the knack for it, anyway. Most women who smoke cigars look stupid—with notable exceptions; they know it and resent it because it's one male prerogative they haven't been able to adopt the way they have pants. Women have hated cigars ever since Kipling wrote, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." You don't have to buy flowers for a cigar when you're a half-hour late for dinner, and when you're through with a stogie you just toss it away. Rough competition for a woman.

WATCH IT, GRANDMA!

There ought to be some compulsory identification of grandmothers. Perhaps they should wear a lace cap or a Victorian watch hanging from a shirtwaist. Too many sultry, well-stacked girls in a cross section of females are grandmothers, 38 years old. This makes for a great deal of confusion and unfortunate errors of male judgment.

We get this 38-year age from Robert Cooke of the Population Reference Bureau, who tells us that one-fifth of all girls married for the first time are 18 years old or younger. More than half of all first brides are teen-agers and 14 percent of the babies are born to teen-age mothers.

"Today," says Cooke, "more women marry in their eighteenth year than any other. More have their first child in their nineteenth year than any other. At this rate, the 38-year-old grandmother will soon be commonplace."

We're in favor of honest package labeling.

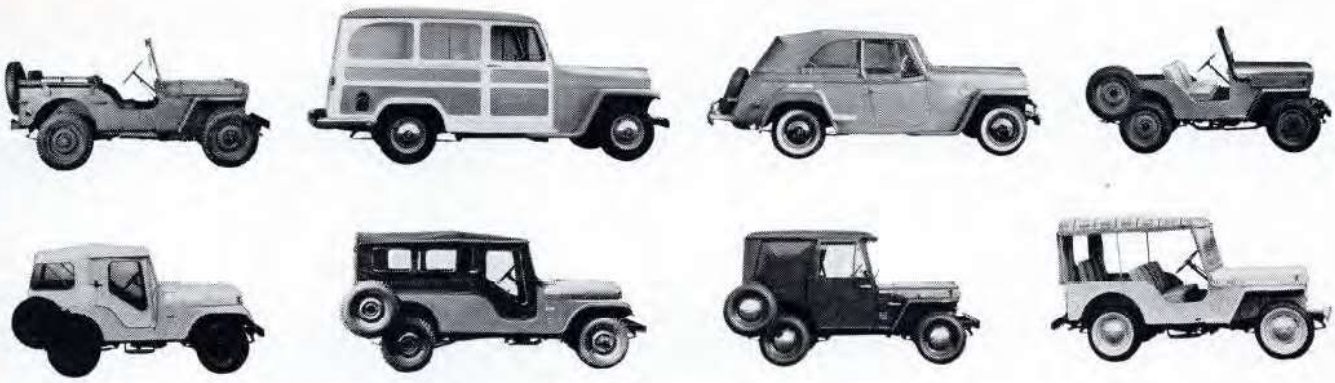
DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

There are no hot dog stands at the New York World's Fair. They're called refreshment complexes.

The White House is painted every four years at a cost of $25,000.

Computers are being used to calculate blood lines and make the breeding of faster race horses a science. Stallions still consider it an art.

—THE EDITORS



Evolution

Revolution

The world-famous army 'Jeep' vehicle started it all. Then came the evolutionary changes. Sensible changes. Like more ground clearance. Stronger suspension. Weather proof tops. Fun changes. Like pink and white striped upholstery. Fringed surrey tops. Lively colors. A sports roadster. A station wagon — rugged, durable, designed for work and play.

Then came the 'Jeep' Wagoneer. A revolution! The Wagoneer is so revolutionary, it's hard to recognize your old 'Jeep' friend. It's a station wagon. *And* a looker! You'll be stunned. Slide into that luxurious interior. Beautiful. Comfortable. Visibility unlimited!

Turn the ignition key. You've got an overhead cam engine purring for you. The only one in any American production car. Try that steering. Power.* The brakes. Power again.* The transmission. It's automatic.* Feel that ride. Pure luxury.

And the 'Jeep' heart and spirit are still there. Pull one simple lever and you're in 'Jeep' 4-wheel "Drivepower."† Then there's hardly a hill that can keep you down . . . hardly a mud hole that can bog you down. In fact, there's scarcely any driving situation that can get you down. You're free to go anywhere with the traction to pull you through.

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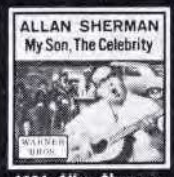
1407. Hear the words of our late President, John F. Kennedy

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

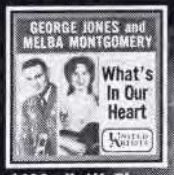
1376. Also: You Send Me, The Beginning of Love, 12 in all



1384. Allan Sherman scores again! . . . 12 riotous numbers

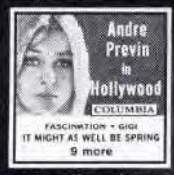
1352. Oh Happy Days; Sweet, Sweet Baby; Flim Flam; 9 more

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all



1409. Until Then, Don't Go, Now Tell Me, 12 in all

1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.



1353. Also: Laura, The Second Time Around, etc.

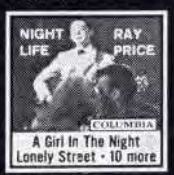
1256. Also: Johnny Fedavo, Dusty Winds, Abilene Rose, etc.

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

1374. Also: Bert's Tune, Mexican Market Day, Take Me, etc.

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



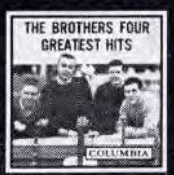
1154. Also: Pride, Are You Sure, Let Me Talk to You, etc.

1189. Also: Be My Guest, I've Been Around, etc.

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1051. Featured on the Beverly Hillbillies television show!

1307. A unique jazz treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach

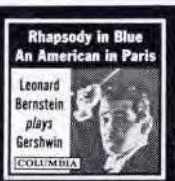


1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more

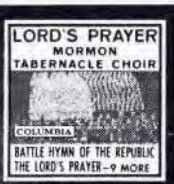
1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1262. You Oughta Be in Pictures, Louise, Heartaches, 9 more

1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lilli, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." N. Y. Journal-Amer.

1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

1325. "Wonderfully convincing." — High Fidelity

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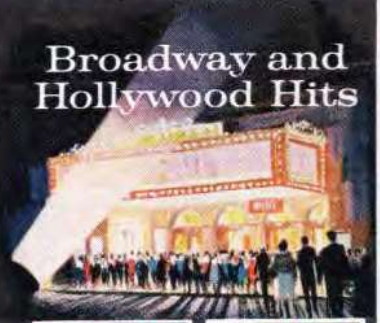
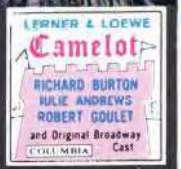
1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker



1035. "Most-lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1085. The many joys of the loveliest operetta of them all

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1254. You Go to My Head, You're Blasé, Angel Eyes, 7 in all

1303. Waltz Limp, Castilian Blues, Fast Life, 11 in all

1299. Basin Street Blues; Joshua; So Near, So Far; etc.

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1025. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

1356. Also: So Fine, Sukiyaki, Walk Right In, Runaway, etc.

1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all

1339. Golden Ribbons, No Surfin' Today, New Town, Millie, 8 more

1360. Also: I Gotta Drive, Drag Strip Girl, 12 in all

1411. Also: Gravy, Do The Bird, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)

1338. When I Fall in Love, That Lucky Old Sun, Trouble, 9 more

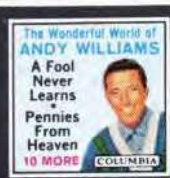
1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.

1142. Also: Memphis, Honolulu Lulu, Tallahassee Lassie, etc.

1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more

1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure

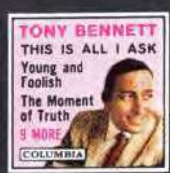
1410. Also: Someday My Prince Will Come, Hurdy-GurdyMan, etc.



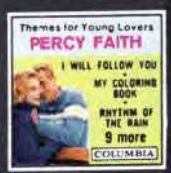
1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.

1375. Lucky Star, I'll Make Believe, Be True to Me, 9 more



1255. Also: Autumn in Rome, True Blue Lou, Tricks, etc.



1015. Also: Go Away Little Girl, Up on the Roof, etc.

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

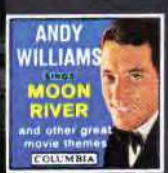
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1408. Also: Anna, The Breeze And I, Amapola, etc.

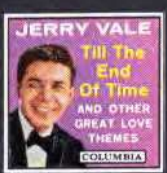
1358. Also: Answer Me, My Love; Yesterday's Here; etc.

1354. Also: On The Trail, Janie Is Her Name, etc.

1040. Also: Blue Hawaii, Little Miss Blue, Blue Skies, etc.



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more



1337. My Reverie, Full Moon And Empty Arms, 12 in all

1220. Also: Alone Together, Goodnight Sweetheart, etc.

1310. Full Moon and Empty Arms, It's All in The Game, 10 more

1414. Also: Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Who Am I, etc.

1361. North Country Blues, With God on Our Side, 8 more

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

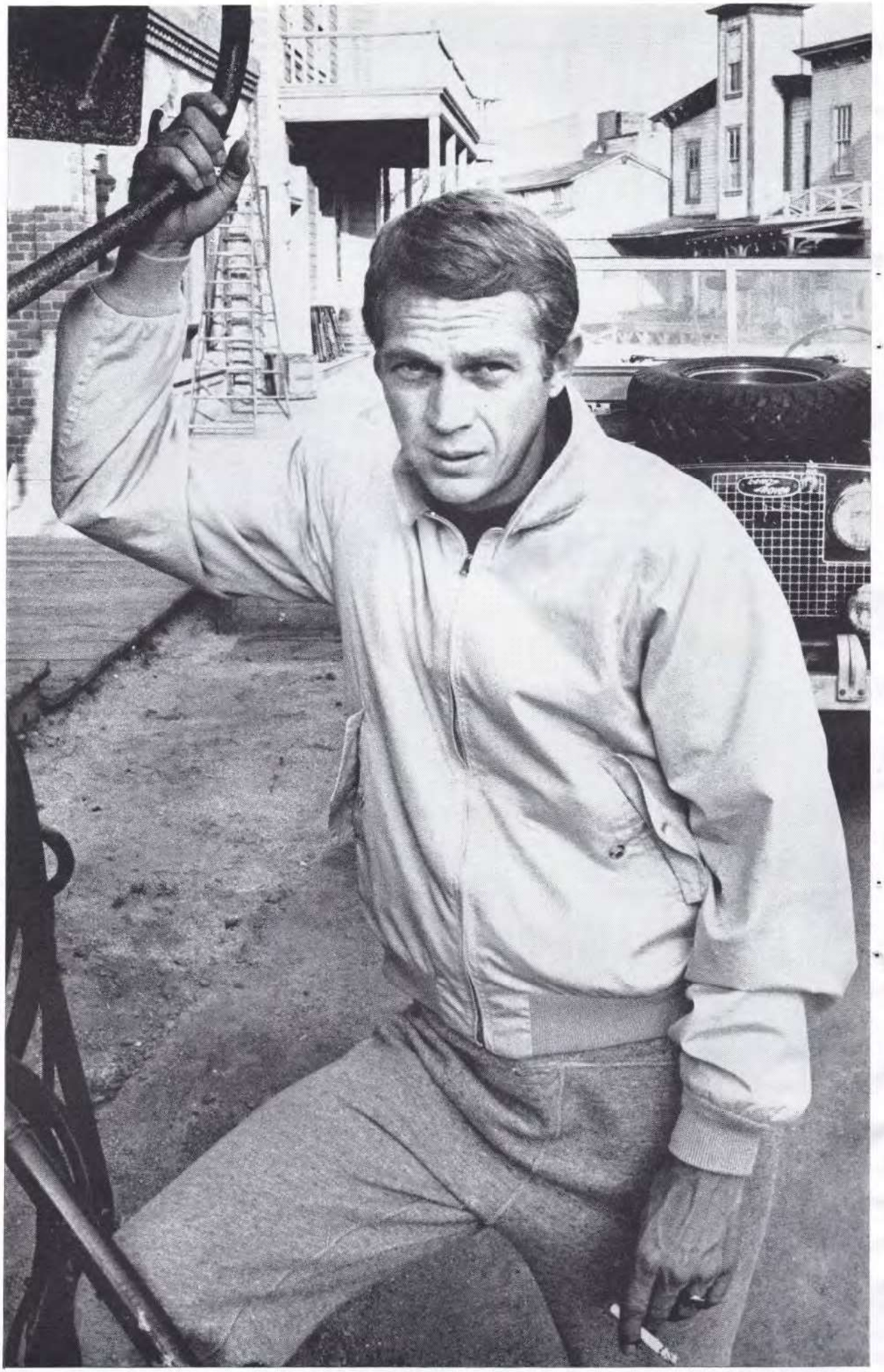
1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails, etc.

1317. Also: Carolyn Hester, Leon Bibb, Orriel Smith, etc.

1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; 10 more

1335. Eleven bits of "splendid satire."—Newsweek

1308. Green Grow The Lilacs, The Ides of Texas, 12 others



"If it gets too much with some of these ding-dong people, I grab my shotgun and my Land Rover and I leave. My God is green grass, the blue sky and trees."

BY C. ROBERT JENNINGS

HOLLYWOOD'S HIGH-SPEED HIPSTER

He's a free-swinging Li'l Abner who slip-streams through life and "pays his own dues." After years of hard knocks, Steve McQueen is filmland's hottest young star and ruggedest individual

■ Early last year, the rolling green countryside of Bavaria in Germany was alive with motorcycle troops in headlong pursuit of a young American who appeared to be escaping from a concentration camp. The chase was bone-chilling, as the cyclist and his pursuers jounced crazily over miles of twisting roads and open fields. But it was all a harmless high-go—a movie company cranking out the final scenes of a wartime thriller.

The "escapee" and star of the film was a bullet-headed man named Steve McQueen, who was doing his own stunt riding. When the German cyclists weren't fast enough, or reckless enough, to keep up with him, he persuaded the director to let him don a German uniform and goggles and chase himself. It was a switch the camera's eye didn't catch—but a curiously ironic one, since McQueen is a man who has been chasing himself most of his life. At 34, he has already come a long way and walked a wide mile. There's more truth than humility in it when he says, "I sure as hell don't get by on beauty. But I'm my own man, and I'm makin' my own scene." He is, in fact, a modern-day distillation of 50 years of memorable screen

"I'm hooked on acting —especially with a doll like Edie Adams (above)—though sometimes I'm not sure it's the kind of job a grown man should be doing."

"When I race the guy next to me, he don't give a damn who I am. He treats me like a man, not like a movie star."

"I'm like eager to make all this bread but I'm not angry. I'm a nice, peaceable guy now, and I don't want any trouble."

heroes, a good many of whom are now dead.

McQueen suggests a riffraff Gary Cooper, a hobo Humphrey Bogart; in a single year, he has put a quadruple whammy on the fossilizing Hollywood cinema, and overnight become its white-hot hope: as the misfit and incorrigible prisoner of war in *The Great Escape*, he will help that picture gross close to $20 million; teamed with Jackie Gleason in *Soldier in the Rain*, he acquits himself well in a toe-to-toe bout for laughs with the Great One; in *Love with the Proper Stranger* with Natalie Wood, he changes pace again and delivers an acting job that's both pungent and plaintive; with Lee Remick in *The Traveling Lady*, his most recent effort, he's in high dramatic cotton as a folk-singing jailbird, boozer and eventual suicide. And he's just signed on as the high-adventure hero in Robert Wise's celluloid version of the best-selling novel, *The Sand Pebbles*.

But Steve McQueen's own incredible career thus far comprises a story that's taller than any of those. He's a correction school kid who's tarried briefly in many odd jobs: caretaker in a Port Arthur brothel, bartender in a Greenwich Village saloon, stevedore, seaman, mechanic, carnival huckster. As a result, he speaks an argot that's part hipster, part hoodlum, and he once was known as the "method cowboy" during the three-year run of a highly successful TV series called *Wanted: Dead or Alive*. He's still addicted to speed in the form of motorbikes and race cars, but these days, he also likes to pose behind a broad desk and talk about "gross percentages" and the efficient operation of his two corporations—Solar, his movie-producing company, and Condor, his investment arm. ("I always liked those [*Continued on page* 60]

At no point—in the new Winchester Model 70's—does the stock's fore end touch the barrel. Read below why this "free-floating" barrel makes for more accurate shooting.

"This new barrel may 'float' –but you can bet your life the bullet doesn't,"

says David Ommanney, our man in Africa.

Few men know more about game and guns than David Ommanney.

That's why we chose this famous professional hunter to lead us on safari. We wanted his help in proving the new Winchesters in Africa.

Most of all, we wanted to hear what Ommanney thought of the new "free-floating" barrel on our Model 70's.* This barrel, instead of being firmly bedded in wood, "floats" inside the fore end of the stock. It is touched by nothing but air.

Most experts agree that such a barrel shoots more accurately—because there's no uneven surface contact or uneven pressure to affect its *natural* vibration. Yet Winchester is first to fit a "free-floating" barrel to a production rifle.

This was a bold thing to do. But our confidence was fully justified. After a month on safari, here's how our man in Africa summed up:

"I never saw more deadly shooting. The 'floating' barrel earned A for accuracy. But one thing about it *doesn't* 'float'—the bullet. It took only one shot to drop our leopard. And all kinds of plains game—topi, impala, kongoni, wildebeest, Thomson's gazelle, etc.—never knew what hit them.

"It warmed my heart to watch the new Winchesters at work. The way they did their stuff was *smashing*."

This leopard was the first of Africa's Big Five to fall to the new Model 70-300 Winchester Magnum. "This one really lays 'em in," said David. "No second shot was needed."

WINCHESTER® Western® WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION Olin

*Except on the 375 and 458.

Meet the New Yorker, created in honor of the New York World's Fair

We hope you will soon be visiting the New York World's Fair—and our exciting General Cigar Hall of Magic. But even before you do, you can start enjoying this most extraordinary cigar.

Here is a big cigar for the big moments and the big pleasures. A cigar that's the very essence of New York, and the great new Fair. Yet, the New Yorker's unique blend of case-aged tobacco gives you both mildness and flavor—flavor you don't have to inhale to enjoy.

We'd be pleased to have you compare the White Owl New Yorker with any cigar you can buy—particularly cigars costing two for 25¢ and up. You'll see, quickly, that this newest White Owl does full justice to its name—and to your smoking pleasure.

So come to the World's Fair. "Meet us under the smoke rings." But before you do, meet the White Owl New Yorker. It's at your cigar counter now, in striking new Royal Red and White boxes and five-packs.

DIXIE'S UNBELIEVABLE MOONSHINE WAR

MEN ON BOTH SIDES GET KILLED AND MAIMED BECAUSE MOONSHINE IS BIG BUSINESS. ILLEGAL STILLS TURN OUT 40 MILLION GALLONS OF BOOTLEG LIQUOR EVERY YEAR AND EVADE AN ESTIMATED $600 MILLION IN TAXES. THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH FOR ANYTHING BUT BLOOD

ATLANTA, GA.

BY DALE SHAW

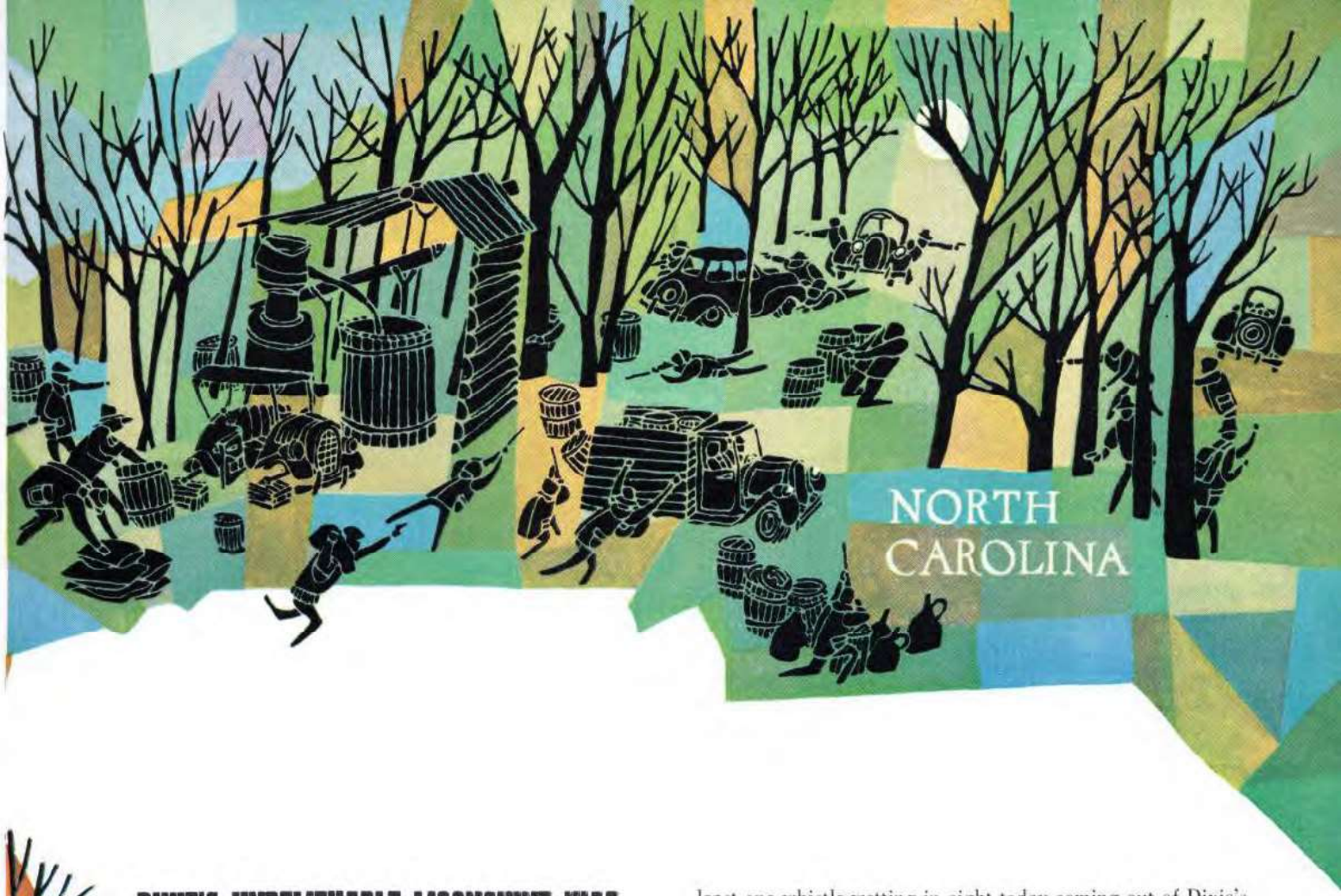
■ The moonshine war is too serious for hillbilly jokes. In 1963, more than 30 years after the repeal of Prohibition, approximately 19,000 stills were seized—seized by armed men. Law enforcement agents are fighting a strange, hidden, unreal battle. But when you get into the front lines you see that the money is big and the blood is very real indeed.

The licensed liquor distillers tell the story in statistics with a certain anger: over 40 million gallons of white lightning, corn likker, mountain dew, black pot, stumphole juice, splo, rotgut, kickapoo or panther are illegally made in the United States each year. It is passed under the counter in a paper bag for two bucks a pint or sold by the shot in dingy nip joints at a phenomenal profit.

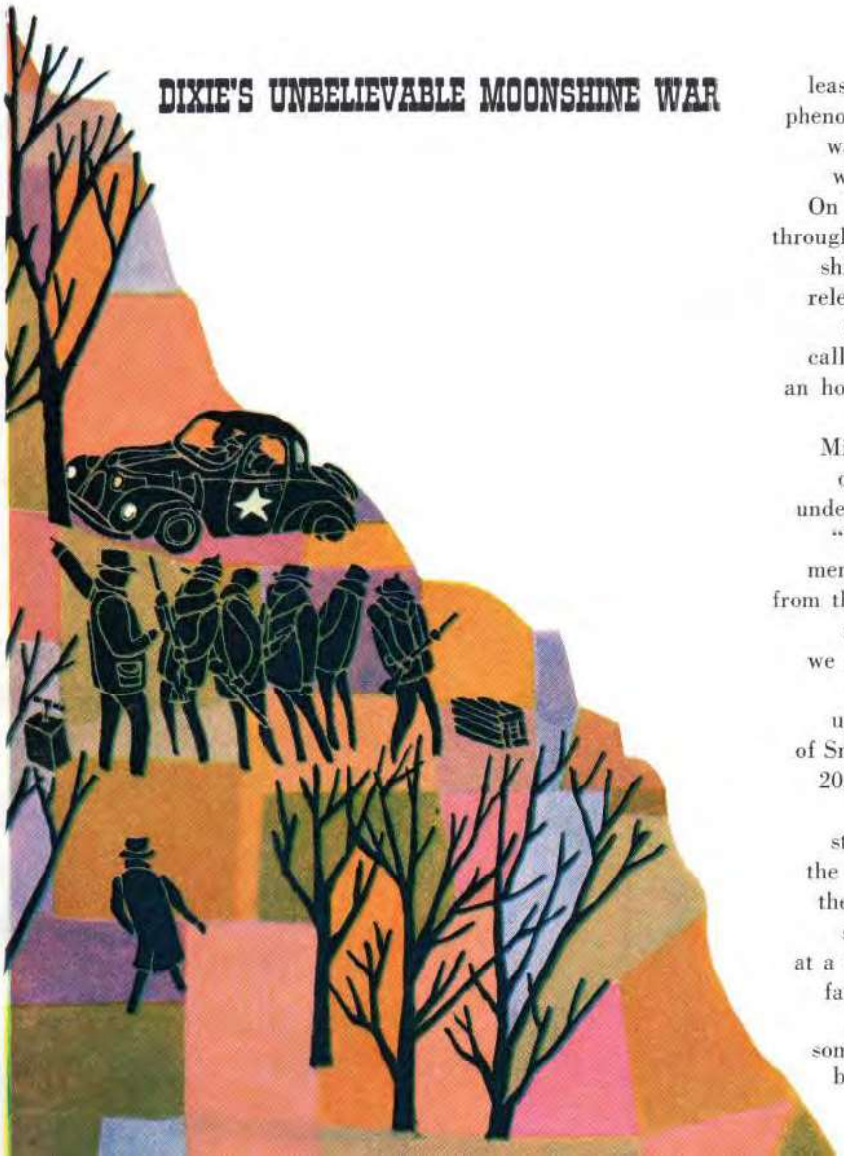
Ninety percent of it is made in Dixie out of sugar and water and not enough grain to mention. It costs the bootlegger 20 cents to produce, leaving him $1.80 ahead, a markup of 900 percent. But the legitimately made pint sells for about $2.86, of which $1.57 is taxes. With at

In the South, federal agents wage an endless battle. For every still they seize, two others are in operation.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. AND D. DILLON



DIXIE'S UNBELIEVABLE MOONSHINE WAR



least one whistle-wetting in eight today coming out of Dixie's phenomenal bootleggery, the full loss in total taxes last year was $600 million. That tax of $1.57 a pint is the big reason why the hill stills keep on bubbling.

On your way to the front of the moonshine war you pass through Atlanta's spanking new Federal Building. High in a shiny office a general in the Dixie war asks you to sign a release in case of injury, just a routine precaution. You sign it. If you don't, you won't go to the front. You wait for a call. You are going into north Georgia, not much more than an hour's drive from Atlanta. While you wait for news of a raid, the general inundates you with facts. He is Robert Miller, a tall, cherubic man late in his 50's, with a wiry edge on his voice and memories of 20 years' raiding. "We're under a major violator program now," he explains patiently. "We don't chop stills just to chop stills or kill cars and men trying to drive like Indianapolis. We work up the chain from the small fry trying to reach the transporters, the bankrollers, the syndicate men. When we raid, we make sure we at least get the still hands. Moonshine is manufactured mostly in a depressed economic region, the southern uplands. The bankroller can get the sons and grandsons of Snuffy Smith, the comic strip moonshiner, to work stills for 20, 25 cents a gallon, three cents a pint. There are few one-man operations any more. The syndicates are getting stronger, the stills bigger, and they're moving in closer to the cities. The hill people are exploited as slave labor. But the public still pictures humorous hillbillies in beards and sloppy hats manufacturing fine corn whisky five gallons at a time. What you really have is cheap sugar liquor manufactured under outrageous conditions. The stuff is poison."

For two days you wait. Something is going to break, something big. The federal men tell the Yankee writer to be patient. He amuses himself [*Continued on page* 76]

Leopard attacking bongo

Greater kudu

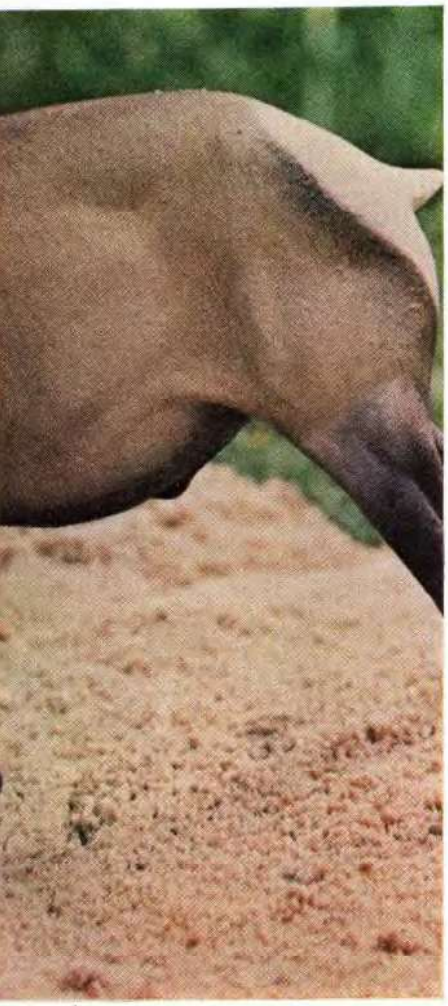
miniature african animal act

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

Fighting elk

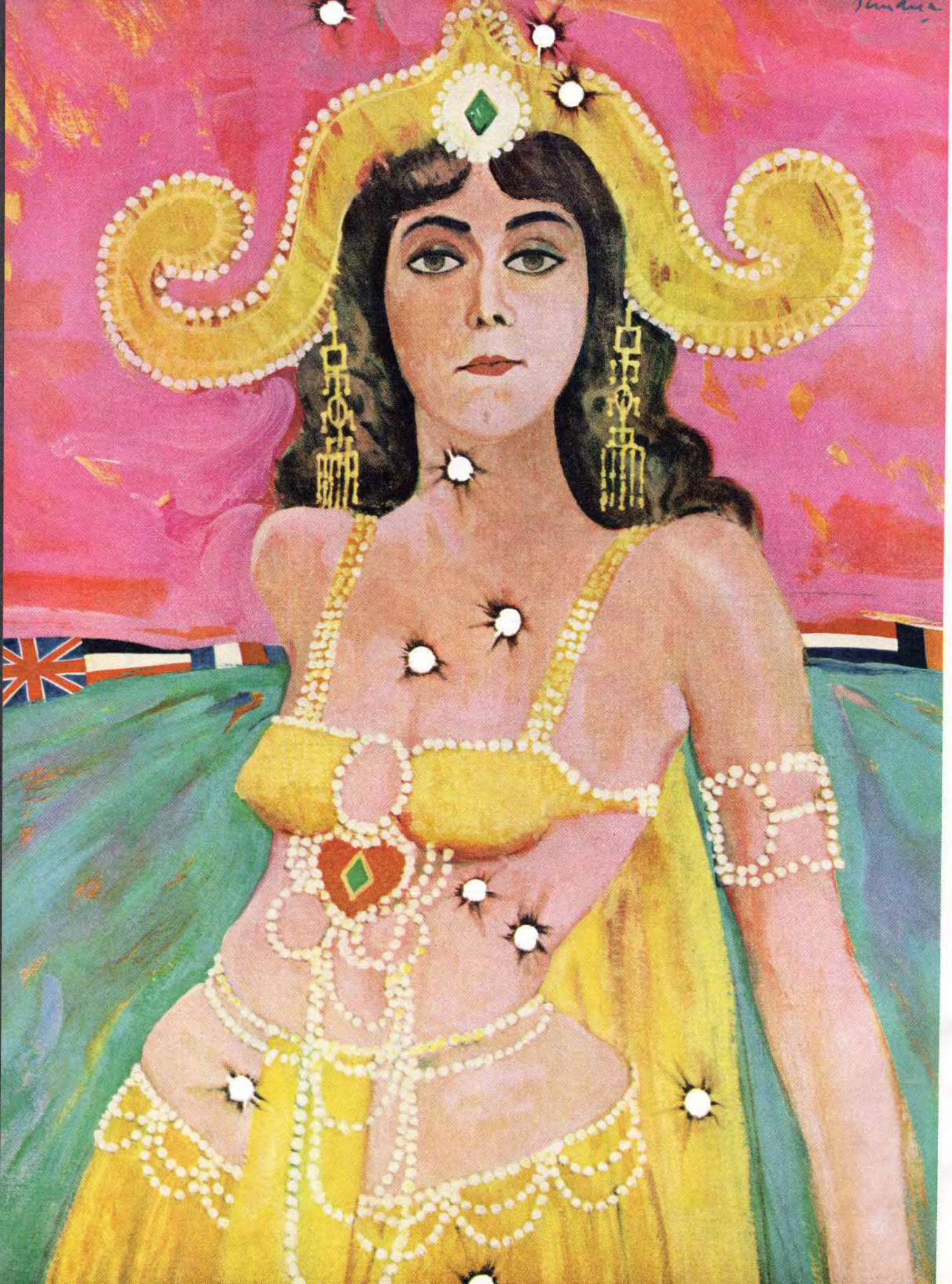
Impala

Cheetah chasing blackbuck



■ African animals come in all sizes, as even armchair hunters know. At lower right, a close look at the **zebra** will show the wildlife on these pages to be smaller than most—1/10th life-size, in fact. The miniatures are part of a collection that now includes some 300 tiny animals made during the past 40 years by Louis Paul Jonas. Some were done for collectors, the **leopard**, for example, attacking the **bongo**. Others are used in museum groups: the **kudu** and the **elk**. Jonas uses a "resilient ceramic" for his reproductions which makes them almost unbreakable —even to the delicate **impala** horns. Each piece is reinforced and hand-tooled. All the animals are painted by hand, including every spot on the **cheetah**. The pieces range in price from $55 to $500, depending on the number and the kind of animals. ■

Zebra—one is for real



BY GENE CAESAR
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

MATA HARI the cut-rate call girl who fooled the world

When it came to espionage, the famed Mata Hari was more sad sack than super spy. The legend is a phony. The only undercover work she ever did was under bedsheets

■ The year was 1907, and the featured act of the evening was about to begin at a Berlin beer hall. "What you shall now see," the master of ceremonies shouted, "has never before been performed anywhere but on the altars of the temple of Kanda Swany, where it was witnessed only by the Hindu holy men who adopted our artist as an infant, dedicated her to the great god Siva and schooled her for many years in their sacred ancient rites. Ladies and gentlemen, the Dance of the Hundred Veils!"

As the lights dimmed and voices hushed, the smell of Oriental incense grew heavier. Weird music, suggestive of a snake-charmer's flute, filled the silence. The stage curtains parted to show a golden Buddha flanked by many sheer folds of silvered draperies. The wailing of the flute grew louder, and the drapes began writhing as though a giant serpent was stirring behind them. Then the vague form of a dancing woman gradually materialized through the cloud of glittering gauze.

Doubtlessly due to the small size of Kanda Swany's altars, the sacred rites being performed involved little use of the feet. Except for sinuous arm movements and torso twists, homage was paid to Siva almost wholly with the hips. This became increasingly clear as the hundred veils were whisked aside one by one, with the snake-music growing ever more frenzied. Finally, clad only in bracelets and breastplates, the dark-haired dancer burst onto the open stage, her pelvic pulsations so emphatic and fast-paced that her knotted leg muscles seemed about to break the skin. Even in theatrical make-up, she appeared neither young nor pretty. There was, in fact, something slightly ape-like about her long jaw. But there was also a primitive excitement, almost an animalism, in every gesture of her public performance that invariably left watching men wondering if her private ones could possibly be as savage and lusty.

One such man, sitting alone at a front table, was thick-set, balding Herr von Jagow—titularly Berlin's police chief but actually commandant of Abteilung IA, the forerunner of the Gestapo. Long after the curtains had closed, he pondered the problem presented by his craving for this particular female. He did not doubt her availability; the cost of keeping her was what worried him. Von Jagow suffered from an aversion common to public servants of any nation or era—he hated to spend his own money—and his government had thoughtlessly failed to provide an expense account for this particular purpose. As heated as his blood had become, he approached his problem with cold Prussian logic.

About what source of public funds, he asked himself, were the fewest inquiries invariably made?

When he answered that question, his problem was solved, and he probably thought of himself as a very clever fellow. But he had no way of knowing that, by tapping his secret counter-espionage accounts to buy bedroom privileges from a jaded stripper who billed herself as Mata Hari, he was starting what would eventually become an immortal legend.

Mata Hari, everyone knows, was a super-spy— a shrewd, incomparably beautiful temptress of Oriental origin who lured statesmen and [*Continued on page* 91]

BY WALTER CRONKITE

AN INSIDER'S VIEW OF THE 1964 CONVENTIONS

The famed TV commentator—who knows all the candidates who dream of being "the man who"—takes you behind the convention scenes and tells what's likely to happen in the two exciting summer shows that are coming up

■ I've covered the Democratic and Republican national conventions for CBS News in 1952, '56 and '60, and soon I'll be breathing hard again as I get ready to report the tension, humor, pathos and bathos that make these quadrennial nominating affairs for presidential stakes the greatest shows on earth. I always know when it is convention time because I catch cold. It must be my version of stage fright because the cold almost invariably disappears just as I go on the air.

My favorite convention hall is the old International Amphitheater in Chicago, into which the smell of the stockyards managed to filter, cold or no, through the air conditioning. In my mind, conventions and stockyards have been inseparable ever since.

The reason for my affection is clear. The Amphitheater was the site of the 1952 Republican get-together which produced the most dramatic convention scene I can remember. This was the year, *you* may remember, of the furious fight over delegates from Georgia and Texas. Each state had sent two slates of delegates, one pledged to Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio, the other to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. As I watched, the convention decided to seat the Eisenhower groups—and all hell broke loose. We knew that history had been made by that decision, and unintentionally we in television had given

"Johnson is a powerful man . . . he is also a master of positive evasion."
"There could be a dark-horse candidate for vice-president—perhaps California's Gov. Pat Brown."
"Humphrey wants to make his mark in history."
"Bobby Kennedy's problem is his future."

LYNDON JOHNSON

PAT BROWN

SARGENT SHRIVER

HUBERT HUMPHREY

ROBERT KENNEDY

Author Walter Cronkite in a familiar pose. Headset on, he'll again be the CBS-TV anchor man at the conventions.

history a strong shove. We did it by "bugging" one of the smoke-filled rooms so dear to political legend.

Here's the background:

The feud between the Ike and Taft forces had been carried into the convention credentials committee which was dominated by Taft men. They made what turned out to be a serious tactical error by assuming that convention business could be carried on the way it had been in the dim, dark days before TV. When the committee met at the banquet room of the Hilton Hotel, newsmen found themselves blocked by mirrored glass doors. The secrecy backfired because the public was let in behind the barrier, expressed its resentment over the attempted hush-hush proceedings and the Taft cause began to wilt.

The night before the meeting of the committee we had installed a concealed camera on the balcony of the banquet room. Committee officials found it before the meeting began, and I guess they thought we had exhausted our bag of electronic tricks. We hadn't. We'd also sent a technician, disguised as a workman, to place a concealed mike on the podium. We were horrified to discover the place had been "bugged" already. We traced the wires, and found that they led to a hotel room registered in the name of a Texas radio station. We made a deal to listen in with those fellows, but, [*Continued on page* 87]

"Goldwater's real aim may be to get a conservative platform."
"Lodge is popular, but he has a drawback—some people have an image of a Boston Brahmin."
"Scranton's lack of presidential ambition may rule him out."

RICHARD NIXON

BARRY GOLDWATER

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

HENRY CABOT LODGE

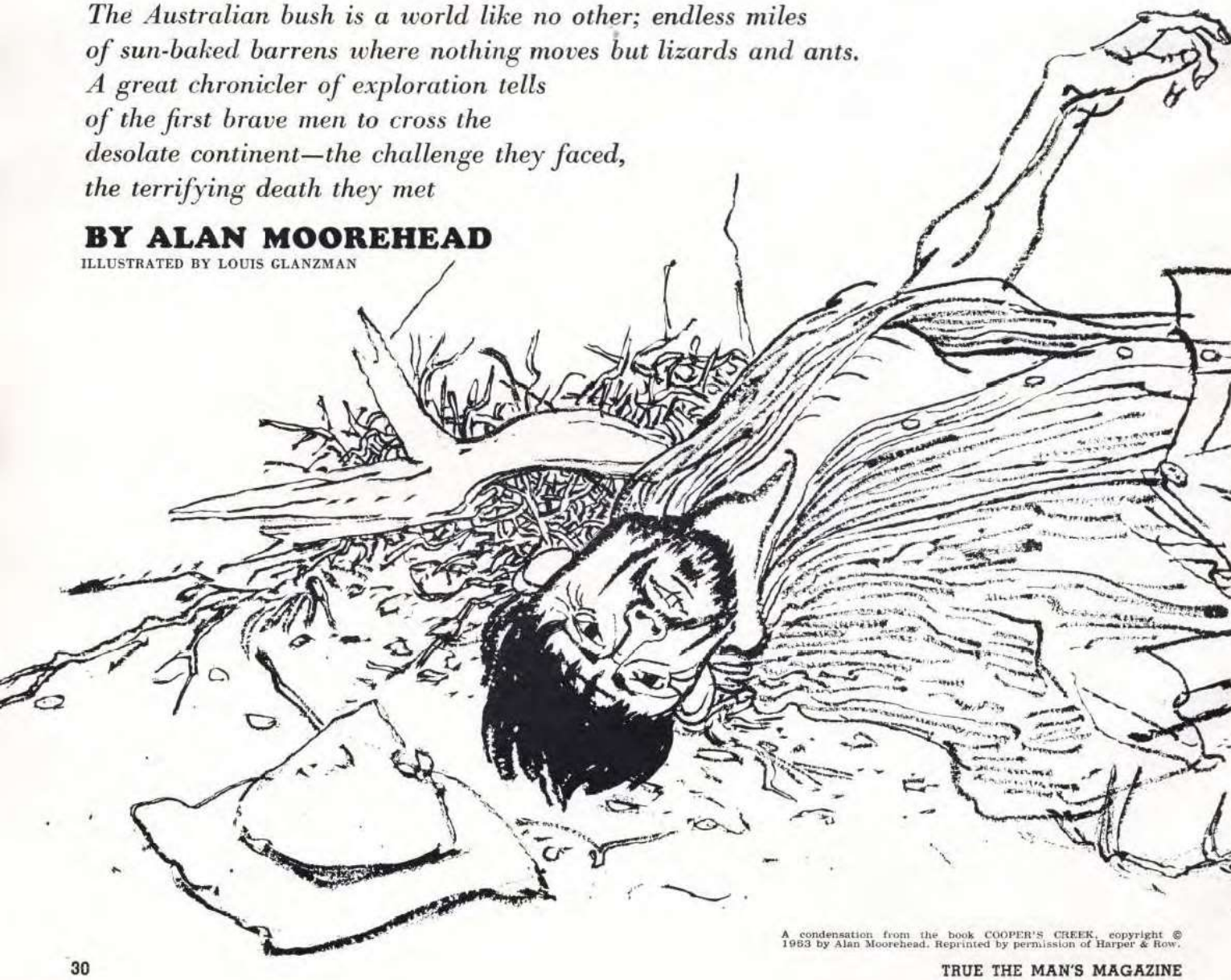
WILLIAM SCRANTON

COOPER'S CREEK

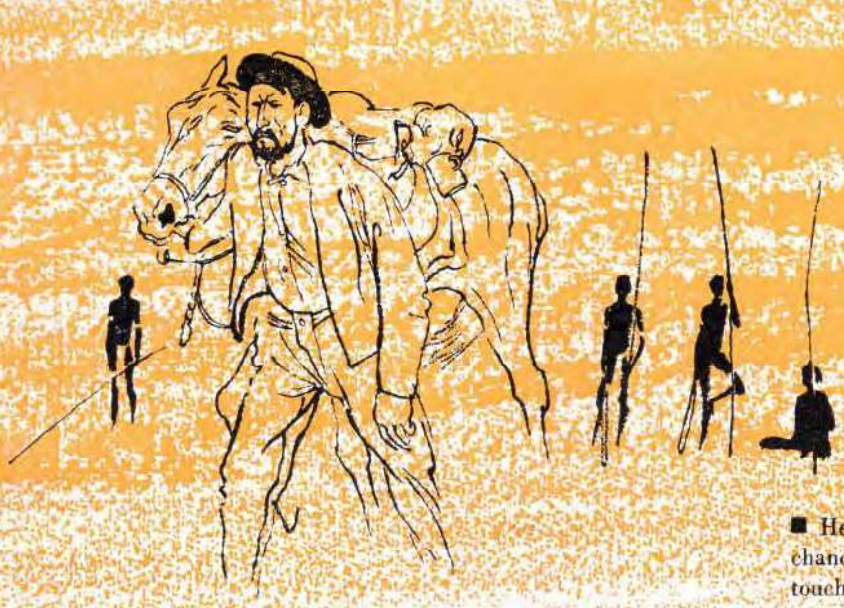
The Australian bush is a world like no other; endless miles of sun-baked barrens where nothing moves but lizards and ants. A great chronicler of exploration tells of the first brave men to cross the desolate continent—the challenge they faced, the terrifying death they met

BY ALAN MOOREHEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

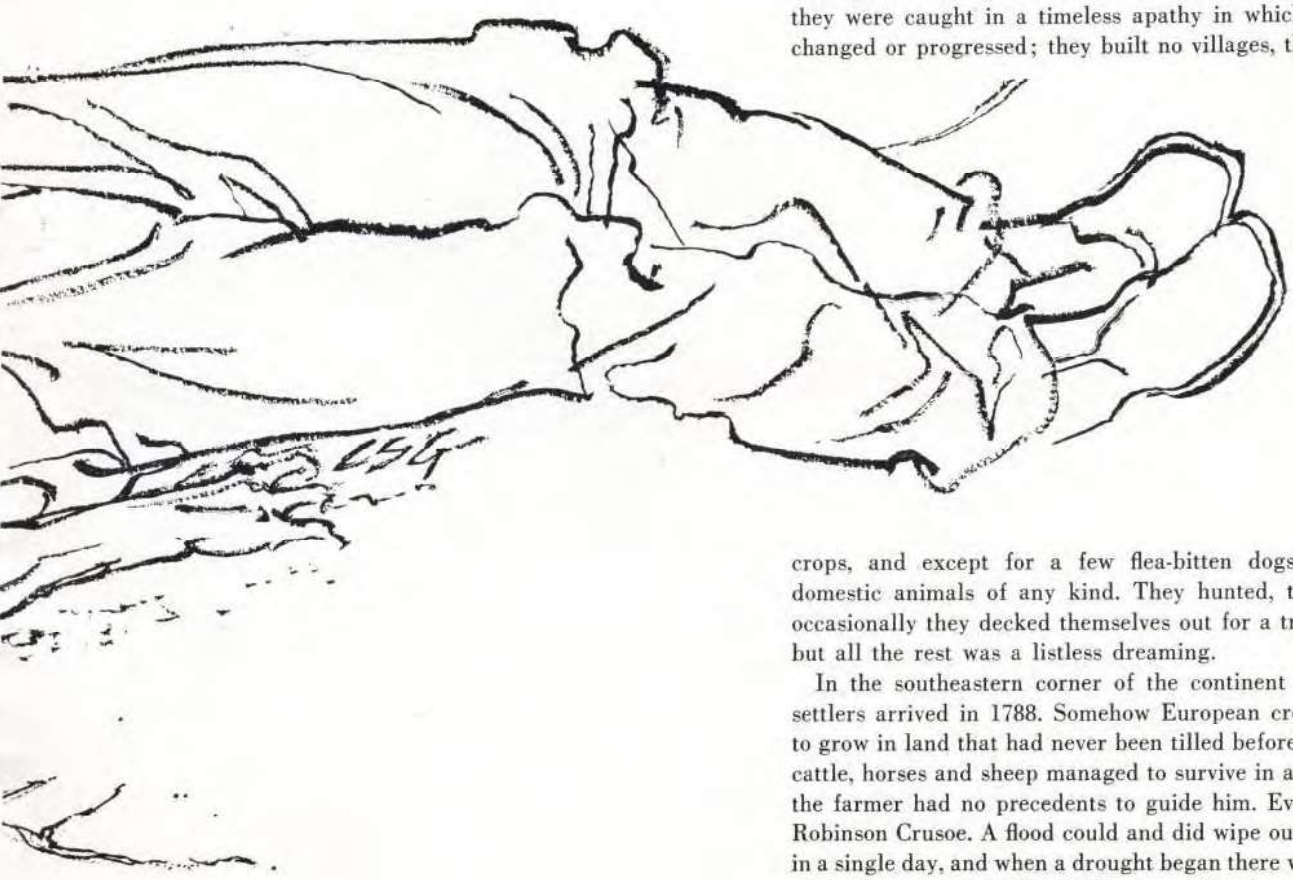


A condensation from the book COOPER'S CREEK, copyright © 1953 by Alan Moorehead. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row.



■ Here perhaps, more than anywhere, humanity had had a chance to make a fresh start. The land was absolutely untouched and unknown, and except for the blacks, the most retarded people on earth, there was no sign of any previous civilization whatever. Nothing in this strange country seemed to bear the slightest resemblance to the outside world: it was so primitive, so lacking in greenness, so silent, so old. It was not a measurable man-made antiquity, but an appearance of exhaustion and weariness in the land itself. The very leaves of the trees hung down dejectedly, and they were not so much evergreen as ever-gray, never entirely renewing themselves in the spring, never altogether falling in winter. It was the bark that fell; it dried up and cracked on the tree trunks and then peeled off like the discarded skin of a snake.

Everything was the wrong way about. Midwinter fell in July, and in January summer was at its height; in the bush there were giant birds that never flew, and queer animals that hopped instead of walked or sat munching mutely in the trees. Even the constellations in the sky were upside down and seemed to belong to another system of the sun. As for the naked aborigines, they were caught in a timeless apathy in which nothing ever changed or progressed; they built no villages, they planted no



crops, and except for a few flea-bitten dogs possessed no domestic animals of any kind. They hunted, they slept, just occasionally they decked themselves out for a tribal ceremony, but all the rest was a listless dreaming.

In the southeastern corner of the continent the first white settlers arrived in 1788. Somehow European crops were made to grow in land that had never been tilled before, and imported cattle, horses and sheep managed to survive in a country where the farmer had no precedents to guide him. Every man was a Robinson Crusoe. A flood could and did wipe out a year's labor in a single day, and when a drought began there was no knowing when it would end. Everything was [*Continued on page* 99]

UMPIRE ED ROMMEL SAYS:

"baseball

One of the game's great figures pinpoints the players and blasts the tactics that are making baseball a

■ Let me say my piece right off so there is no misunderstanding: baseball is being systematically ruined. The way the game is played today it is a bore. It has all the drama of a snail taking a nap. Slow? In 10 seasons, starting in 1951, the majors added 15 minutes to the length of the average game and reduced the number of two-hour contests from 166 to 41. No wonder the leagues stopped keeping the time figures after that!

They'd better stop keeping attendance figures, too. Baseball's record attendance of just under 21 million was set in 1948. The record has stood for 15 seasons despite the expansion from 16 to 20 teams and the addition of franchises in Baltimore, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Los Angeles and Houston, all with new parks.

I can't blame fans for not coming. The games are interminably long and inexcusably dull. Who wants to watch it? Not TV viewers. Earlier this year the National Football League negotiated a two-year, $28-million deal with the Columbia Broadcasting system for TV rights to all NFL games. The league, under its one-for-all-and-all-for-one policy, will divide the money equally. Each team will get $1 million from television in each of the next two seasons. The title-winning Bears and Giants will get it, and so will the last place 49ers and Redskins.

Baseball has no television contract remotely comparable. Baseball's Washington Senators, by contrast, will receive $300,000 from a local radio and TV sponsor this season and not a cent

BY ED ROMMEL WITH ROBERT LISTON

The long walk in from the bullpen. This is action? Ed Rommel says each relief pitcher should face at least three hitters or get the side out.

Manager Bill Rigney, a chess player, kills time with fruitless arguments.

is a big bore"

three-hour yawn. Here are this 40-year veteran's startling but sensible proposals to put new life into the sport

from national TV. Why should they? The game offers as much spine-tingling excitement as an egg-laying contest.

I'm saying these things because I love baseball; I spent my whole life in it. I started as a pitcher in 1916. Connie Mack brought me to the majors in 1920 and I stayed with the Philadelphia A's until 1934. I had some good years. In 1922 I won 27 games for a last-place club. Then I managed in the minors for a while before finally turning to umpiring. I was on the American League umpiring staff from 1938 until I retired in 1959. So what's happening in baseball today is greatly disturbing to me.

Let me describe to you a tense moment in a typical American League game, and I specify the junior circuit because my whole career was spent there and I feel I know it better. It is the fifth inning of a night game between Kansas City and Minnesota—and there's a study in frustration right there. The Twins are ahead 3-1 and their ace right-hander, Camilio Pascual, is on the mound. He issues a walk to Gino Cimoli, bringing up slugger Jim Gentile. It's a tense situation. A cheer goes up from the 2,369 shivering fans huddled in the chilly April night air in Kansas City.

Twins' catcher Earl Battey gets the ball from umpire Ed Runge, takes off his glove and rubs up the ball as he walks out to the mound. He continues rubbing it as he confers with Pascual. They chat for perhaps a minute, then [*Continued on page* 93]

Casey Stengel emotes. He invented platooning, one of the curses of modern baseball.

The Yanks change pitchers while fans yawn.

Camilio Pascual rearranges dirt on the mound as time goes by—slowly.

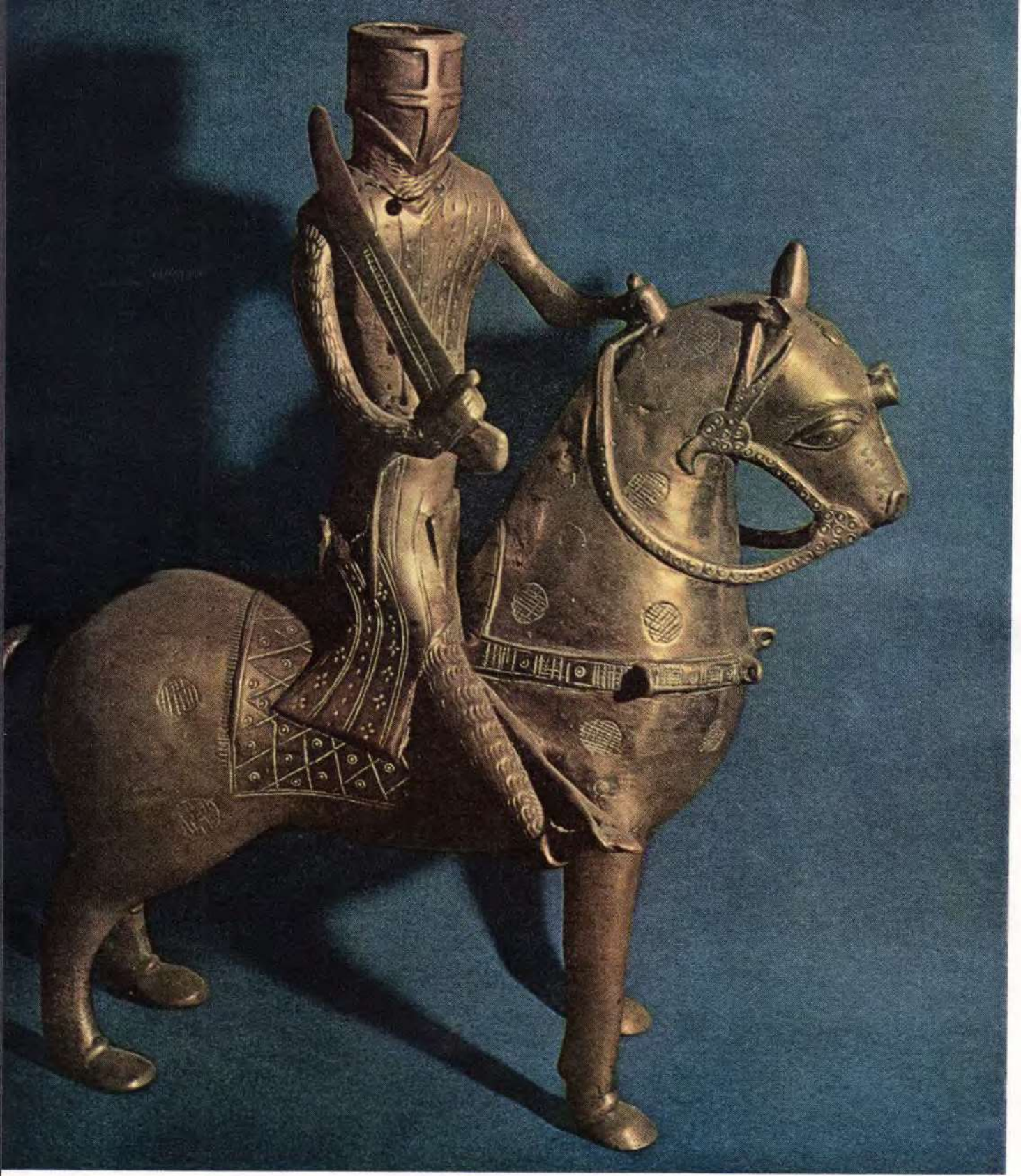
TREASURES OF THE VIKING KINGS

■ The king's skull-shaped helmet, at right, is the only Viking helmet still in existence. Treasures of Viking kings, often gathered as booty on raiding forays of these formidable Northmen, were buried with them for royal use in Valhalla. Later treasure-seekers, in turn, dug up their prizes. TRUE shows here, for the first time in the U. S., Viking relics from the world's finest collection at the University of Oslo. Vikings cherished silver above gold, gold above bronze and steel-etched weapons above all. They raided as far as North America for loot to make weapons and equipment for war and hunting. Viking swords were light—3 pounds or less—and seldom more than 32 inches long or 2 inches wide at the hilt. They were remarkably supple, designed for dismounted hand-to-hand combat. The test of a good Viking blade was that it should bend 1½ inches per foot of blade length. Despite 1,000 years' corrosion, many surviving blades still pass the test. Vikings treasured their weapons and horses. Of women they said, "Never trust a woman's word, their hearts run on wheels." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BILL MASON

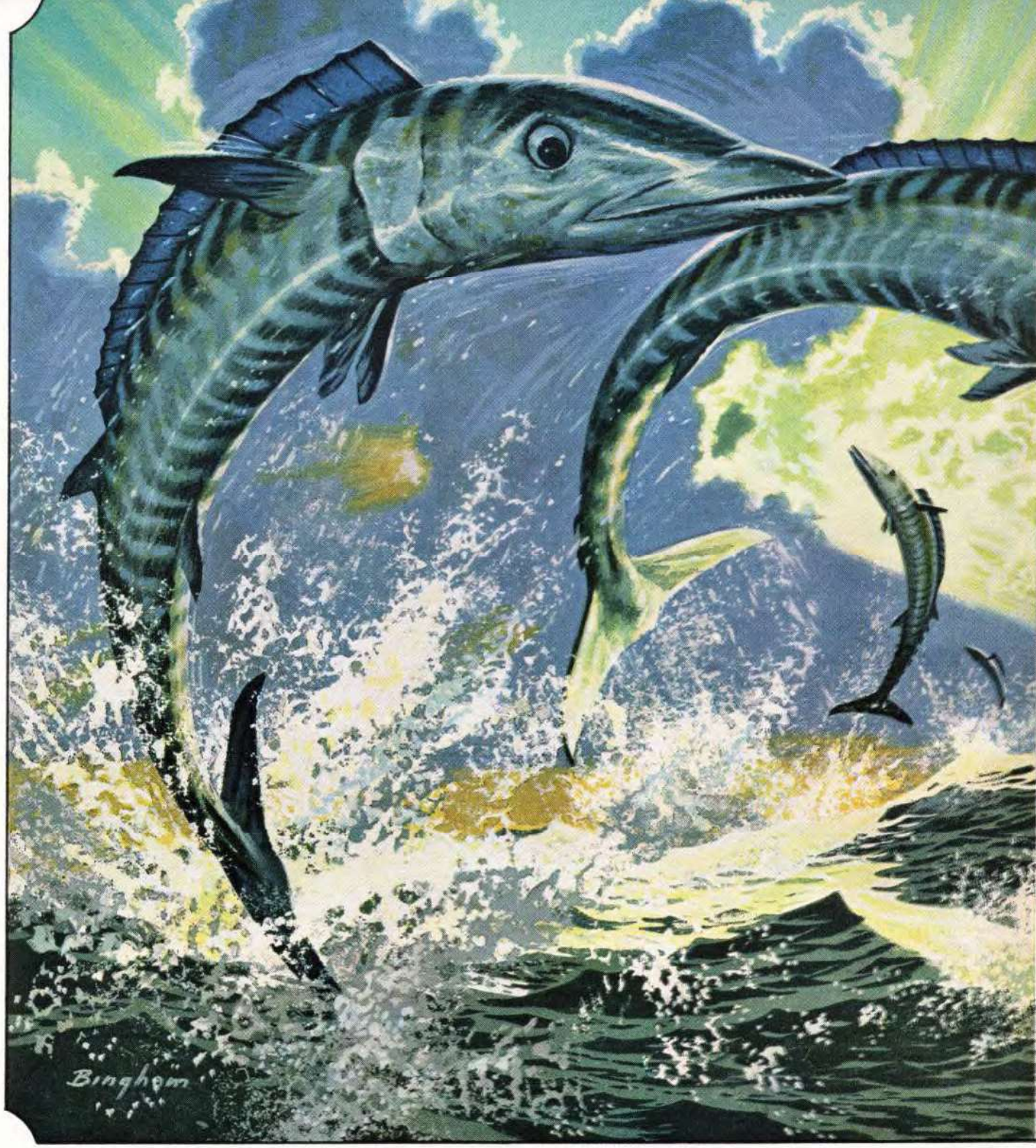
Vikings took drinking seriously. This 700-year-old drinking horn (right) holds almost a quart of liquor. Horn is mounted on bronze wheels to assist the drinker and is decorated with bright painting and tinkling cymbals to keep him in a good humor.

King's light leather and iron helmet (above) shows Viking faith in prowess, disdain for armor. Battle swords and hunting spears were lavishly decorated with silver, gold, and jewels—often booty from raids. Silver sword-belt buckle (left), set with gold and garnets, was wealthy warrior's.



Armored bronze warrior, 10 inches high, represents Northman who went Crusading in the 13th Century. It is hollow to contain holy water. Embellished golden spur (right) is part of chieftain's gear. Vikings were spend-thrifts on equipment for war or hunting.

At warrior's death, his sword blade was bent (above) to release its soul, put there by the gods when it was made. Handle of pre-Viking sword (left) was made 1,800 years ago from beaten sheets of gold; guard and pommel are carved in solid silver.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES R. BINGHAM

WHERE WAHOOS MAKE WHOOPEE

Chasing fishing rumors is risky. Yet the rumors came alive for us at a remote Pacific island west of Mexico where the "solitary" wahoo gamboled by the hundreds!

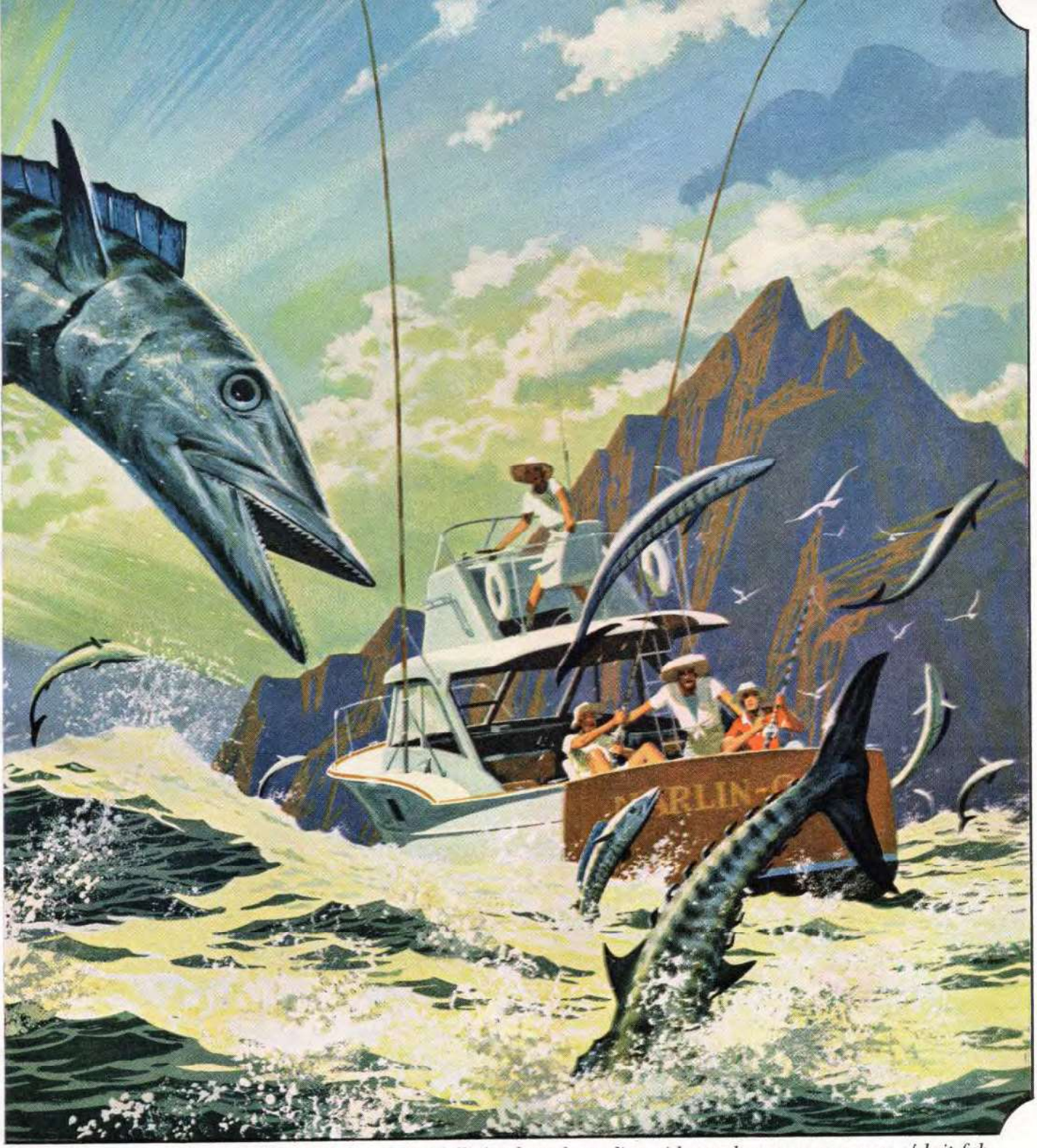
BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

MIRAMAR BEACH
GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO

■ The guy said he wanted to catch some wahoos. He was husky and very sporty in a big-town way. Apparently he was somebody, because the blue Jaguar he had parked outside the fishing office had California plates with a low number. Tommy Jamison was on the desk that night. Ben Burch and I were over in the corner under the stuffed bull dolphin, where you got the best air flow from the two fans. We were arguing as to whether a pelican will let go on a boat's cabin if you paint it yellow. The boat's cabin, I mean.

"A pelican will foul anything, for gawd's sake," Tommy was saying as the chap walked in.

He looked us over and said that his name was George Austin, from Los Angeles, and that he wanted to charter



The scene was almost unbelievable. The air was full of wahoos descending with mouths agape upon acres of bait fish.

a boat for tomorrow to take some wahoos. He wanted to tie into a few heavyweights and he figured this was the place. He got out a squaresail of a silk handkerchief and mopped his face. Was it always this hot around here?

Actually, it was hotter in Los Angeles, according to the radio, but the humidity at Miramar had just hit 85, a tough reading anywhere except in a Finnish sauna. Tommy shoved his cap to the back of his head and regarded our visitor with bleak suspicion. He thought the wahoo talk was a gag. Tommy is sport-fishing director for the Miramar and the Playa de Cortez hotels here at the head of Bacochibampo Bay, on the Gulf of California a bit west of Guaymas. He operates 14 charter boats and has handled droves of fishermen since he moved in 20 years ago. He thought it was a gag because, in the memory of our oldest residents, only two wahoos have been reported taken from the Gulf. And there is black doubt about those two fish; you can't find anybody who personally saw them.

So Tommy said, sorry, mister, no wahoos in these parts. But how about a nice sailfish or a striped marlin? Or perhaps a roosterfish or a yellowfin tuna?

Austin stared at him. It was now his turn to register suspicion. The hell there weren't any wahoos in the Gulf, he declared. You could buy smoked wahoos in every good delicatessen in Los Angeles, and the fish came from these waters. Getting loud, he informed [*Continued on page* 64]

SNUFF

Tobacco With A Soul

BY EVAN HILL

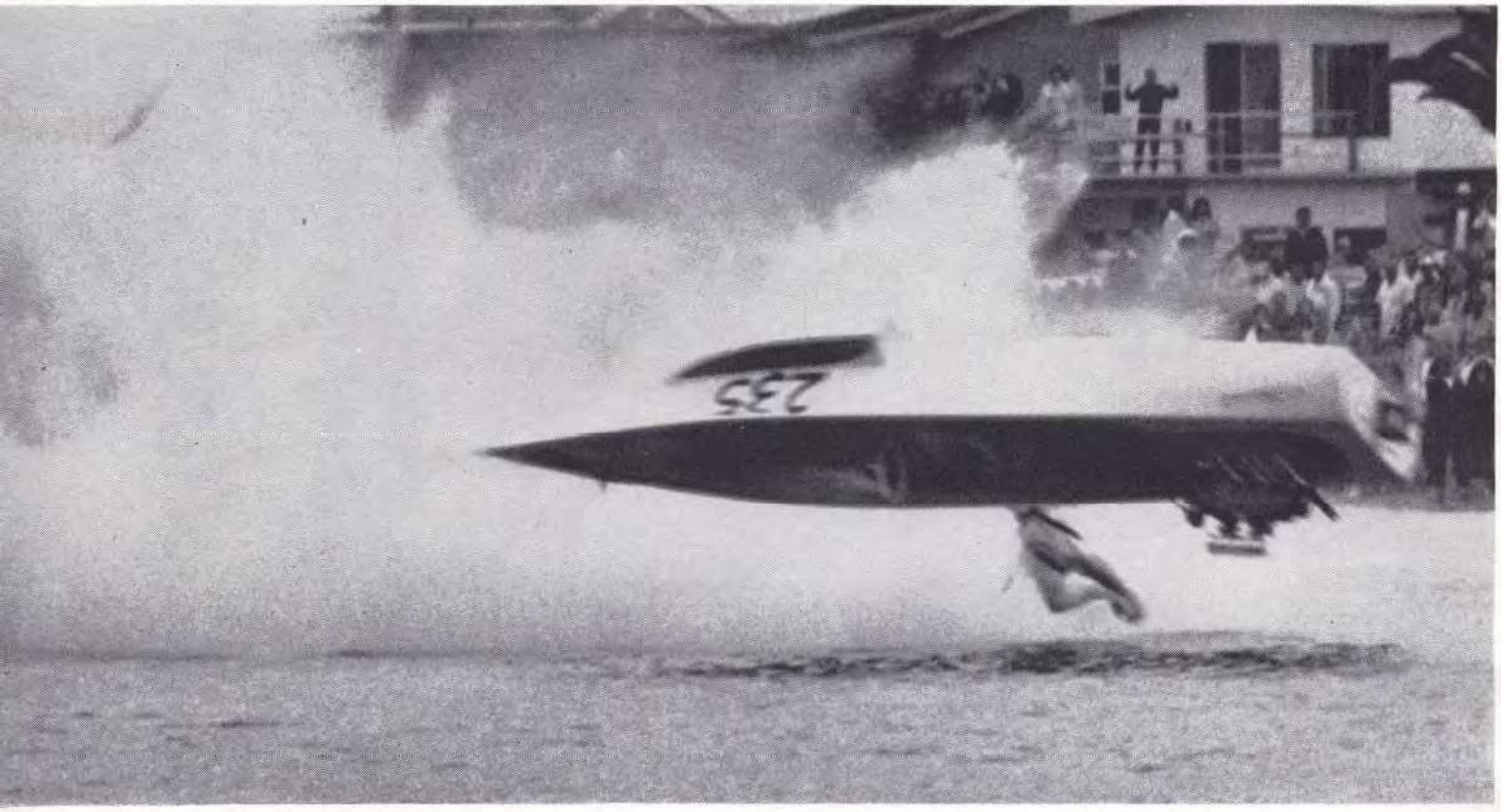
WHEN 6 MILLION AMERICANS FORK OVER $50 MILLION A YEAR FOR A TOBACCO, THERE MUST BE MORE IN IT THAN BLASTS THE NOSE OR CURLS THE TONGUE

■ It was my infantry battalion commander back in Normandy who first made me think seriously of snuff, and today, in a weird sort of fashion, I still think of it as a combat life preserver.

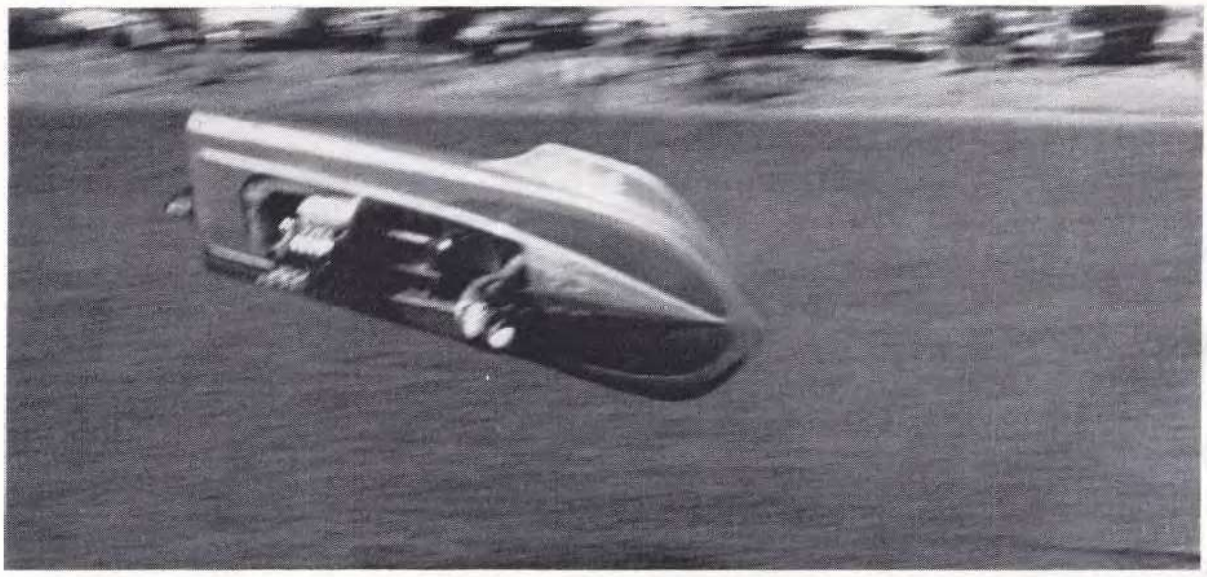
Not that snuff has any magical properties for diverting an incoming artillery round, and not that it's a super-penicillin for wounds. Lord, no!—snuff can make you sick. On the other hand, it can't get you shot. And when, in combat, I have the choice of being one of the sick or one of the dead, I'll take sick every time.

Our colonel, a non-smoking snuff-chewer from away back, was lacing us out one night in a battered barn. His lip bulging from a healthy wad of snoose, he snarled, "You blithering damned fools! Why don't you send up flares to tell the Krauts where you are? Every time we stop, the whole damned battalion lights up and blue smoke hovers over every hedgerow. Why don't you send them a map? You think they're blind? There's not a hell of a lot of sense in being quiet if you're going to light up a million [*Continued on page* 84]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF



Pilot and SK drag boat coming down after doing spectacular one-and-a-half—all landed o.k.



Driver bailed out safely at 50 feet but his $10,000 Hydro boat exploded, disintegrated and sank.

SPLASHY HOT RODDERS

BOATS FLIP AND DRIVERS SWIM IN NEW SPORT OF DRAG BOAT RACING

The latest drag race is a boat drag—not exactly pleasure-boating although contenders insist they are having a great time. So far only minor injuries have occurred. Boat drags are held over a quarter-mile course in specified classes with plenty of rescue boats on hand. Entries range from small outboards to custom-built ski boats and "Drag Hydros," hulls built especially for drag racing. Boat costs can run from $4,000 to $10,000. Most hot-boat drivers come from hot rodding and some really cool it by switching their engines from land dragsters to drag boats.

Tail-skidding toward disaster, driver swam away from this one.

SPLASHY HOT RODDERS

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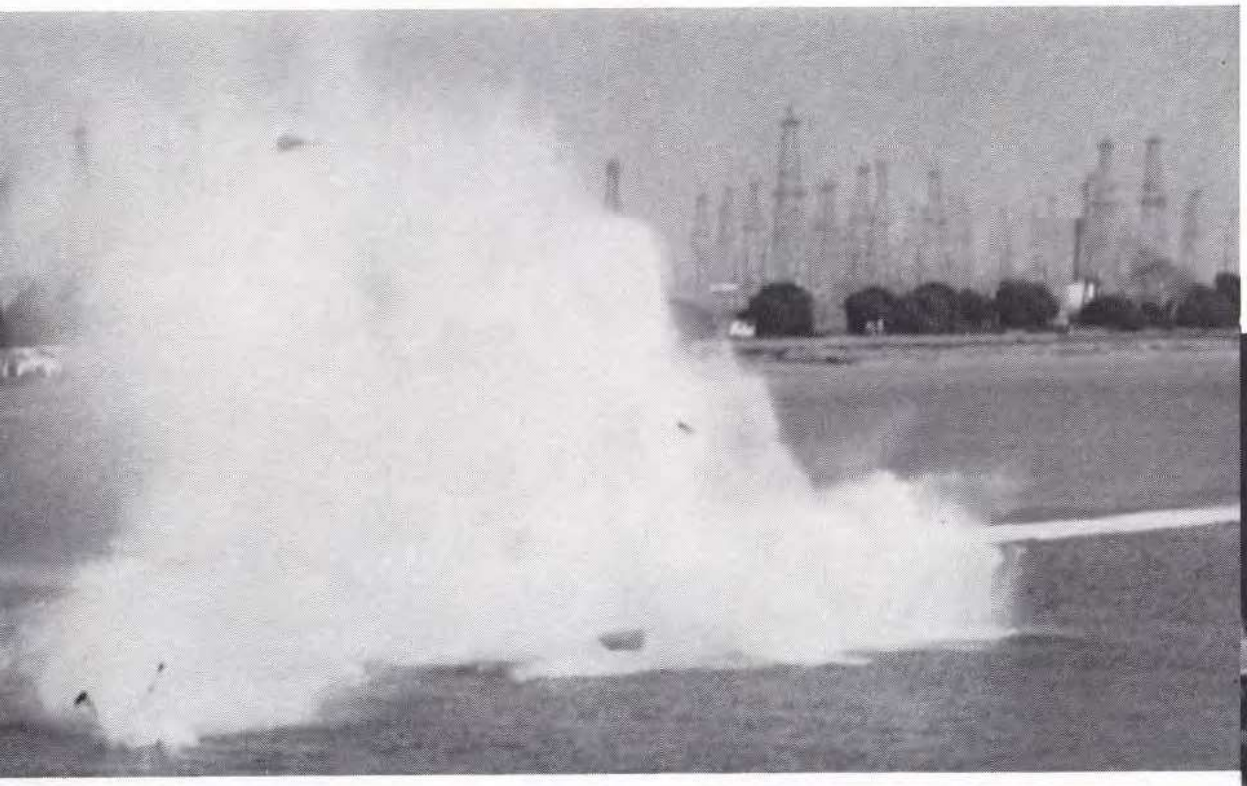
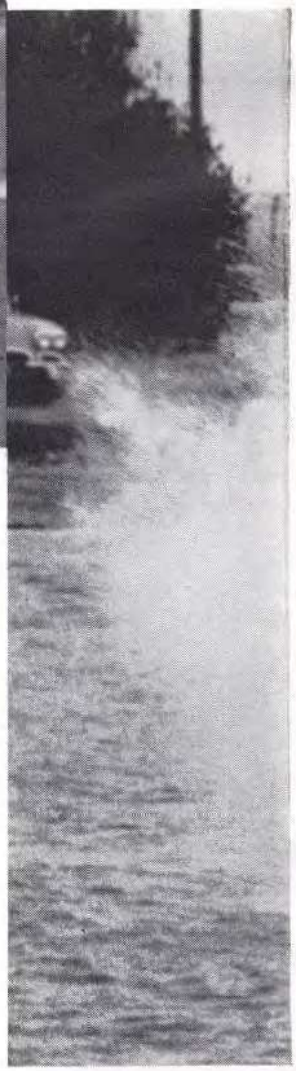




Big Hydro explodes at end of quarter-mile race. Driver (left foreground) hit at 150 mph.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER SQUIRE

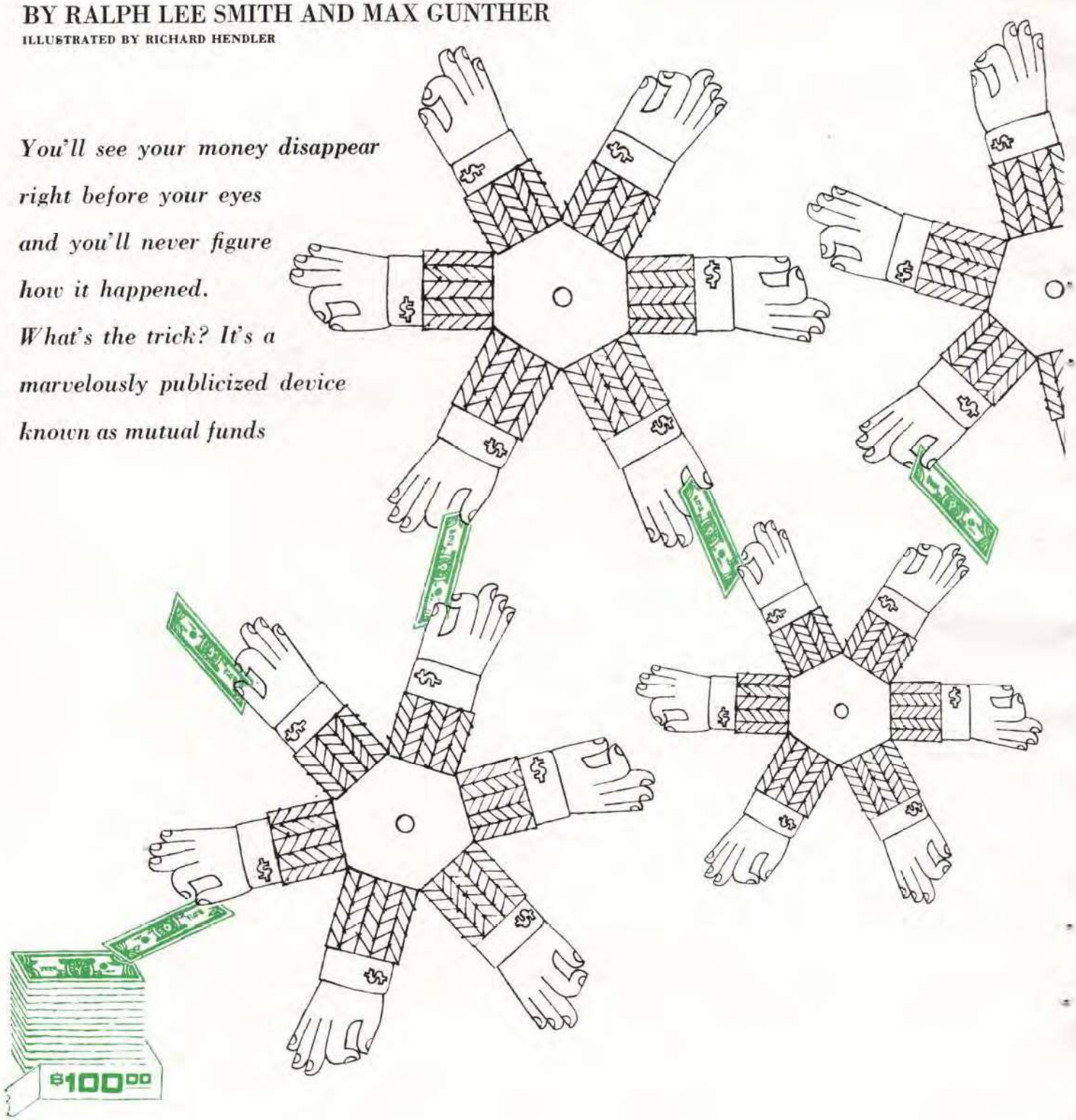
Two SK's drag it out for elimination run. They have tremendous acceleration.

Hitting the water from upside-down SK at 100 mph may not be fatal but it's a hell of a shock.

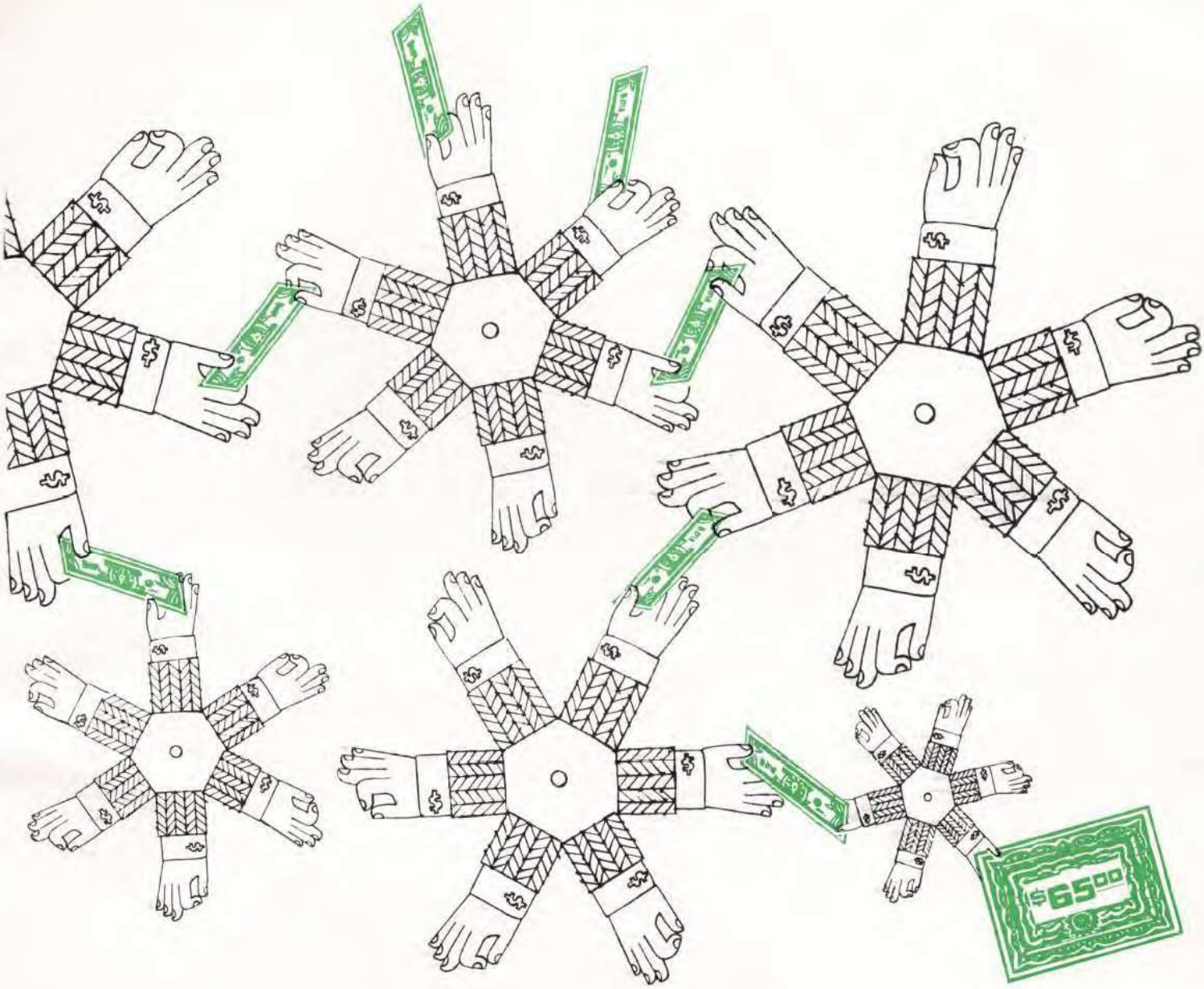
BY RALPH LEE SMITH AND MAX GUNTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HENDLER

You'll see your money disappear right before your eyes and you'll never figure how it happened. What's the trick? It's a marvelously publicized device known as mutual funds



THE MONEY-MAKING MYTH OF MUTUAL FUNDS



■ The salesman is a clean-cut fellow who oozes sincerity from every pore. "Just call me Bill," he says, with a hearty handshake. Simple honesty emanates like a radiance from his crisp white shirt, his humble tie and his conservative Ivy League suit.

He is from Wall Street, or from one of the thousands of Wall Street outposts scattered across the nation. He is selling shares in mutual funds. Maybe he works directly for a single fund, or maybe he's employed by a broker who represents several funds. At any rate, the fund names he mentions are names you've heard often, names you respect.

All he wants from life, he says, is to make you rich. And the deal he offers does indeed sound as though it might accomplish that purpose. You've heard of the deal many times before, from newspaper or TV ads, or from friends who themselves had bought or were thinking of buying mutual fund shares. The deal has always sounded good to you.

"See here," says Bill, "investing is a full-time proposition. With your regular job, you can't hope to know everything an investor should know about the stock market. What you want to do is turn the whole problem over to trained investment experts, real Wall Street insiders who know exactly how to make your money grow fastest. By buying [*Continued on page* 73]

NATURE'S MONSTROUS MANTRAP

The thought strikes terror
in the human heart.
Is this nightmare
really the gruesome snare
pictured in so many melodramas?
Now we know
the real truth about...

QUICKSAND

BY MAX GUNTHER

The southern shore of Florida's mighty Lake Okeechobee is a low swampy country that teems with exotic subtropical wildlife. It is a naturalist's paradise. Two Princeton University students, Jack Pickett and Fred Stahl, beached their boat there one summer morning, shouldered heavy packs full of equipment and headed into the swampland in search of parasitic plants. For a while they followed a small stream. The season was dry, and only a trickle of water meandered turgidly along the stream bed. Its sandy banks made easier walking than the dense brush on either side.

Suddenly Pickett, who was in the lead, uttered a hoarse cry. "Hey! It's soft up here! Stay back!"

He had stepped onto what looked like dry sun-baked sand. The caked surface had crumbled oddly beneath his boots and he had sunk to his ankles. He floundered forward a few more steps, trying to get out of the stream bed and up onto firm ground. But with each step he sank deeper, until finally the strange marshmallowy sand had risen to his knees.

"It's quicksand!" he shouted in horror. "I'm sinking! Help me!"

His buddy knew it would do no good to plunge into the quicksand himself in the hope of effecting a rescue. That would be false heroism. Both men would be trapped, and there was nobody for miles around to help them. For years afterward Stahl blamed himself bitterly for cowardice, but actually he did the best possible thing he could do under the circumstances. He ran into the brush in search of a long tree branch.

The trapped man was still struggling. With a last tremendous effort he managed to pull one leg out of the ghastly trap. The sand around him was quaking now like a monstrous bowl of Jello. As he lifted his leg up behind him, the other leg sank to the thigh. He lost his balance and slowly toppled forward on his chest.

"Take your pack off!" yelled Stahl.

The heavy pack was forcing Pickett down inexorably into the quaking sand. Unluckily the snap hook of his pack was at his chest, submerged, and he couldn't move his arms through the thick mire to get to it. He

QUICKSAND:
HOW TO GET OUT ALIVE

Here's the best advice culled from men who have actually had experience with quicksand—men such as Don Grine, geophysicist with Schlumberger, Inc., international oil-well surveying company. If you find yourself in quicksand, Grine and others say do this:

1. Try to run. Some kinds of quicksand are just firm enough to allow this—if you act fast. The impact of your feet will splash the muck away from your legs, and each foot will pull out of its hole before your leg sinks too deep.

2. Throw yourself flat on your back. You should do this if you sink too fast to run. Your body will float on the quicksand surface instead of being encased in it, and movement will be easier.

3. Get rid of extra weight. Drop your gun. Unbuckle your pack. Take off your heavy coat if you have time.

4. Don't try to hold your arms up in the air. Victims always make this mistake in the movies. You need the buoyancy provided by your arms. Let them rest on the quicksand surface.

5. Holler for help. While it's coming, lie still. If it doesn't come . . .

6. Slowly roll your way to firm ground. Or turn onto your stomach and do a slow breast stroke.

7. Make all movements slow and deliberate. The muck must have time to flow around your body. Panicky movements create pockets of vacuum, and these could have the effect of pulling your head under.

strained to hold his head up but the sand rose swiftly to his chin.

Meanwhile Stahl had found a fallen tree branch and dragged it to the stream bed. The trapped man gave a last terrified cry as the sand rose to cover his mouth and nose. Only his panic-stricken eyes showed.

"Grab the branch!" Stahl shouted.

Pickett tried to lift his hands from the sucking mire, but this only had the effect of forcing his head deeper. Frantically Stahl pushed the branch into the quaking sand under the victim's chest and tried to lift him up. But the sand held him like glue. He sank deeper. His struggles began to wane. Sobbing with frustration, his friend dragged a heavy rock to the edge of the quicksand and used it as a fulcrum for the tree branch, hoping to lever the trapped man into an upright position. But the branch was rotten and snapped.

Now the victim was still. All that showed of him was his pack and the sole of one boot, both rapidly sinking. Fred Stahl sat down on the rock and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up again there was nothing left to see. There was only a stretch of level, dry-looking sand.

Quicksand is one of man's oldest and weirdest nightmares. To be sucked down into a bed of quicksand seems like a peculiarly horrible way to die, and fiction writers have exploited the gruesome fascination of it with great relish. Countless novels such as *Moonstone* and *The Hound of the Baskervilles* have featured death by quicksand. Several hundred miles of Grade B movie footage have entertained bug-eyed audiences with the standard scene of a man sinking until his gargling screams are cut off and only one clutching hand is visible above the surface. In fact quicksand has played so big a part in fiction, and in the tall tales of hunters and fishermen, that it is hard to know where the line stands between fact and imagination.

Some very astute and highly educated men believe quicksand is all imagination, like sea monsters and werewolves—a legendary thing that is fun to talk about but doesn't really exist. This isn't true. Quicksand is as real as beach sand.

Others concede it exists but doubt that it has any special deadly properties. They believe it is simply soft, mucky sand into which a man might sink knee-deep but in which he is quite safe. This isn't true either. Quicksand is a very special kind of stuff, and very dangerous.

Others go to the opposite extreme and believe everything the novelists tell us—that a man who steps in quicksand is doomed beyond all hope, that his struggles will only make things worse, that the best thing he can do is say a final prayer and slide under gracefully. This isn't true either. With a little luck and a little know-how it's possible to get out of nature's ghastliest trap alive.

"Anybody who ever walks off the pavement should learn about quicksand," geologist Gerard H. Matthes used to tell Boy Scout troops, hunt clubs and others who ventured into the wilderness. Matthes, who died recently, was the leading quicksand expert of the U.S. Geological Survey. While he lived he was walking proof of the [*Continued on page* 81]

HELICOPTER GOING TO HELL?

TURN PAGE ➤

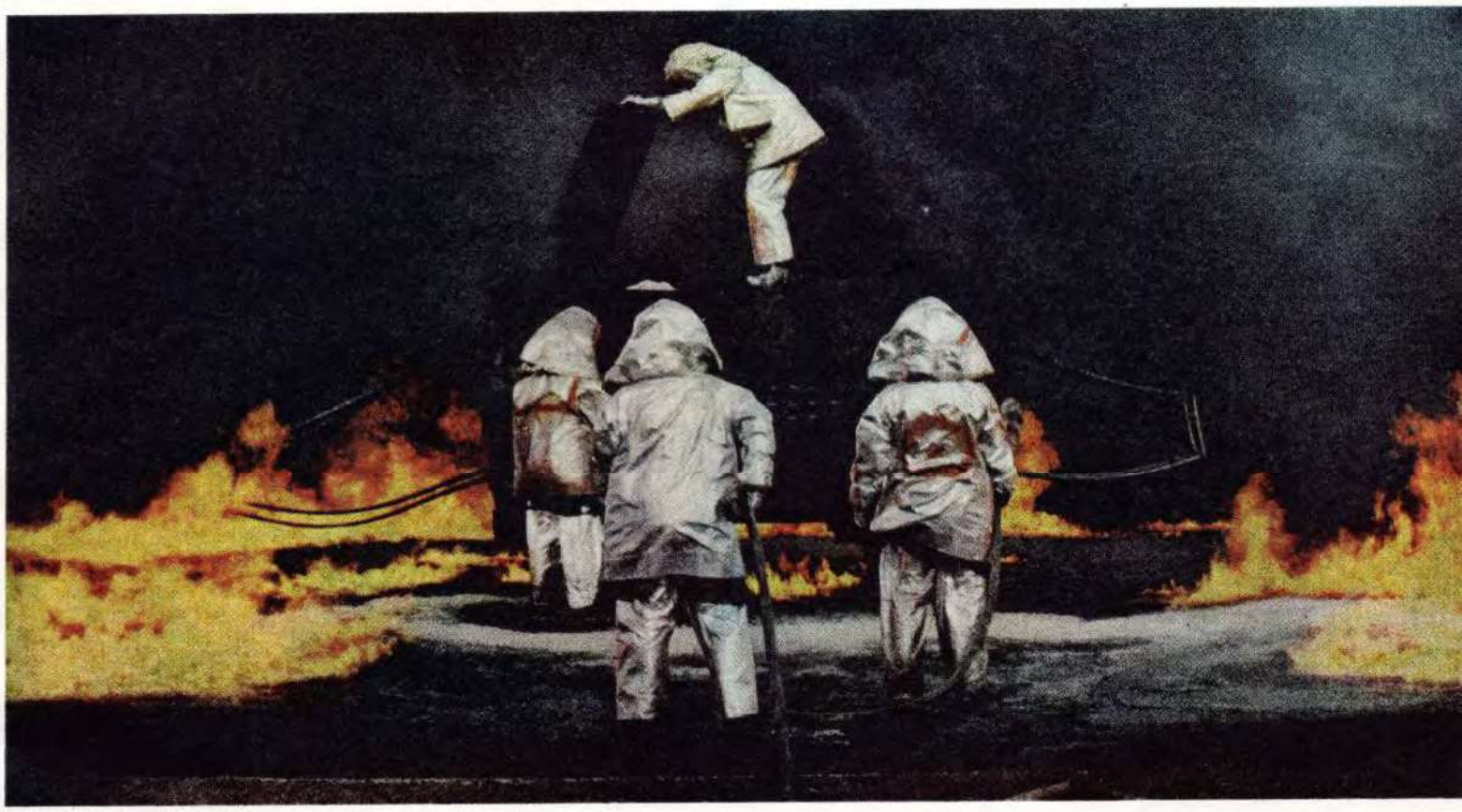
fire suppression kit is dropped 75 feet upwind from fire, then helicopter quickly lands fire-fighters and takes off.

helicopter pilot, hovering downwind, tilts rotors so downwash clears smoke, reduces and controls direction of fire, making path for fire fighters.

STEAD A.F.B., NEVADA

■ The H-43B helicopter apparently about to plunge into a roaring inferno actually is demonstrating an Air Force fire-fighting technique that may shortly be saving civilian lives. Within a minute after a crash alarm, the Huskie helicopter can be airborne with fire-fighting crew aboard and fire suppression kit underneath. After landing men and equipment, the helicopter pilot assists by using wash from his twin rotors to help fight the flames and to send reviving cool air into the cockpit of the disabled aircraft. Within two minutes, the crew of the downed plane can be pulled out to safety. Air Force research reveals that 96 percent of all aircraft accidents occur within 61 miles of the runway, 42 percent result in fire. Impressed by Air Force rescue record, the FAA is testing technique for commercial aviation.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT



Rescuers pull limp body from wreckage. It's dummy here, showing how real lives have been saved. Rescue service is now at 45 bases.

Still protected by their helicopter, crew finishes off fire. Versatile turbo-powered 'copter flies injured directly to the hospital.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The biggest portrait ever painted stood 60 feet high and was completed by a Japanese artist named Hokusai in a single day. In 1817, after devoting half a lifetime to art without getting anywhere, Hokusai decided it was time he made a name for himself. One morning he pasted together heavy paper to form a sheet 37 by 60 feet and weighted it flat with rocks before a temple in Nagoya. He fetched tubs of color, brooms and cloth swabs on sticks and started operations. As townspeople swarmed to watch, he raced back and forth, outlining a huge picture of the Japanese saint Daruma. Then with quick sweeps of broom and mop, Hokusai laid in his colors. Late in the afternoon he enlisted onlookers to lash the top edge of the picture to a wooden beam, and at dusk, they hoisted it to the temple roof. There hung the biggest picture ever seen, with Daruma so huge, viewers exclaimed, "A horse could walk into his mouth!" Hokusai became known overnight as the giant-painter. But he wasn't through. He proceeded to paint, on a grain of rice, two sparrows so small they could be seen only with a magnifiying glass. That did it. Japan's ruler summoned him for praise, and Hokusai enjoyed fame—though not fortune. A dedicated artist, he died poor at 89, signing his work "The Old Man Mad About Drawing." *By Herbert C. Whipple, Washington, D.C.*

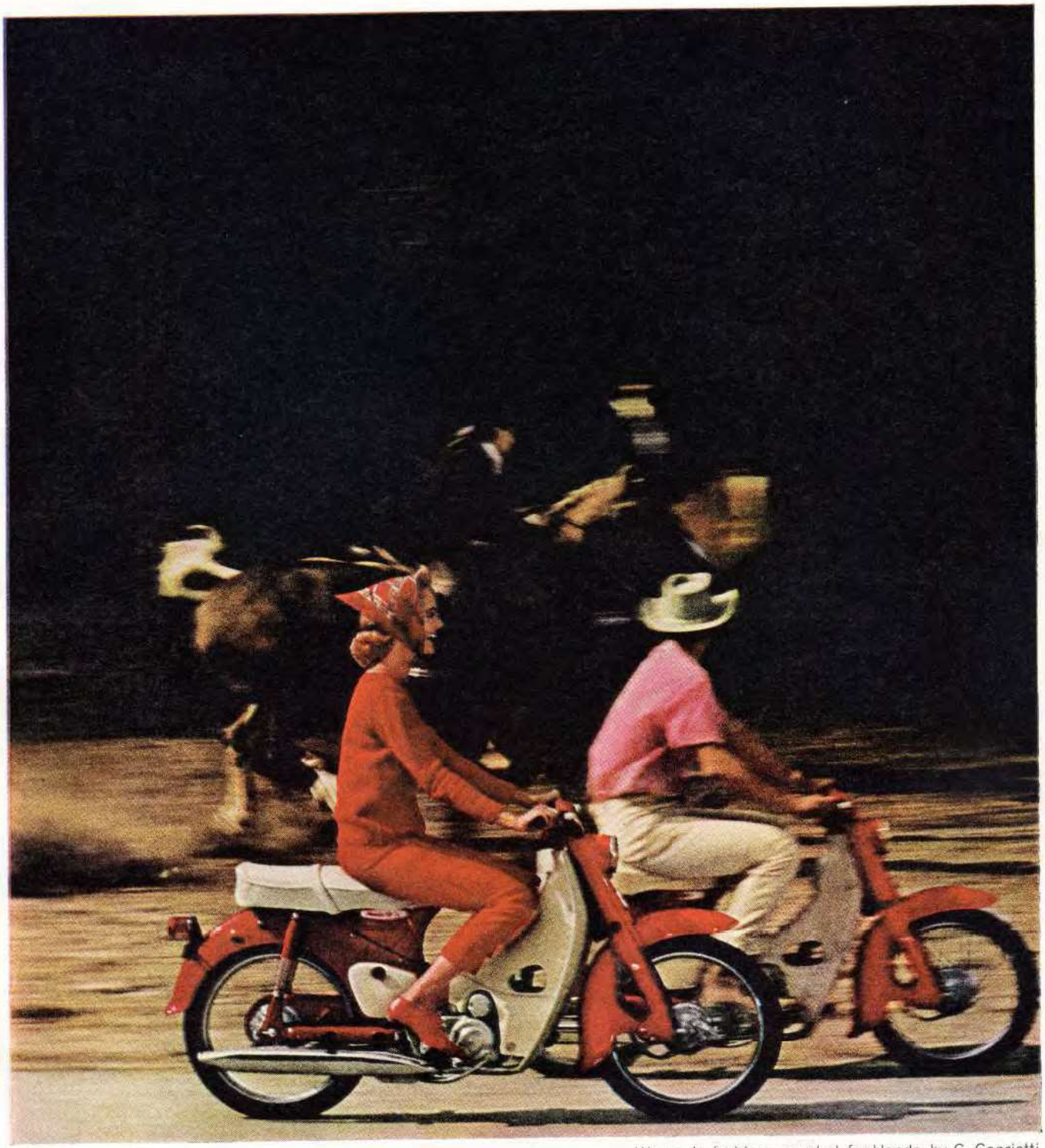
Human bait has been furnished for ferocious animals in many a Roman arena or Oriental potentate's court in order to provide an entertaining spectacle. But perhaps the only authenticated use of a living human lure to capture a wild beast occurred in 1887 in East Africa. A tribal despot named Mandara had an inspiration: he ordered one of his subjects tied out at night to attract a marauding leopard, and posted another man nearby with a gun. The experiment was a failure. The leopard came and killed the unfortunate bait; the man in ambush fired . . . and scored a clean miss.

The dainty "ladyfinger," a fragile slab of spongecake that no man would be caught eating, is Western civilization's only acknowledgment of the feminine physique in naming food. The Turk has a better appreciation of female anatomy. He relishes "lady's navel"—in Turkish, *kadingobegi*—a favorite plump round pastry with a fingertip dent in the center. For meaty fare, he munches an oval chopped-lamb croquette frankly named on Turkish menus as *kadinbudu*—politely translatable as "lady's thigh," or less delicately, haunch.

Music in the air became a literal fact above just one spot on earth as a result of the least-known of Chinese inventions. Unlike China's other "firsts"—silk, porcelain, paper, printing—the pigeon flute has gone unheeded by the world and even by the Chinese themselves except in one place: Peking. In that dove-loving city, about 300 years ago, an unnamed genius perfected the device which could be attached to pigeons and which would emit musical notes as the birds flew. It consisted of a tangerine-sized hollowed gourd with lid slit into flute-lips and several reed pipes glued alongside; secured with thread, it sat on the base of the bird's tail feathers. The Peking sky became melodious. For three centuries, visitors marveled daily at musical chords wafting down, swelling and fading, as white flocks winged in circles. Peking pigeon-fanciers were connoisseurs of tone and kept flute-makers busy. Like violins by Stradivarius or Amati in the West, fine old pigeon flutes signed by such craftsmen as Hwei (period of 1795) or Yung (1810) have been treasured in China at high prices. Sadly, Red Peking's sky is now almost silent. The pigeons, which ate too much, are being eaten, and their unique musical instrument may soon be only a museum relic. *By James J. Gillen, San Francisco, Calif.*

Why rings are worn on the fourth finger of the left hand has been explained two ways. One explanation claims superstition still links the ring finger with a semimagical belief 2,000 years old. Greek and Roman physicians thought it had a direct line to the heart by a special nerve or artery. They stirred medicines with it; any harmful ingredient, they believed, would be signaled by heart palpitations. A remnant of "heartfinger" belief, particularly for marriage-ring sentiment, survived when rings settled on the fourth finger simply by custom . . . which obeyed the true reason: no other finger will do. The working right hand is out; on the left, thumb and little finger are unguarded, index and middle too prominent. Only the fourth, of all 10 fingers, is convenient for ring-wearing. *By M. Hosey, Bangor, Me.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036



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Women's fashions created for Honda by C. Capriotti

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PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ZACHERY FREYMAN

FRANCE'S SYLVIE HAQUETTE *doesn't speak a word of English. She doesn't have to. She's from Paris where she used to design bathing suits for a living. Now she models them, and flashbulbs pop.* TRUE's *lucky man of the hour Larry Robbins wears a cord suit with side vents. The Executive, by Andrew Pallack. Price is $75. His shirt is a Van Heusen short-sleeved knit, designed for sport or dress wear. It's priced at $5.*

DENMARK'S MARIANNE BUNCHER, *a true bit of international pastry, was a physical therapist in her home town of Aarhus, just two years ago. Now she models in New York—therapy for tired eyes. Our man wears a gray plaid suit of lightweight Argentine wool. It's tailored by H. Daroff and Sons for Botany 500, and sells for $75. His shirt is an all-cotton button-down by Manhattan, $5. (Table accessories by Bloomingdale's)*

GERMANY'S GERTA GRUDEL *(it rhymes with strudel), was a busy cover girl on the Continent before coming here last year. Now she's one of our busiest cover girls (and you see her in TV commercials, too.) Gerta's from Stuttgart. For her, our man wears a Varsity-Town suit by H. A. Seinsheimer. Called The Westmore, it features side vents, is 55 percent Dacron, 45 percent wool, and is priced at $75. Shirt is by Manhattan, $5.*

MEXICO'S BENNIE CHAVEZ, *peppery actress of television fame (Naked City, of course) crossed the border for her education at the University of New Mexico. Now she lives in New York where she acts and models.* TRUE's *aficionado, wears a wash and wear suit in natural-colored poplin. It's The Madison, tailored in Dacron and cotton by Palm Beach. Price is $45. His shirt is a cotton Van Heusen, $5. All ties by Wembley, $2.50*

Women's clothes by Nantucket Naturals

HOLLYWOOD'S HIPSTER

[*Continued from page* 18]

birds. *Big* mothers!") He would like to expunge most of his unpretty past and the hipster talk that goes with it. At the same time, he has never, like so many Hollywood types, forgotten either where he came from or who he is. "But I'm a nice peaceable guy now," he says, "and I don't want any trouble."

Still, as the cliché has it, the leopard does not change his spots. And while McQueen doesn't know it, that is the charm of him. It is also the guts of his not inconsiderable talent. Consciously or not, he has learned much from the School of Scars, though he does not parade it in public. Offscreen and on, his is the bone-bare, pukka honesty that comes of a lifetime of struggle for selfhood. The absence of any movie-star narcissism, the hard, tiger-like grace, the repressed animal power, are natural outgrowths of a star-crossed life and thus communicate instantly to the inquisitive eye of the camera.

"He's not afraid to be himself," says Robert Mulligan, who directed him in both *Stranger* and *Traveling Lady*. "He has the same kind of daring as in racing his car. He gives you an intense quality to work on." Co-star Natalie Wood finds him "marvelously unself-conscious, absolutely an individualist, but very professional." Above all, as one Hollywood-ologist puts it, "he is to most other movie actors what a young oak is to a pile of fagots."

He doesn't like to be compared, as he frequently is, with John Garfield, James Cagney, and even Clark Gable. "I don't have any hero-worship for anybody," he claims. "I never thought anybody's work so good I wanted to copy it. Whatever happens up on the screen, I don't know exactly, but I'm not going to knock it. Like in racing, if I crack up, *I* pay. Like a lot of guys who have been through some hassles, I'm holdin' out for the truth."

But truth makes for poor TV and movie heroes. In *Wanted: Dead or Alive*, for example, had McQueen been given his way, the bounty hunter Josh Randall would have been endowed with a conspicuous streak of practicality. "I got into the series and—BAM!," says McQueen. "It wasn't anything like I expected. Sometimes I'd try to hold out for a little honesty. Like, they had these three heavies comin' down the street tellin' me to leave town, and still me walkin' toward 'em, dig? Now right away that ain't right, three guys comin' at me. I run, right? No, instead I have to take on all three and beat hell out of them. Where I come from, three guys tell you to leave town, you leave town."

Actor Yul Brynner once took him to task, during the filming of *The Magnificent Seven*, for "catching flies"—show business lingo for indulging in mannerisms that distract audiences from the main business. Brynner also threw in a few comments about McQueen's riding and shooting abilities. McQueen, who is roughly as sensitive as a wombat, told Brynner to mind his own business in cryptically hip jargon: "Well, sure, I'll see you Friday, baby. Just stand back there on the 30 and punt!" Which succeeded only in confusing Brynner, but the feud mushroomed to atom-blast proportions anyway.

McQueen had the initial handicap of being named Terrence Stephen, after a one-armed bookie in his home town of Indianapolis, Indiana. Trouble set in early. "My father split when I was about 6 months," McQueen reports. "I never saw him again, but I heard he was a full swinger." The boy's mother took him, at age 1, to Slater, Missouri, a farming town in the Ozarks where he learned the value of uncluttered spaces. To this day his most personal philosophy is taken from the Indians: "Land where there's time enough, and room enough."

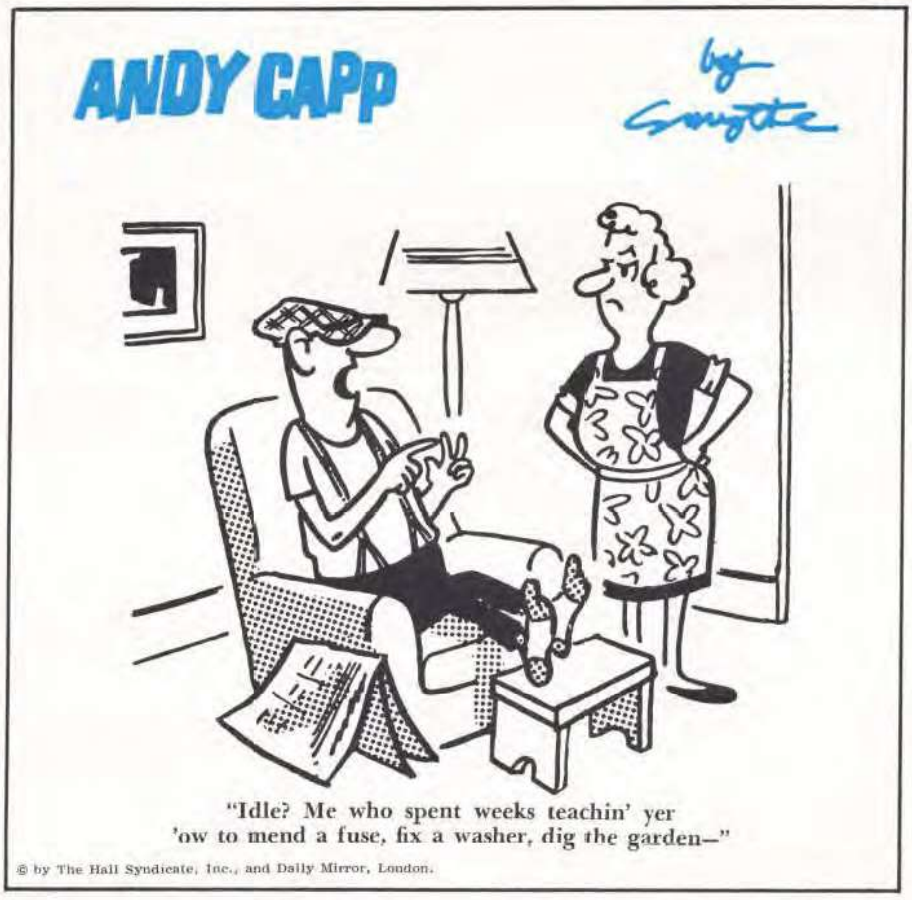
In the beginning, he was raised by his grandfather while his mother went off to Los Angeles, where she worked as a sales clerk. McQueen rarely saw her again. Today, with unpleasant memories etching his slightly pithecanthropoid forehead, he dismisses the balance of his childhood with, "It was a bad scene, man, you know?" And somehow you do. "I didn't click with the books. I guess I had growin' up pains, runnin' around a lot, cuttin' school, a little stealin', but no hard stuff."

Not surprisingly, he landed in a boys' correctional school at Chino, California, all fired up and full of hostility. "I clipped it once (translation: ran away)—there were no fences. The fuzz (police) brought me back and this lovely fat man bent me over a big kettle in the kitchen and—Hah WHOOM—with his butter paddle musta been five feet long, with holes in it." (These days, he makes unpublicized trips back to Chino "just to talk with the boys.")

When McQueen's mother remarried he joined her in New York—"lookin' like Li'l Abner in my high shoes and Levis and square-cut haircut"—after completing the ninth grade, which put a period on his formal education. But "there were a few bad scenes" with his parents, and "I guess I was difficult. I was lookin' for a little love and there wasn't much around. You know, I was outta the hatch and started runnin' the streets and I fell in with some hard people."

With the help of "a whoring buddy who later killed himself by jumping off the Staten Island ferry," McQueen got seaman's papers at 15, boarded an oil tanker bound for the Caribbean. He remembers standing on the gangplank brandishing a club at a time when the CIO was trying to unionize all ships. "When we got to the Dominion (*sic*) Republic I stole a bunch of cigarettes, jumped ship, and made myself a little bread (money). I lost my virginity in a cat house—there was a shortage of blond guys down there, so the girls liked me. I got it for two insteada five bucks. I was a happy kid and I went back to New York a little richer and a little wiser."

And a little wilder. He "bummed around" Canada, getting by on occasional "handywork and a little tree-topping." In New York, he got a job making sandals for the Greenwich Village beats. And in the Midwest, he hooked up with a carnival, working as both barker and hustler. "We were sellin' these ball-point pens and man, they were worth like 16 cents and we sold 'em for a buck and it was a



"Idle? Me who spent weeks teachin' yer 'ow to mend a fuse, fix a washer, dig the garden—"

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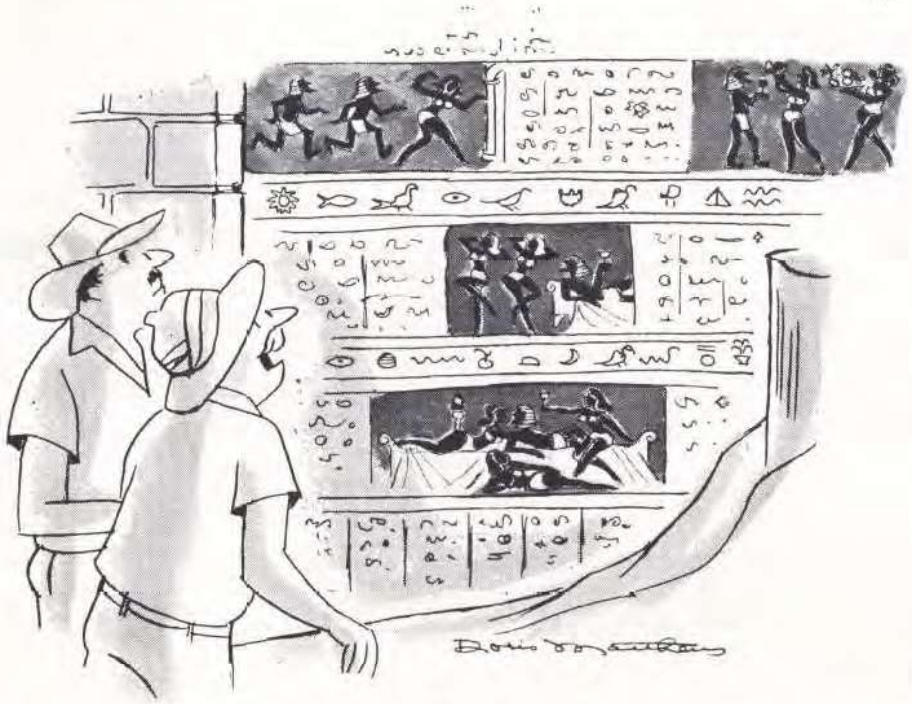


"Even if we do decipher this, I'm afraid we'll run into censorship problems later."

full scam (swindle). I was beatin' out my boss a lot, too."

He then headed for the oil fields in Texas, but, failing to find his pot of liquid gold, he drifted into a raffish Port Arthur brothel where he landed a job. "I got the whisky, set up the bar, swept out the place, and sampled some of the wares. There were a lot of fringe benefits, but no security plan. Like a candy parlor job, you can't help but eat candy most all day long. I mean you could ball all the time."

At 16, McQueen became "one of the original vintage Marines, and man, the only way I could get a promotion was if they ran outta corporals." He dragged out a weekend pass to two weeks, and spent 41 days in the brig. On a ship to Labrador, he squeezed a buddy through a porthole, hoping to get food, but wound up with a tin can of lard instead—and orders to swab down the entire ship. Living on paltry rations in Labrador, he "scammed" a huge can of beans from the officers' mess and tried to heat it by hanging it before the exhaust of an armored tank. "The only thing was," he recalls, "I forgot to open the mother. And BAH BOOM!—there were beans all over uncharted country. It blew me back about two feet right on my bun and left some tin in my head."

Back in Manhattan, he drifted to Greenwich Village again and the studied casualness of Bohemia. He worked variously at making artificial flowers, at bag loading in the post office, stevedoring on the docks. He was a taxi mechanic, TV set deliveryman, runner for a bookie, tire recapper, encyclopedia salesman, and bartender (at the famous White Horse Tavern). He lasted one day in the pottery department of Bloomingdale's department store, and thus found time to beach bum it in Miami where he burst an eardrum skin-diving. (This, coupled with his refusal to wear ear plugs while racing, has cost him total hearing in one ear.) He played poker to make a living, and rolled drunks in order to get "a five-cent room when I couldn't get a girl to pad out with"—which, he says, was almost never.

At about this time, he first learned about acting. "An actress I was living with suggested I go with her to the Neighborhood Playhouse," a drama school in Manhattan. That tore it. Director Sanford Meisner remembers that "if asked to do five improvisations, Steve would come in with twice that number." Still, he knew nothing about the theater. To him, Lunt and Fontanne might have been an adagio act. He tried out for director Josh Logan's musical *Wish You Were Here*, which featured swimming in a real stage pool, but he flunked both the diving and the dancing.

Eventually, however, he swung a scholarship to the Uta Hagen-Herbert Berghof dramatic school, and, later, was one of five out of two thousand auditioners admitted to the Actors Studio. "Acting let me burn off energy," he says. "It's like racing—you need the same absolute concentration. Besides, I wanted to beat the 40-hour-a-week rap. I'm hooked on it, though sometimes I'm not sure it's the kind of a job a grown man should be doing."

Some of his colleagues are not sure McQueen should be doing it, either. In his first play, the title of which he has conveniently forgotten, he uttered one line: "It's hopeless." In Yiddish. Afterward, a co-worker told McQueen he was over-acting. A ranking Hollywood director finds him "too much in conflict with himself, always bucking the traffic, like a salmon swimming upstream." A magazine critic wrote: "His range is so breathtaking he can play a grim soldier or an impish soldier." The movie critic of the New York *Times* wrote recently: "He's a face-squinching simpleton, for my money."

In spite of these critical zingers from the professionals, audiences like him and understand him.

In 1956, when he was 26, he replaced Ben Gazzara in *A Hatful of Rain* on Broadway, a play about narcotics addiction. That year, he also met Neile Adams, a dancer in *Pajama Game*. He brought his motorcycle to their first date and announced he wanted to "take her out for a breath of fresh air." They ended up in far upstate New York, and "suddenly," says Neile, who is a knockout, "there was this wild man in my life." The morning after their first night together, McQueen's opening remark was, "Don't talk to me until after breakfast." She didn't, and together they joined the mass migration to Southern California in search of television money; they were promptly pulled in by the fuzz for speeding on the Freeway "while looking for a church to get married in." The cops located a Lutheran church for them and stood by as witnesses to the wedding.

He did find his pot of TV gold in *Wanted: Dead or Alive* for "three mother-grabbin' years." At first, the producer said McQueen was hard-headed and stubborn, and called him an "angry young man." McQueen demurred: "I am not. I am very happy to be here, man, and I'm like eager to make all this bread, but I'm not angry."

To prove it, he hung a sign on his motorbike saying: "The Mild One." And today he says: "The ape-hangers with the high bars, leather jackets, spit flying out of their mouths, and 'I-flirt-with-death' on their backs, I'm not. I never met a cleaner group of guys than motorcycle racers. You're out there to get the crap out of your system, not to realize a death wish. I've never known any people with a greater lust for life than racing men.

"Cycling," he continues, "gives you a great sense of identification. A man wants his own pure sense of that, just like he wants his own wife, or being his own boss. Sure, the element of danger gives a man a certain respect. Americans have always been braver than Dick Tracy, trying to conquer everything. Racing is one of the few honest things left in life. Because most of life's a scam, man, full of buffalo chippers, you know? With racing, there's no leverage. You pay your own dues. You have to be very honest with yourself. When I race the guy next to me he don't give a damn who I am. He treats me good, like a man, not like a movie star. I don't want to be treated better than anybody else—but I don't want to be treated any worse, either."

McQueen gave up formal auto racing after a bad crack-up in England, but he still squirts around on his two racing cycles, both Triumph Scramblers (40 cu. in., 650 c. c.), and he waxes rhapsodic about both bike racing and auto racing. "You know, it's that moment of truth when you're slip-streamin' around a turn, in the middle of the pack, that separates the men from the boys. If you can't cut it, you gotta back out. But if you want to win, you ding with whoever's next to you and it's just you and him and it's a real pure feeling. And you lay it all the way down. Auto racing is a beautiful sport but it's pretty frightening. I was out there

skidding between cars and going into the turns as deep as I could before I hit the brakes and dancing for position and, you know, really on the ragged edge all the time. And I finally thought to myself, you can get killed doing this."

Today, McQueen lives with Neile and their two children, Terry Leslie, 4, and Chad, 2, in a chateau that sprawls across three acres of piney mountaintop in fashionable Brentwood, a residential community near the Pacific. Like its master, the house is eclectic, indomitable, and hard to reach, blond all over and built of rough-hewn rock. The garage is full of bar bells and weights, a dark green ("British racing colors") Lincoln Continental for Neile, a Land Rover for hunting trips and a prize Jaguar XK-SS (1955). "I've always kinda liked engines and suspensions," he says. "It's my therapy."

A second-story den comprises McQueen's impressive arsenal. The hand guns include a Ruger .22, a 9mm. Steyr (1915), and a .38 Smith and Wesson target pistol. He has a Beretta 12 gauge over-and-under, and such posh rifles as a Mannlicher-Schoenauer 7mm. with a 10-power scope; a Mannlicher-Schoenauer 7x57mm., a Winchester .30-30, a semi-automatic .22 with Weaver scope in tipoff mount, a .30-40 Krag, and the short-barreled lever-action Winchester .44-40 rifle that McQueen made one of the most famous guns in the West during his TV series. "I also call it a Pain in the Ass," he says, and plans to make it over into a cigarette lighter. "But I have a lot of respect for it. It made me a lot of bread. Still, you couldn't hit a bull in the can with a handful of rice with it."

He has, in addition, a .44 Colt single-action revolver, a Ruger Blackhawk .44 Magnum, a Winchester lever-action .22, a .303 English Army rifle which has been cut down and which has a hunter's stock that McQueen made himself; a collection of 16th and 17th century Spanish and English dueling pistols; and finally, a .25 caliber Beretta woman's palm gun, which was his idea of a gift to his wife.

Besides hunting trips on 40 acres he owns in Big Sur, or in the San Jacinto Mountains, McQueen sometimes bags something more domestic. One dark night after working late on *Wanted*, he shot out the light in the men's room where his producer was idly ensconced.

Yet amusingly, Steve McQueen goes right along insisting he's getting tamer, and is living down the bad old days. "I make no secret about the fact I'm trying to better myself. Man, if I could be a movie star, make a lot of bread and have obscurity, I'd have it *fully* made. Soon as I get enough money saved, I'd like to go! There's lots of things in the world I'd like to see and do. Even now, I don't get sucked up in the machine. If it gets too much with some of these ding-dong people I grab my shotgun and Land Rover and I *leave*. When the pressures get too much, you gotta protect yourself. My God is green grass, blue sky and trees and enough food to eat."

How does that fit in with a career as a movie star? "I don't know about that," says Steve McQueen, "I never go to the movies." —C. Robert Jennings

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

THE TEXAS DRAWLER WHO WAS A SOBER PASSER

■ On a certain afternoon in 1957, Mr. Robert Layne, quarterback of the Detroit Lions, was sitting in a courtroom when he should have been standing on the practice field preparing for an important game with the Cleveland Browns. This was careless of him.

Bobby, as he was usually called by people who were not his attorneys, had disported himself carelessly on various occasions in the past. He was a Texan by birth and a Scotch drinker by temperament, a combination that often led him into difficulties great and small. This time his problems were a good deal more than minor.

It was a year in which the Lions were expected to win the National Football League championship, mostly because of Bobby's passing. For weeks he had thrown brilliantly. He rifled long, short and medium-range touchdown passes. Then one night he awoke with a fearful throbbing in his elbow. Afraid that a sore arm would hurt his team's title chances, Mr. Layne drove directly to his favorite tavern where he hoped to rest his aching limb atop the bar.

After extended therapy he began his trip home. But he never got there. Two policemen saw him flash by. A brief conversation followed and the officers decided it would be dangerous for Bobby to continue his journey. The next morning, newspaper headlines blurted, "Layne Arrested for Drunk Driving."

A trial by jury ensued. If convicted, Bobby assuredly would be sent to jail. This made the issue doubly important because the trial was on a Friday and the game on Sunday.

The case seemed to hang on the officers' testimony that Bobby was so drunk he couldn't talk. Then Bobby's lawyer went to the attack.

"How many Texans do you know, or have you known?" he asked the policemen. Their answers indicated neither had much experience in dealing with citizens of the Lone Star state. "Perhaps," suggested the attorney, "Mr. Layne's speech deficiency was not induced by alcohol but by his environment—that being Lubbock, Texas, where the mother tongue is spoken with a drawl."

The jury pondered this development for three hours before returning a ringing verdict of, "Not Guilty!" The Lions' front office cheered but Bobby was downhearted. "The fans used to like me a lot," he said. "Now, they'll probably hate me."

On Sunday he went to the stadium determined to win one for the fans and regain their affection. In the huddle he enunciated his plan of operation in clear, precise English. "You just provide the blocking and Bobby will provide the passing."

Layne hoisted two touchdown passes and the Lions won, 20-7. Afterward he was coming out of the locker room when he noticed a group of rooters standing around. Hanging from their coats were little cardboard signs. Bobby knew then Detroit had searched its heart and found forgiveness. The signs were inscribed, "Ah all ain't drunk. Ah all am fum Texas."

WHERE WAHOOS MAKE WHOOPEE

[*Continued from page 39*]

us that a commercial fisherman known as Dago Joe headed down here every year in a 20-ton albacore boat and returned with three or four tons of iced wahoos which he mild-smoked and sold to the delicatessens at a fancy price. And if Dago Joe could catch wahoos by the ton, damn it, why couldn't he go out and take a few for the fun of it?

Tommy replied that he had never heard of Dago Joe, and the smoked-wahoo routine was news to him, but tell him more, please—it was a swell night for fairy tales. Whereupon brother Austin snorted unpleasantly, and stalked out like an indignant Paiute chief. Though we didn't know it then, Austin's brief visit was to be a most important event in our lives.

The wahoo is perhaps the ultimate sport fishing prize in its weight class. It is a storied brute, a superfast, jewel-colored fighter that you hear a lot about, in language studded with superlatives, but seldom encounter because it is a solitary fish. Dedicated sportsmen fish all their lives in waters advertised as wahoo haunts without setting a hook in one. I have no idea as to the origin of the wahoo's name unless it was taken from the Island of Oahu in the Hawaiian group, where I understand a few are caught and are so highly thought of that they figure in song and legend. When you boat a good wahoo thereabouts, I am told, you rate special privileges and enough flower leis to make you feel like a member of the ancient nobility.

Well, it turned out that you really could buy smoked wahoos in Los Angeles, and that the source was one Dago Joe. Various emissaries sent by Tommy failed to learn, however, where Dago Joe caught his fish. He had a professional secret, it put money in his pocket, and he was an absolute genius at keeping his mouth shut. So Tommy came down with an attack of the clevers and appealed to the tuna-clipper crews. The clippers often put into Bacochibampo for bait, and the salty characters who manned them heard all the gossip on their two-way radios and claimed to know everything that happened along the blue-water fishing lanes from San Diego to the far sun-blasted coast of Peru. They liked Tommy and assured him they would soon find out where Dago Joe caught his wahoos. He had a secret spot, did he? Hah. Just wait. It would shortly be about as secret as the Nuremberg Trials.

We waited five years. Dago Joe died peacefully in bed with a skinful of red wine, according to the dope we got.

Of course we kept hacking away, off and on, at the project of locating the place. But we learned exactly nothing until one evening when Tommy, Ben and I went across the street to the Miramar Bar and began kicking around the threadbare topic of Dago Joe and his secret wahoo El Dorado all over again. It was a typical August evening at Miramar, complete with a fat, yellow moon floating above the horned, theatrical Yaqui peaks, the scent of frangipani blossoms blowing through the open windows; a bevy of Tommy's boat stewardesses encouraging some grateful guitarists imported from Mexico City, and a gang of thirsty Mexican sailors, who seemed worried about the supply of tequila, afraid the bartenders might run short.

One of the celebrating *marineros*, a square-built type, bald as a chamber pot, became visibly interested in our conversation. Presently he walked over and asked if he might sit down. When we invited him to help himself to a chair, he explained that he had known Dago Joe well, and had assisted him many a time in hand-lining wahoos, for which aid, he said pointedly, Dago Joe had always paid off with tequila and American cigarettes. Truly a generous man, he said. But then, most Americans were. It must have startled the bald sailor, the lightning speed with which we produced cigarettes and highballed a waiter.

He informed us that he had once sweated out a period of duty on remote Socorro Island, one of the Revilla Gigedo group, some 600 miles southwest of Guaymas and about due west of Mexico City in the open Pacific. Socorro was a dull rock, he said. In fact, it was a terrible place. The sole worthwhile recreation there was fishing. If one didn't happen to care for fishing, he could only seek amusement playing volleyball in the endless tournaments that the island's *commandante* promoted apparently because he had never learned any other game.

The wahoos? Ah, yes. Well, they were there, thousands of them, perhaps millions. *Quien sabe?* All you had to do was throw in a hook. If it was a bright hook, you didn't even have to bait it. Yes, some of the wahoos were quite large. He remembered that Dago Joe had hauled in one that weighed 64 kilos.

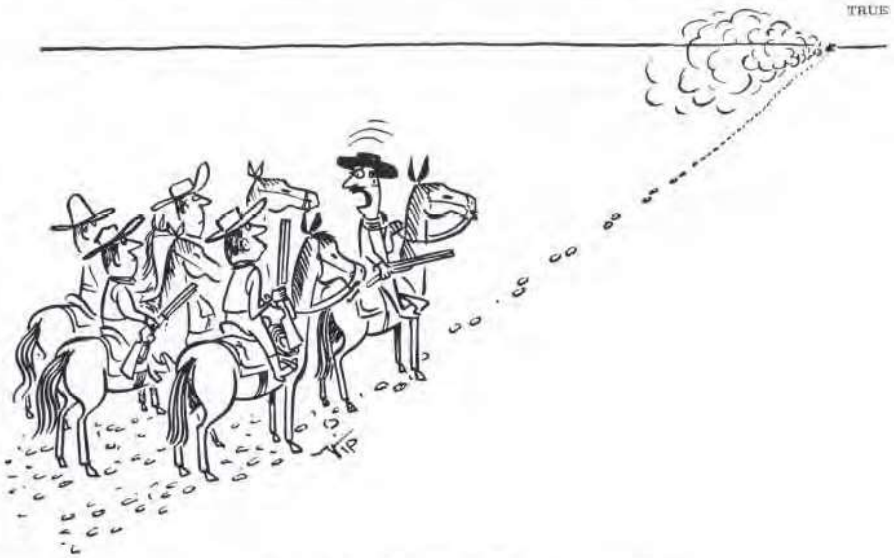
There were also many wahoos at San Benedicto Island, a short run to the north, but San Benedicto was a genuinely horrible place, worse if possible than Socorro. The only good thing about it was that when you were sent there with a patrol you didn't have to play volleyball. On the whole island there wasn't a level spot large enough for a court. Dago Joe used to top off his catches of wahoo at San Benedicto, and—Must you leave, *Señores?* Well, many thanks for the tequila and the cigarettes. Santa Maria, how wonderful to be back on land and among amiable people again.

We wanted to look at a chart and use a telephone. We were running a temperature to pinpoint Socorro and find out if the Mexican navy really had a station there. Within an hour, aided by the captain of the Port of Guaymas, we obtained the requisite chart plus some teasing information. Socorro was the largest of four small Mexican-owned islands named for the Spanish Viceroy Juan Francisco, Conde de Revilla Gigedo, who governed Mexico from 1746 to 1755. It lay in the open ocean at 18° 20′ N and 110° 35′ W, and there was a tiny naval base near its southern tip. Okay. Our remaining bit of maritime detective work was to check on the wahoo concentration, and if it existed, discover whether the fish were there permanently or seasonally. A happy chore of sleuthing it turned out to be. I wish that everybody reading this could have taken part in the cruise of investigation.

Ten days after the Miramar Bar episode, on a shining, sweet blue tropical morning, Tommy braced himself against the rail of his newest Chris-Craft, the *Marlin-O*, and declared, "I've had 30 years of deep-water sport-fishing experience, gentlemen, and I would have bet that there weren't any big surprises left. But this one is in the megaton range—it is the damnedest sight I ever laid eyes on."

We were standing in to the broken red cliffs of mirage-warped San Benedicto, an island waterless and uninhabited, abandoned to sun and sea, its 1,000-foot volcano thrusting at the sky like the pursed lips of a baboon. Ahead of us a cloud of sea birds was diving and screaming, and under the birds a 10-acre patch of water had suddenly darkened and become rough as a mob of wahoos slashed through a school of hapless anchovettas. Size, speed and technique identified the wahoos. They were coming out in long, flat arcs, the air full of them, to descend vertically, beaked mouths gaping, upon the close-packed anchovettas.

Hundreds of wahoos! It was a spec-



"Yeah? Head him off at *what* pass?"

tacle to cause an angler to believe that he had been in the sun too long, that he was getting heat-happy, a little light on his feet.

I am aware that the wahoo is not regarded as being particularly air-minded. But these wahoos were taking to the air as if it were their second medium. They were plain jump crazy. And the rampaging pack of them covered an area the size of a football field.

Tippy Real was at the wheel. Teeth bared in a grin that said he didn't really believe what he saw going on out there, he glanced back for orders. Tommy made esoteric motions with his arms. The idea was to take her wide around the wahoos until we got some gear in the water, then come back through the middle at trolling speed. We bent on Jap feathers, the ones with mother-of-pearl eyes, passing up the ruby-eyed feathers because they had produced nothing this trip, and let two of the lures back 50 feet at the edges of the wake, not using the outriggers. With birds darting about us like confetti in a whirlwind, the twin diesels slowed to a mutter and as the boat lost way, two wahoos struck.

It was like a well-rehearsed aquacade performance. The fish soared into the air as if hitched together, turned half over with beautiful precision and grabbed the lures coming down. Dolphin will sometimes take a lure in this manner, and I had seen Arctic grayling come down headfirst onto a fly, but so far as my information went, it was something brand-new in wahoo behavior.

Tommy and Ben had the rods. Tommy's wahoo made a tremendous first run. It took out 300 yards of line, greyhounding part of the distance, sounded, ran again, then jumped anyhow 10 feet high from the top of a swell. It shook itself hula style against the blue-hot horizon, a glittering blur of motion, and threw the lure in a wide, crazy trajectory. After it was free it jumped twice. I suppose it was confused and didn't realize that it had cast the hook, but you got the impression that it was smarting off, like nose-thumbing.

Ben also suffered defeat. When the line whacked his wahoo on the flank the fish ran to port and circled the boat at such blazing speed that the monofilament carved a roostertail on the water. The wahoo was still going strong when it and the hook parted company.

The wahoos kept feeding, or anyway killing, and we kept working on them. By the time the sun had started down the sky we had taken six. The smallest went 50 pounds, the largest 65. The fish were lean and hard, tiger striped with wavy dark lines, their dominant colors silver and royal blue set off by touches of bright gold. Wahoos are probably the fastest of big-game fish and these looked the part. Exactly how fast are they? Nobody knows. Comparing them with billfish, I could say 80 miles per hour when a good wahoo is flat out, scared and not dragging too much line. But it would be a wild guess.

As fighters these wahoos rate, in my opinion, between the sailfish and the black marlin. Their speed and strength make them great, but they jump pretty

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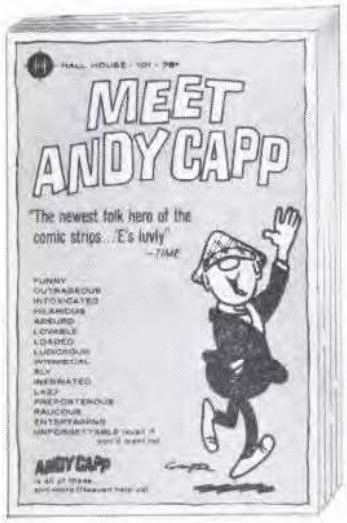

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"Aren't girls supposed to wear tops on their bathing suits, Daddy?"

good, too. The males we took during the trip jumped as many as 12 times. The females mostly stayed under. Nearly all the fish made their best runs after they had circled in, got a look at us and learned that the boat was the source of their trouble.

As though a signal had been given, the wahoos, the birds and the anchovettas suddenly left us. We cruised south in the mirror-reflection of red-and-black lava cliffs and dropped anchor in a cove with 80 feet of water under us. There were fish here, shadowy shapes in the indigo depths, but we didn't try to find out what they were. We had been three days at sea and today had been a big day. We were savoring triumph.

The sun slid below the horizon in a welter of coral and flame yellow. Ralph Tsutsui, our nisei diesel engineer, whose ancestral roots are in a Honshu fishing village and who fought at the Arno River under Gen. Mark Clark, doubled as cook tonight. For our main dish we had broiled wahoo steaks, and very good they were. We ate knowing that we had contributed something new and dramatic to sport fishing. We had located what almost certainly was the world's only real concentration of wahoos. It was a fine feeling.

As this was a trip of exploration, it was bound to be loaded with surprises, not all of them directly connected with the admirable wahoos.

Interrupting our dessert of fried apple-bananas with mangrove honey, something made a splash under the stern like a cow falling off a pier. It beat a wild tattoo on the mahogany planking. It sounded as if it was coming aboard. As we hastened aft, a reel shrilled. Ben had left his rod in the socket with the lure swinging a couple of feet above the water. A fish had jumped at the feather and hooked itself.

Muttering something about eager-beaver fish that wouldn't let a man finish his dinner, Ben dropped into the fighting chair and gave battle. Fifteen minutes later we gaffed the fish and brought it aboard and stood staring at the creature. It was not, I regret, a wahoo. I do not know what it was. The unlovely thing was unknown to all of us. A 50-pounder, it was green-brown, with a grouper-type body and grotesque hump on its forehead. We could not find it in the thick book of Pacific marine fishes that we had brought along for such emergencies.

"Since it hasn't got a name, I'll give it one. It's a burchfish," Tommy said to Ben Burch. We completed our meal, and turned in and slept while the tide swung the boat and surf hammered drum rolls along the starlit cliffs. Twice during the night I checked our weather instruments. The temperature was 78°. It was to vary only slightly, day or night, throughout the voyage.

Next morning in the flamingo flare of sunrise we left the cove to hunt wahoos. A lot of activity was taking place. To the north, yellowfin tuna were putting on a rodeo. The sinister black dorsals of a pair of tintorera sharks, the dreaded Mexican man-eaters, cut the water astern. Zooming out of the dawn-lit swells were flights of strange red-winged flying fish, probably being pursued by hungry dolphin. Tommy said that he wished we had a few of the flying fish for bait because nothing, repeat nothing, trolled so well as flying fish and most game species could not resist them. Hardly had he spoken when Ben emerged from the cabin with a 12-gauge automatic shotgun. When the next squadron of red-winged fish glided past, Ben let go with the weapon and shot one down. In a short while he killed half a dozen of the lustrous big-eyed things and, miraculously, we were able to pick them up before sharks or other larcenous opportunists beat us to them. Ben proudly claimed that he had just invented a unique new sport and deserved credit. I didn't try shooting flying fish myself, but with everything moving, the boat, the fish and hills of water, it looked tricky.

Tommy had put out a "teaser," a hookless red-and-white jointed 12-inch plug of the type trolled close astern on heavy line to act as a fish attracter. While we were rigging some flying-fish baits, a wahoo flashed out of the water as high as my head and came down on the plug, taking it under and hanging on until its teeth slid off the enamel. A little later Tommy hooked the wahoo or its twin, and after a 20-minute fight brought it alongside. We killed the lean, gaudy warrior for data. It was 5 feet long and weighed 73 pounds. In its stomach we found squid and sardines. So far as I was able to determine, it had no parasites. A male, it had jumped six times and made four hard runs.

I left the fishermen to their devices and joined Tippy at the wheel. There is a rumor in the Gulf region that to qualify as one of Tommy's skippers a man has to be able to operate a boat, find fish and make them strike even if they don't feel like striking, speak idiomatic English and walk on water. Tippy is Tommy's senior skipper. He can also play a guitar and sing. In fact, a movie mogul once lured him to Mexico City, but when he had spent a month before the cameras and microphones he said the hell with it and returned to Miramar, explaining only that he preferred fishermen to cinema slickers because their pleasures were so refreshingly primitive and they lied to one another with more imagination.

Tippy broke out his guitar and sang *huapango* songs while we watched the scenery slide past. San Benedicto is a round island, about a mile across. We circled it, Ben taking another wahoo en route, this one on a Tony Acetta stainless-steel lure, then set a course for the pastel-blue landfall of Socorro Island, 32 miles distant.

Cruising on through the luminous day, in water that struck you as being the bluest blue this side of eternity, we fought sharks exclusively for a while, and lost gear. It was as though we had got into a convention of sharks. I recognized threshers, bonitos, tintoreras and hammerheads. Tommy brought in a wahoo that may have been a record crowder, but before we could hoist the fish aboard a tintorera clamped it between its coal-shuttle jaws and bit it in two. In retaliation I blew a large hole in its head with the shotgun. The blood drew a swarm of other sharks who finished off their dying brother in a gory fiesta, skidding over one another for a mouthful.

We came after a while to a huge raft of bull kelp that had drifted down on the two-knot current from the offshore California islands 1,000 miles to the north. The sharks left us here, or we left them, and we were now among schools of vividly green needlefish. Some of these curious skinny fish were a good 5 feet long, the largest we had ever seen. Not only were they banana-leaf green outside, they also had green bones. But since nobody was interested in taking needlefish, not even green needlefish, we brought in our lures. We loafed and drank iced Moctezuma beer until we were approaching cactus-studded Socorro with its steep cascades of lava and its smoking 3,707-foot volcano,

and wahoos again began making passes at the teaser.

Socorro is a brooding, hostile-looking desert island, some 24 miles long by nine miles wide, its coastline consisting chiefly of eerily eroded cliffs and palisades of dark lava that plunge vertically to the water. Our book of sailing directions stated that the volcano last erupted in 1959, and that the naval station was established the same year. The latter act was one of political prudence. It seems that both Mexico and France had claimed ownership of Clipperton Island, 500 miles to the south, but in 1930 the King of Italy, acting as arbiter, awarded the island to France. Apparently fearing that Socorro might also go down the drain as a result of some international sleight-of-hand, Mexico sent navy personnel to the island four years ago to safeguard its rights. With the volcano erupting, the landing and occupation must have been eventful indeed. We found a cove and, as the sun rolled toward the horizon in a fan of Apocalyptic colors, dropped anchor. Ben, feeling experimental and remembering the bald-headed sailor's monologue at Miramar, bent on a bright

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8/0 hook and without baiting it heaved it out as far as he could.

"Would anybody care to make a bet?" he inquired sociably as the hook sank into the sunset-gilded water.

Nobody cared to. But we were interested spectators. The weight of the seven-strand wire leader took the hook to the bottom. Ben started reeling in, and sure enough a fish struck. It was either a very sporting fish or a very dumb one, I thought, but it was heavy and strong enough to put an exciting bend in Ben's 12-ounce glass rod. It fought deep, bulling about, yanking at the gear and making short runs, each time toward the nearest sea cliff. The tropic night rushed in and the water lay flat and full of stars.

Ralph Tsutsui brought coffee. Up on the shadowy bridge Tippy made pretty sounds with his guitar. And still Ben battled the unknown thing that had taken his baitless bright hook. An hour had passed when the fish abruptly quit cold and allowed itself to be hauled to the surface. With the aid of a flashlight we saw that it was a giant sea bass. I estimated that it would go 250 pounds. Perhaps there was nothing earth-shakingly remarkable about the incident. But nevertheless, taking a fish that big on a bare hook at the first attempt is something that doesn't happen every day, not in the places I have been fishing, anyway.

In the papaya-pink dawn Ben went ashore to hunt sea-turtle eggs. Mexican fishermen had assured him, he told us, that the eggs, swallowed raw with red chili powder and lime juice, were a powerful specific for sagging male potency, and he wanted to check on this. Because if it was true what the fishermen said, he aimed to ship a crate of turtle eggs home to Memphis, Tennessee, where they would be most gratefully received, he felt sure. Actually Ben was worried about being here. He was supposed to be in the states selling franchises for something called Little Pigs of America, Inc., and he suspected that his board of directors would take a dusty view of the sales prospects on the uninhabited north end of Socorro Island.

He returned with a hatful of eggs, excited because he had sighted a band of what he insisted were mountain sheep in a gorge running back from the cove. I argued that they must have been goats, probably descendants of stock planted by the early Spaniards. Ben replied heatedly that they were sheep. He knew sheep when he saw sheep, holy Chicago. They had horns like sheep and were the color of sheep and couldn't be anything but sheep. Tommy, the diplomat among us, said that we would ask the island's *commandante* when we met him.

We cruised on down the coast in nonsensically blue water, past a school of feeding yellowfin tuna, past another raft of bull kelp from the north, past porpoises and a vast whale that spouted and banged the water with its flukes before sounding. Then wahoos began hitting the new teaser, and Tommy had a strike from a nice one and hooked it. The fish made four fantastically fast runs. It greyhounded, it jumped eight times. Tommy was using heavy tackle, and once I thought that the marvelous fish was going to take the entire 650 yards of line off the sorely tried 9/0 reel. The elapsed time when he brought the fish under the stern and I put my hand on the leader was 35 minutes. It was a male, 5 feet 2 inches long, 87 pounds—our record for the trip. It should be noted that the wahoos we took were fighting veteran anglers, the best tackle, a very savvy skipper, and a fast, highly maneuverable boat. Under other circumstances and with good amateurs in the fighting chairs, the time from strike to gaff would no doubt increase considerably over our average of 25 minutes.

For those who dote on such data, the wahoo is a member of the mackerel tribe, related in a complicated way to the swordfish and the marlin. The species is world wide, wahoos having been reported from tropical and subtropical waters around the globe. The record fish—6 feet 7¾ inches long and weighing 149 pounds—was taken in 1962 by John Pirovano at Cat Cay in the Bahamas. All wahoos listed by the International Game Fish Association as records for the tackle used were caught off Florida, Bermuda or in the Bahamas. None has been listed from the Pacific, a matter that I expect will soon be remedied.

For practical considerations, book stuff aside, the wahoo is a spearless marlin. That is what it behaves like, fights like. Fish for it as you would for marlin and

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you will hardly go wrong. As a table fish, it rates high. We ate wahoo broiled, boiled, fried and baked, and found it delicious, the flavor and texture excellent, not dry yet not too fat. It was easy to understand why Dago Joe's smoked wahoo had been a success in the Los Angeles delicatessens. Someday I hope to smoke some wahoos over aromatic red willow, the way we used to smoke salmon in Alaska.

With birds over us, under a burning blue sky flawed only by a handful of cameo clouds, we continued down the coast, taking it easy, 1,200 rpms on the 20-inch propellers, and lost more tackle to sharks before the piratical varmints decided we were unprofitable and went away.

We saw the radio masts first, then the huddle of buildings on a drab hillside bench above a stone jetty, with the red, white and green Mexican flag whipping in the ocean breeze. It was a 90-man, two-woman station, trim and clean for the tropics. Capt. Jose Antonio Sierra Reynaud, the *commandante*, proved to be a pleasant nautical type, full of information. When we found him outside the administration building he was, we noted, limping somewhat on the starboard side. Salutations and formalities over, he said that we would never guess in a thousand years how he had crippled himself. Ben said that he would like to try, and the *commandante* laughed. Go right ahead, he invited.

"Playing volleyball," Ben said.

The *commandante* gave him a long, thoughtful look. "It is quite remarkable that you should know that," he said. "Perhaps you are a psychic person, eh?"

"Oh, it's nothing really," Ben said, trying to look modest. "Just a sort of gift, you might say. Had it since I was a boy."

When we explained the purpose of our visit, the *commandante* was pleased. Their wahoos would be famous yet, he said. Yes, the fish stayed in these waters the year round. But some months were better for fishing than others. December, January and February were the good months. I protested that I didn't get it. I didn't understand how the fishing could be better than it was now. The *commandante* said that I would comprehend all right if I had to live here. The other nine months, March to November, he said, were hurricane months. A storm could pounce at any time. It was a remarkable meteorological fact that never in the history of Socorro had a hurricane formed within a radius of 500 miles without screaming in to clobber the island.

Tommy asked him if he had any theory that would account for the presence of so many wahoos. He replied that it had to be due to the great amount of food—squid, sardines, anchovettas, flying fish and other prey species. The strong current from the north met the equatorial current head-on here and resulted in the phenomenon known as an "upwelling," bringing to the top water rich in nutrients. Plankton thrived. Small fish ate the plankton, and big fish ate the small fish. No doubt the temperature and depth of the water also were important factors.

TRUE

"It took a psychiatrist to rid me of my problems—he ran away with my wife."

Before we returned to the boat, Ben asked about the animals he had seen this morning above the cove. They were sheep, the *commandante* told us. Domestic sheep gone wild. It was said that an Australian expedition had stocked the animals here in 1850. A law had been passed protecting them.

We ran back up the coast in the stupendous afternoon light, at cruising speed most of the time, too fast for trolling. There were sharks everywhere and we couldn't afford to lose any more gear. Tommy, checking the tackle chest, had found that since leaving Guaymas we had lost or broken 40 of our most successful lures. At first this didn't seem possible. But then, remembering some of the brave sessions we'd had with heavy fish, the loss of eight lures per man didn't seem so remarkable after all. Of the 24 species we had taken, at least a third were sure-enough tackle smashers. During the run north we sighted a sailfish and a black marlin. The *commandante* had informed us that billfish, while not plentiful here like the wahoo, were often of uncommon size, especially the black marlin. When we reached the cove in which we had anchored last night, wahoos were attacking the teaser.

The sun was leaving us again in a wild sweep of mango-yellow sky, and forward in the galley Ralph was doing something interesting with soy sauce and wahoo fillets. Tomorrow, having accomplished our mission, we would start back to Guaymas. Four hundred years ago when I was a young man, nobody could have pried me away from the Revilla Gigedo Islands. Because certainly this piece of ocean is destined to become one of the world's truly great sport-fishing areas.

Our combined experience covered most of the celebrated anglers' paradises in the hemisphere, and we agreed that the bizarrely different Revilla Gigedo group could easily, with a little exploration and development, equal the best. As yet there are no facilities of any kind, but perhaps by the time you read this there will be a wahoo club with a sizable sport-fishing boat available for charter. My guess, from the talk I've been hearing, is that the craft will be a luxury job, its crew including stewardesses and the finest chef that can be hired.

Meanwhile, however, a party yearning to fish the Revilla Gigedos will have to come down to Guaymas and trust to luck in the matter of finding a boat. Or write Tommy Jamison for i n f o r m a t i o n. Tommy might, although I doubt it, send the too-small *Marlin-O* south into tall water again. . . .

We hadn't brought in the teaser. A blue-and-silver shape burst out of the water and came down on the sadly battered plug—another wahoo demonstrating contrary to the books and traditional wahoo behavior, but normally for Revilla Gigedo wahoos. We wished the fish well. No doubt it will stick around, ready and willing, waiting for you or some other fortunate pilgrim to come over the horizon dragging a purty new lure. I figure I'll be seeing you some day at Socorro or San Benedicto. When I do, I'll know you by the big, happy smile you'll be wearing.

—Russell Annabel

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Here's the Democratic Convention of 1924. Dark horse John Davis took this one.

With its surplus of front-running candidates—Goldwater, Rockefeller, Nixon and Lodge—plus others eagerly willing to break a deadlock, the Republican convention looks like a free-for-all in which anyone might win. That causes Bill Guion, of Washington, D.C., to wonder just when the last dark horse was nominated for President.

The last dark horse must also be rated the least likely of the 13 men who, in the 130-year history of national political conventions, have galloped from behind to win a nomination. He was John W. Davis, who emerged as a candidate from the wildest, most drawn out political hassle of modern times, the Democratic convention of 1924.

Davis, an amiable West Virginia lawyer, had about as much chance to be nominated as the pundits give Harold Stassen in the Republican convention of 1964. The real contenders were William Gibbs McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith. McAdoo, the hands down favorite, got 431½ votes on the first ballot, Smith 241. Davis was eighth with a mere 31 votes.

In ballot after ballot, the delegates sweated it out in New York's old Madison Square Garden. Fifteen ballots the first day . . . 15 the next . . . through late June, on into July. Still McAdoo and Smith were locked in deadly combat; still Davis had only a handful of votes. On the 99th ballot McAdoo and Smith were tied. The groggy delegates looked wildly around for somebody—*anybody*—who could win. Davis picked up votes on the 100th, was up to 316 on the 101st, handily won on the 103rd ballot.

The most recent Republican dark horse to do what Davis didn't—go on to win the election—was Warren G. Harding. He got the GOP nod on the 10th ballot in 1920 after Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood and Frank O. Lowden fought each other to a standstill.

One convention couldn't agree on a horse of any hue. Things got so bad in the Democratic convention of 1860, held in Charleston, South Carolina, that delegates whacked each other with canes and brandished pistols. When delegates from southern states walked out, the 250 who were left manfully went on trying to nominate a candidate. Since rules required 200 to win, and the leading contender, Stephen A. Douglas, never could muster more than 151½ votes, the weary politicos gave up after 57 ballots. (They held another convention six weeks later in Baltimore and that time Douglas was named.)

One of our greatest Presidents started as a dark horse, emerging from the Republican convention of that same year, 1860, when it appeared that William H. Seward would be a shoo-in. As the delegates prepared to vote it was found that the printer hadn't delivered the tally sheets. Balloting was postponed.

That night, as the delegates began to have second thoughts about Seward, the proponents of an obsure candidate saw their chance. Moving from one delegation to another, a Kentucky gentleman named Cassius Clay proclaimed that the best man was one they hadn't even considered.

Swayed by his oratory and by sundry deals made in smoke-filled rooms, enough delegates switched the next day to nominate the candidate nobody had given a chance—Abraham Lincoln.

Q: How did ex-President Dwight D. Eisenhower do as a student at West Point? *Carl M. Swanson, Jamestown, N. Y.*

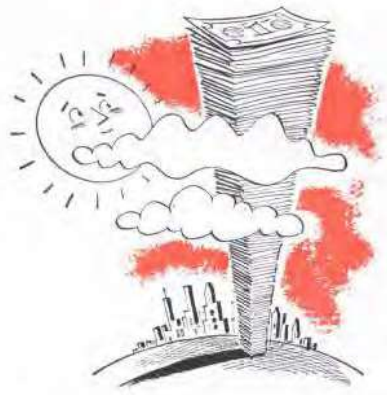
A: General Eisenhower's record was satisfactory but by no means brilliant. He stood 61st in a class of 168.

Q: What is the Thunderbird in Southwest Indian lore? *Dale Wilson, Maryville, Mo.*

A: It is a mythical bird believed by American Indians to cause lightning and thunder. It is often seen as the figure of a bird with outstretched wings.

Q: Have the long-standing records in pole vaulting set by Bob Richards ever been broken? *R. N. Pritchard, Aurora, Ill.*

A: Yes. At the present time the world pole vaulting record is held by John Pennel with a vault of 17′¾″ made on August 24, 1963, in Miami, Florida. Pennel, who hails from Coral Gables, Florida, is the first man to clear the 17′ mark. But Pennel has a long way to go to equal Richards' competitive record. Richards' great athletic ability earned him gold medals in pole vaulting at the 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki, Finland, and in 1956 in Melbourne, Australia. He won the U.S. decathlon championships in 1951, 1954 and 1955. He cleared the bar at 15 feet well over 100 times during his 10-year career, far more often than any other vaulter. He attained his greatest height, 15′ 6″, during the Millrose Games in New York in February, 1957.



Q: If the national budget of $100 billion was changed into one dollar bills and stacked in a single stack, how high, in miles, would it reach? *Joe A. Pollard, Miami, Fla.*

A: Present U.S. currency has a thickness of .0043 inches. One hundred billion dollars stacked in a single stack of one dollar bills would be equal to 430 million inches or 6,786.61 miles.

Q: Are frog-jumping contests still held, and if so what frog holds the world's record? Deborah Shmock, *Akron, Ohio.*

A: The world series of frog jumping is the Jumping Frog Jubilee held annually in Angels Camp, California, during the third weekend in May. One thousand dollars is offered to any frog that can break the 1954 record of 16 feet and 10 inches made by a frog named Lucky whose owner is Roy Weiner of Angels Camp.

Q: What is the name of the man who is carving the statue of Crazy Horse in South Dakota? *Duane Christman, Audubon, Iowa.*

A: His name is Korczak Ziolkowski. Since 1948 he has been working on the memorial to Crazy Horse, the proud chieftain of the Sioux nation, largest and fiercest of all the Indian tribes in North America. He estimates the memorial will take 30 years and $5 million to complete. Carved in the round, atop the 6,600-foot Thunderhead Mountain in South Dakota's Black Hills, it will be 641 feet long and 563 feet high. Ziolkowski will have to remove approximately 6 billion tons of granite from the mountain to finish the task. (Only 400,000 tons of granite had to be removed from Mt. Rushmore National Memorial, now the world's largest sculpture.) Ziolkowski, 53 and Boston-born, is raising money for his project from contributions and 75 cent admission fees from the many tourists who stop to watch him work.

Q: Does a pig's tail curl clockwise or counterclockwise? *Otto E. Furminger, Glendale, Calif.*

Frederic Lewis

A: Scientific research hasn't come up with the answer as to whether a larger number of pigs' tails curl to the right or to the left, but it's generally believed that there are more right-handed curlers than left-handed curlers. The characteristic, in any event, is highly heritable and undoubtedly the desired results of a right twist or a left one could be accomplished within a few generations through a program of carefully controlled breeding. The direction of the curl actually has little significance. Tail watchers observe that if a tail has a good tight curl in it (in either direction) the pig is thrifty, vigorous and content. If the tail is straight and hanging down, he's probably puny, bothered or disconsolate. If the tail is sticking straight behind, watch out! You'd better climb the nearest fence.

Q: What proportion of children who enter high school eventually graduate? *Paul Radich, Tacoma, Wash.*

A: Approximately 2,250,000 persons will be graduated from high school in 1964. This is 71.5 percent of the number who entered the ninth grade four years ago. In the fall of 1963, regular public and nonpublic schools enrolled 12,100,000 pupils in grades 9 to 12, inclusive. It is estimated that 1 million of these pupils will drop out of school by the end of this school year.

Q: Did Dr. Jonas Salk, developer of the famed Salk polio vaccine, ever receive the Nobel Prize? *Charles W. Colwell, Boulder, Colo.*

A: No. However, Dr. Salk has received numerous awards and prizes for his scientific work. Among these are the Medal of Honor awarded by Congress in January, 1956, the Presidential Citation awarded by President Eisenhower in April, 1955, decorations from foreign governments in this hemisphere and overseas, and honorary degrees from institutions of learning all over the world.

Q: What is the oldest newspaper in the United States? *Christopher Giles, Albany, N. Y.*

A: Although a number of newspapers claim to be the nation's oldest, among them the *Newport* (Rhode Island) *Mercury*, the *Maryland Gazette*, the *Virginia Gazette*, and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, it is the *Hartford Courant* that is the granddaddy of them all. It is celebrating its 200th anniversary of consecutive publishing this year.

Q: Who is or was John Birch for whom the John Birch Society is named? *David Cannon, Tracy, Calif.*

A: The conservative, anti-Communist group was named after a Fundamentalist Baptist missionary from Georgia, Capt. John Morrison Birch. He served as an intelligence officer in China during World War II and was killed by Chinese Reds on Aug. 25, 1945, when he was 27, 10 days after V-J day. The society considered him the first casualty of the cold war.

Q: How did the term "Iron Curtain" originate? *Robert M. Eich, New York, N. Y.*

A: The phrase was first used by Winston Churchill in a foreign affairs debate shortly after the Potsdam Conference in 1945. He described the difficulty of obtaining any reliable information about what was happening in Eastern Europe because of the "iron curtain" which had divided the Continent. He used the phrase again a few months later in 1946 in his famous speech at Fulton, Missouri, when, with the President of the United States in his audience, he urged Anglo-American solidarity against the new danger arising from Soviet domination of Eastern Europe.

Q: What can you tell me about the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge now under construction in New York? *F. D. Simpkins, Kinsman, Ohio.*

A: Upon completion in late 1964, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge will connect Brooklyn and Staten Island. It will be the world's longest suspension bridge, having a center span of 4,260 feet. (San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge is now the longest with a center span of 4,200 feet.) It was designed by Othmar Hermann Ammann, who designed many bridges in the New York area, most noticeably the George Washington Bridge.

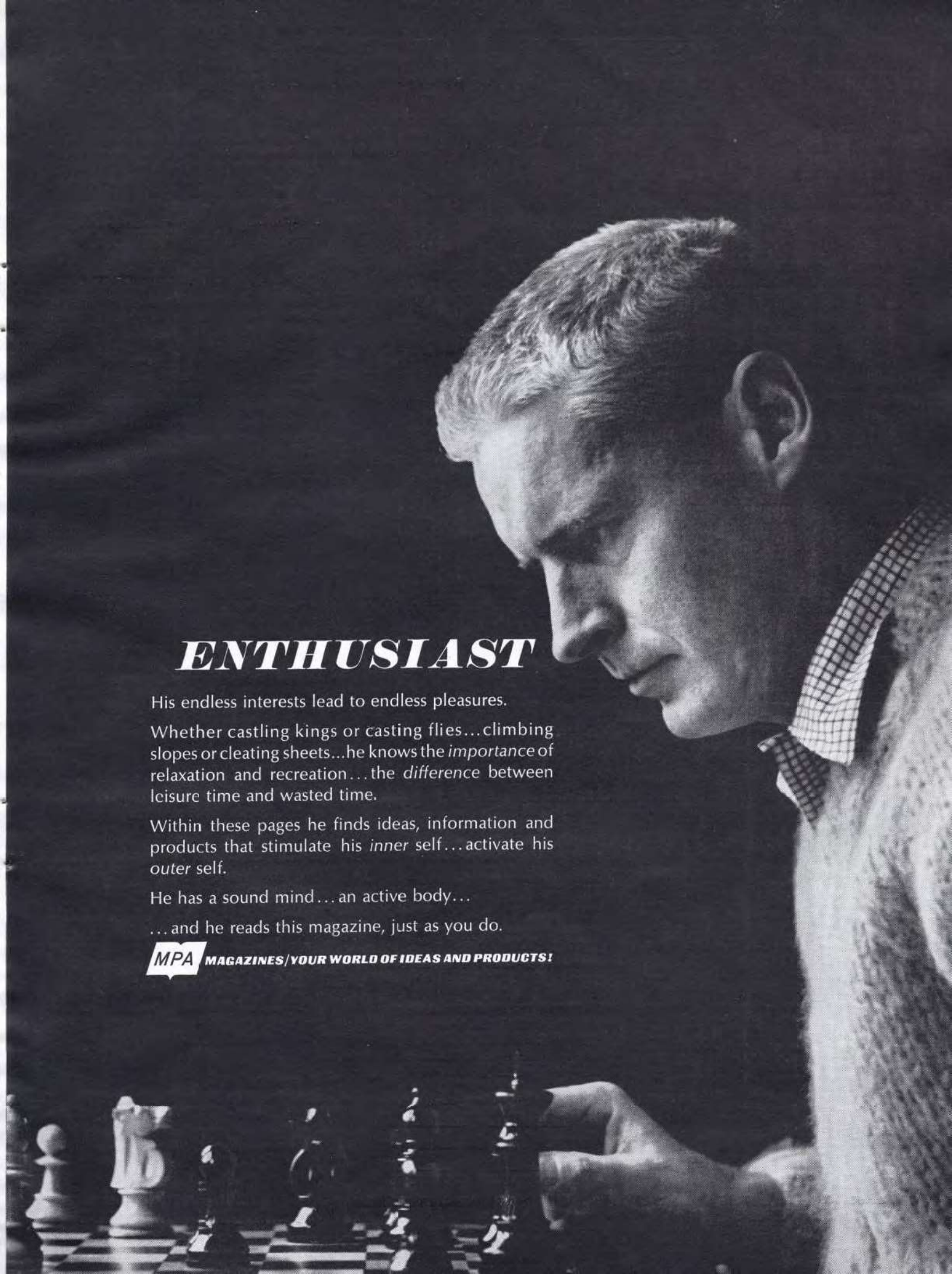
Q: What year was September Morn painted? What became of the artist and model of the much discussed eye-popper? *T. E. Lewis, Toledo, Ohio.*

Culver

A: The painting by Paul Chabas, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is undated. Because history's first mention of the painting was 1912, it is believed to have been painted in that year. The picture caused a heated national controversy over nudity, art and morals, and brought its painter international renown. When the furor quieted down, the painting went quickly from the front pages into public fancy and adorned calendars, candy boxes, cigar bands, and even watch fobs. The painting itself was purchased in the year of the great American uproar by a wealthy Russian for the equivalent of $10,000. He took it to Moscow and no more was heard of it for years. Long believed lost, it was located in Paris by the United Press in 1935. The painting eventually found its way into the hands of a New York gallery. A Philadelphia broker and sportsman saw it, bought it, and seven years ago he presented it to the Metropolitan. Chabas died, rich and famous, in 1937. Shortly before his death he revealed that the model who posed for September Morn had made a fortunate marriage, was the mother of three children, and had put on the pounds. The gallant artist never revealed her name.

Q: Is coal still the most plentiful mineral fuel reserve in the United States? *Bruce Edwards, Erie, Penna.*

A: Yes. Of all the fuel reserves available in this country recoverable coal offers us more than 68 percent of our future energy reservoir; recoverable oil from oil shale, 16 percent; proved natural gas, seven percent, and proved petroleum, nine percent.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Decanters, Dedham pottery, Fairy lamps, Flasks, Furniture, Gaudy Dutch and Gaudy Welsh china, Guns, Haviland china, Ironstone ware, Jasperware, Lamps, Limoges china, Lithophanes, Majolica, Mechanical banks, Music boxes, Occupational Shaving mugs, Paperweights, Pewterware, Post Cards, Powder flasks, Rookwood pottery, Royal Doulton china, Satin glass, Silverware.

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Q: Who was the first President to have Secret Service protection? ***Joseph H. Laiken, Ontario, Canada.***

A: Congress authorized the Secret Service to protect the President of the United States in 1906. Theodore Roosevelt was then in office.

Q: I would like to know about an organization known as Mensa. What does it mean and how does one become a member? ***Robert E. White, N.Y., N.Y.***

A: Mensa takes its name from the Latin word meaning "table." It is a round-table society—a society of equals—which requires only a stratospheric I.Q. for membership. To join an individual must prove by I.Q. test that he is smarter than 98 percent of the population. Applications are accepted at The American Mensa Selection Agency, Box 86, Gravesend Station, Brooklyn 23, New York. Mensa's membership roster includes housewives, seamen, and even a 6-year-old boy. At present the organization has 3,500 affiliated members in 45 countries. Most live in Great Britain, where the society was founded in 1945, but American Mensa is now 900 strong. The actual purpose of Mensa is difficult for an outsider to comprehend. Despite its growth-mindedness and its 19 years of existence, the society has been able to find no useful purpose for itself whatsoever.

Q: Why does an apple turn brown when you cut it? ***Ricky Morgan, Calgary, Alberta.***

A: When an apple is cut, many of the cells are ruptured and the delicate contents of these cells are exposed to air. The browning is principally caused by the rapid oxidation of cholorgenic acid.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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MONEY-MAKING MYTH

[*Continued from page* 47]

mutual funds, you will do just that."

He explains further that a mutual fund is something like a huge, professionally managed investment club. Thousands of small investors such as you kick in their money. The result is a pile of green several million high. With this great pile the fund can diversify widely, buying bonds and stocks of many different companies so that unforeseen trouble in one area will likely be offset by good earnings in others. If you try to invest alone, Bill points out, you can't possibly diversify like that.

It makes sense. But, you ask, doesn't somebody have to pay the experts who manage the fund?

"I'm glad you asked that," says Bill, with warm appreciation for your intelligence. "The share buyers pay what we call a management fee. For every dollar you put in, a few cents go to pay the experts and (he laughs with cheerful honesty) to pay me. Ha, ha. It adds up to about 8 percent of what you invest. Where else can you get expert investment management so cheap?"

Oh, it sounds good. So you sign up. Everybody is happy. Good old Bill is happy because he's going to make some bucks. The fund managers are happy because they're going to get rich. And you're happy because you think you'll get rich, too.

Old friend, you've just made what may be the worst blunder in your entire economic career.

The basic mutual fund idea—the idea of small investors pooling their money and hiring pros to do the investing—is probably a sound one. And a few mutual funds operate on just that simple a basis, with fair (though seldom extraordinary) profit for the share buyers. But most, and this includes some of the biggest, have been unable to earn even average profits for their shareholders.

If you think you can get rich buying mutual funds, talk to some people who have tried. TRUE reporters interviewed one investor, for example, who four years previously had signed up to buy shares in one of the big mutual funds. The four years 1959-62 were stormy ones on the stock market. Some investors lost money, especially those who panicked in the 1962 market break. But investors who stayed calm, used their heads and held onto their good stocks did not lose. The Standard & Poor's 500-stock index stood at 55.20 on January 29, 1959. It rose, fell, rose again. On November 1, 1962, it showed no loss for the period: 56.52.

So you'd expect that a big mutual fund, supposedly managed by topflight professionals, would have done all right by its shareholders in that period. Not necessarily. Checking over his figures, the shareholder found that he'd paid $900 of his own money into the fund, shelling out $20 a month under a contractual plan over a period of slightly less than four years. In addition, $49.72 in dividends had been reinvested in his name. Thus there was nearly $1,000 of his cash in the fund.

And what had that investment earned him? Well, at the end of the period he owned 49½ shares. They were worth $651.18.

"If I sold those shares today I'd lose about a third of my money!" he howled. "What I want to know is, *where did my money go?*"

Where indeed? Thousands of other mutual shareholders have asked the same question. For this fund over the past 10 years has done about as well in the stock market as any other large mutual fund. It isn't an isolated exception. Investment counselor Dean Palance, author of the 1963 book, *Mutual Funds: Legal Pickpockets?*, keeps careful records of all the major funds' showings in the market, and a pretty sorry picture it is. Said he to TRUE: "In most cases an investor is better off buying stocks by himself than depending on the so-called expert management of mutual funds."

Take the fiscal year ending June 30, 1961. In that year the Dow Jones Industrial Average, a price average of 30 good, solid stocks, gained roughly 6½ percent. If you'd owned those stocks in the same proportions as they figure in the Dow Jones Average, every $1,000 you had in the market at the beginning of the year would have grown by the year's end to about $1,065 (plus dividends). Nothing spectacular, but good honest growth. Palance's investment service, which he calls Conscience-Guide, figured out what would have happened to your $1,000 in mutual funds over the same year.

The sad conclusion: hardly any major fund made a gain anywhere near the general market average. Many showed a loss.

In the Value Line Income Fund, for instance, your thousand bucks would have ended the year as $969. Aberdeen Fund: $984. Boston Fund: $1,023. Axe-Houghton Stock Fund: $947. Electronics Investment Fund: $902.

Pondering these gloomy statistics, TRUE reporters at first wondered whether Palance was being fair. "Maybe these money-losers are small outfits," they suggested. Palance replied that every fund he'd named was large, with a name well known on Wall Street. He keeps no figures on fly-by-night outfits. But he admitted the reporters had a right to ask the question. "All right," he said, "let's just look at the figures on the very biggest funds, the real giants in the field."

The three giants are the Investors Mutual, Inc., the Massachusetts Investors Trust and the Wellington Fund. Among them they have about $4½-billion in assets—almost one-fourth of the assets in the entire mutual fund business. How did they do in that year when the Dow Jones Average gained $65 to the thousand?

To put it kindly, they could have done better. While the Dow Jones Average was gaining 6½ percent, share buyers in the three giants averaged a gain of less than 1½ percent.

This small return would indicate the asking of some blunt questions. Exactly how do mutual funds operate? Why have mutual shareholders been getting so little return on their money (or no return at all) in a rising market? Just bad luck? Or is there something built into the mu-

TRUE

"I'll try to."

tual fund system that makes the shareholder automatically a loser?

One man with some angry answers is New York lawyer Abraham Pomerantz. A barrel-chested, vigorously healthy man of 60, Pomerantz in 1959 began a series of historic legal actions on behalf of mutual fund shareholders.

"Mutual funds tell the public they are investment companies," Pomerantz rumbled to TRUE. "But almost none of them have market analysts, financial experts or economists on their staffs. Instead, they enter into contracts with 'management' or 'advisory' companies, to get advice on how to invest the money that their salesmen receive from investors."

On the surface this arrangement sounds all right. But probe into it a little deeper. The advisory company's fee isn't based on how much service it gives or how good its advice turns out to be. No. The fee is based on the amount of money brought in by the fund's salesmen. The advisory company gets a fixed percentage of the fund's total assets, normally about half a percent per year. Year in and year out the advisory outfit gets its fat paycheck. Its advice may be so bad that the individual shareholder loses money. But as long as the fund's salesmen continue to haul in new customers, the advisor's fee keeps getting bigger. One advisory company, Investors' Diversified Services, hauls in $18 million a year from its contracts with five mutual funds.

It would be a lot cheaper and a lot better for the individual shareholder if a mutual fund simply hired a good staff of investment experts. Even a big staff wouldn't cost millions a year. The investor would get more of his rightfully earned income. And since the staff members would have some kind of loyalty to the fund and would be anxious to hold onto their jobs, they could be counted on to turn in a good performance for the shareholder.

But hold on a minute, you say. If an advisory company did its job badly, wouldn't the mutual fund's board of directors boot the company out and find a better one?

Asked this question, lawyer Pomerantz chuckles with sour amusement. And he reveals a truth that is known to few outside Wall Street. Mutual funds are too often captives of their own advisory companies. In almost every case, the advisory outfit is largely owned and controlled by the same men who run the fund.

They make a lot of money out of it, and here's how the system works. Joe Smith decides to start a mutual fund. He knows he won't get rich just by drawing a salary out of the fund for his work in managing it. The Securities & Exchange Commission will allow him a reasonable salary, but if he tries to draw out much more than $60,000 a year, somebody will blow the whistle. So Joe sets up an advisory company. Then, with his friends on the fund's board of directors, he votes to hire his own company as the fund's advisor. The company receives ½ percent of the fund's assets every year. Joe sends his salesmen out for investors and to build up the assets. After a few years the fund has assets of $500 million. Joe's advisory company is drawing down $2½ million a year.

Legal? The SEC's regulations say up to 60 percent of a mutual fund's directors may be connected with an advisory company. It's most unlikely that these 60 percent will ever vote their own company out into the cold.

Almost every major mutual fund operates this way. Take the huge Wellington Fund, for instance. Its president is a Wall Streeter named Walter L. Morgan. For many years this fund has felt that it couldn't possibly get along without the expert advice of an advisory outfit called the Wellington Management Company. Who is chairman of the Wellington Management Company? Walter L. Morgan.

It would be pleasant to own a piece of the Wellington Management Company. Between 1955 and 1962, Walter Morgan and the other board members of the Wellington Fund have authorized payments of over $19 million to Morgan's advisory company.

And what kind of advice has that company been giving? Well, if you'd owned shares of the Wellington Fund over a recent 10-year period, the value of your holdings would have increased 100 percent. During the same period, the Dow Jones Industrial Average went up 229 percent.

COMING . . .

CASE OF THE DEMON LOVERS

Bedroom sadists whose weird sex drive led to the murder that shocked a nation.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

But let's not pick on Wellington. The same kind of thing happens in almost all mutual funds. You, the shareholder, pay for "expert investment management," but you may end up no better off and maybe worse off than if you'd bought stocks inexpertly by yourself. In August, 1962, the Congressional Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce issued a report called *A Study of Mutual Funds*. The report was prepared by Pennsylvania University's Wharton School of Finance. Reams of statistical data were summed up in a single damning sentence: "With respect to the performance of mutual funds, it was found that, on the average, it did not differ appreciably from what would have been achieved by an unmanaged portfolio consisting of the same proportions of common stocks, corporate bonds, government securities and other assets as the composite fund portfolios."

"Hell, it's even worse than that," said an official of a Wall Street statistical reporting agency. "In most cases, mutual funds turn in a *worse than average* performance." He pointed to a tremendous statistical survey by *Forbes* Magazine, leading Wall Street publication. The survey charts the ups and downs of the 20 most widely held U.S. stocks in the 1953-61 bull market and in the crash of early 1962. Against these, it compares the performance of the 10 top "growth" funds—mutual funds that heavily emphasize capital gains in their sales pitches.

Conclusion: not only do mutual funds gain more slowly than average in a rising market, but they lose money faster than average in a falling market. If you'd put your money into the 20 most widely held U.S. stocks in 1953, every $100 you invested would have grown to $411.33 by the end of 1961. The same $100 in the 10 top growth funds over the same period would have grown only to $296.88.

Then came the 1962 crash. Still following the same original investment of $100, let's see what would have happened in the first six months of 1962. In the 20 stocks your investment would have dropped 21.70 percent in value, leaving $322.07. In the mutual funds you'd have lost 24.17 percent, leaving but $224.97.

And the sad fact is that the whole advisory company system is not really necessary at all. Mutual funds could simply use the investment-counseling services of stock brokerage houses. Large brokerage firms maintain staffs of securities analysts who are universally recognized as among the best in the business. Any broker would be delighted to put his entire advisory facilities at a mutual fund's disposal without charge, in return for the fund's huge buy-and-sell business. Thus the mutual shareholders could get good money management without having a massive chunk of their earnings chopped off each year to pay for it.

The funds use brokers and, as Ralph Lee Smith, one of the authors of this article, pointed out in his recent Putnam book on mutual funds, they often put a little squeeze on the brokerage firms to further increase their own profits. Most mutual funds will do business only with brokers who are willing to give up 60 percent of their usual fee to salesmen and other brokers who have done a good job of selling shares in the fund.

Eugene Habas, senior vice-president of Hugh W. Long and Company, told all about this sort of arrangement when he testified in the recent SEC hearings on the stock market. "Substantially all of our brokerage business," he said, "is allocated to brokers who will give 60 percent of their commissions to third parties we designate, who have been successful in selling Long Fund shares."

"It's a matter of doing business with your friends," he added coolly.

There's another thing you should consider about mutual funds: the large sales charge that is chopped off your capital at the moment you feed it into the fund. This charge varies from 6 percent to 9 percent, with 8½ percent being the most common bite. Every $100 you hand a mutual fund salesman shrinks instantly to $91.50.

And sometimes it shrinks even more. Explains Allan F. Conwill, newly appointed SEC Commissioner: "There are two kinds of installment purchase plans for buying mutual funds. One is the Voluntary Payment Plan. The investor makes regular monthly payments and the standard sales charge (or 'load,' as it's called in the industry) is deducted from each payment. The investor can drop his

JULY—TRUE—EAST

payments whenever he wants to, without penalty.

"Then there is the Contractual or Front End Load Plan. The investor signs a contract to make payments for a specified period—for example, $100 a month for 10 years. But the contract allows the fund to take *half of the first year's payments* and apply it to the full 10-year sales charge. If the investor quits any time in the first year, he loses half of everything he paid in."

For instance, suppose you sign up to pay $50 a month for 10 years, and the sales load is 8½ percent. Your total payments over the 10-year span will be $6,000, and your total sales charge will be $510. Your first year's payments will be $600, and the fund is allowed to pocket $300 of that right away as an advance sales charge. You never get that $300 back. If you quit at the end of the first year, you've paid a sales charge of 50 percent.

Most of this sales charge goes to the salesman who signed you up. Understandably, mutual fund salesmen push this kind of plan and often forget to mention that voluntary payment plans are available. Under a voluntary plan, the salesman knows, you may quit after a year or two, and all he'll get is his cut of the straight 8½ percent sales load. But under a contractual plan he gets many years' worth of commissions in a big juicy lump out of your first year's payments.

A TRUE reporter, posing as a neophyte investor, answered a mutual fund's newspaper ad and promptly received a visit from a salesman. The salesman began talking about a contractual plan. The reporter asked if there were other kinds of plans under which he wouldn't have to pay sales charges in advance.

"Well, yes, there are the so-called voluntary payment plans," said the salesman. "But the contractual idea is much better from your point of view. Since you're paying sales charges in advance, it gives you an incentive to keep up your payments. It's for your own good. It forces you into a program of regular investment. Under a voluntary plan, a month may come when you decide you'd rather buy a new gun instead of investing the money. That won't do your investment program any good."

This is sheer nonsense, of course. Granted, regular investment is the best kind. But a man would be a fool to lock himself into a 10- or 12-year investment program in such a way that he loses money if he quits early. When a mutual fund salesman tries to sign you into a contractual plan, what he's asking you to do is predict your financial situation over the entire coming decade. Very few men can make any such prediction. Life is much too changeable. How can you know, for sure, that you'll have $50 a month to spare in 1974—or even 1965?

In fact, the salesman who signs you on probably knows full well that the chances are about one in three against your completing any decade-long program. Several studies of contractual-plan investors have shown that one man out of every three runs into unforeseen money problems and doesn't keep up his payments. In some studies the proportion has been even higher. For example, take the "VIP" contractual plan offered by King Merritt, a big Wall Street sales outfit that has complex relationships with a number of funds. Of all those who signed into the VIP Plan in February, 1959, more than 50 percent were delinquent in their payments or had dropped out altogether by April, 1962. Some of the delinquents probably resumed payments later. But the rest, having paid about half their total sales charges in advance, ended up giving King Merritt and its salesmen far more than the standard 8½ percent load.

So the salesman's talk of "incentive" isn't worth listening to. Edmond Carley, a one-time mutual fund salesman with the big Wall Street brokerage house of Sutro Bros., gave TRUE some of the real reasons why the funds like to sell contractual plans.

"Many fund salesmen are just guys between jobs," he said. "They sell a few plans, then quit. The funds are happy to have these guys. Every sale means more assets in the fund, after all. But it would be hard to attract such guys without some kind of deal where they get some of their commissions in advance, as in a contractual plan. Without this deal they simply couldn't make enough money to live on during their short stay with the fund. The contractual idea is an incentive that the fund can offer to lure in salesmen—but the money comes out of the investor's pocket, not the fund's."

The only reason contractual plans are ever sold is that the customer is not told that other possibilities exist. One top salesman, John R. Carr, who heads a mutual funds agency, says, "I have never sold a contractual plan and I have never known of a person who bought a contractual plan if he knew that a voluntary plan was available."

To find out what the mutual funds themselves have to say about all this, a TRUE reporter dropped in at the Investment Company Institute. This is the mutual funds' trade organization and public relations arm. Its members represent 95 percent of the assets in the mutual fund business.

Closeted in a room with several of ICI's top officers, the reporter mentioned some of the uncomplimentary things he'd heard about mutual funds. He passed around a copy of some of Dean Palance's statistics, unfavorably comparing the performance of funds with the Dow Jones Average. The ICI men nodded gloomily. They made no attempt to deny the accuracy of the statistics. They merely grumbled that Palance had unfairly picked certain years when funds did particularly poorly. "You can make statistics prove anything," one of them said.

Another officer then pointed out that big "institutional" investors like life insurance companies and colleges invest in

TRUE

"You want to know what today's weather is like? Look out the goddam window!"

mutual funds. This seemed like a telling point at first. Institutions can be assumed to be pretty smart investors, as a rule.

"But wait a minute," the reporter said. "When institutions do invest, they plunk down huge sums of money. You don't charge them an 8½ percent sales load, do you?"

"Well, no," replied the officer.

In fact, when the amount involved is in the range of a half-million dollars or more, the sales load goes down to 1 percent and often less. Moreover, no institution ever signs a contract binding it to make monthly payments into a mutual fund. The institution simply comes up with a big lump of money and buys shares in a single transaction. There is never any question of paying sales charges in advance.

The reporter thought it would be useful, too, to find out how many mutual fund shares are held by institutions. Are institutions big buyers of funds? It turns out that they aren't. Only some 10 percent of fund shares are in institutional hands—down from 12 percent a few years ago. The remaining 90 percent are in the hands of smaller investors, mainly ordinary guys paying an 8½ percent load.

But the funds don't care how small the investors are as long as there are enough of them. In the past there have been enough. According to the yearly report, *Investment Companies,* issued by the brokerage firm Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., the number of mutual fund shareholders has doubled every five years since 1940. The 1950's were particularly rosy for the fund magnates. In 1950 there were 939,000 mutual fund shareholders. In 1955 there were over two million. In 1960 there were nearly five million.

Other fund statistics have shown equally fantastic growth rates over the past 20 years. But now there are signs the growth is beginning to slow down. Total fund assets fell in 1962 for the first time in years—down to $21.3 billion, about $1½ billion lower than in 1961. Fund salesmen did less well in 1962. Total sales of fund shares were about $200 million lower than in 1961.

It's too early to tell whether these slumping figures are only a squiggle on the chart or whether they represent the start of a mass move away from mutual funds. It could be that investors are getting fed up with low profits and high costs.

Actually, you can buy into a fund without paying a big sales charge. There are about 30 small funds that maintain no sales forces, advertise sparingly and make no sales charge. There are also a number of "closed-end" investment companies. These are fund-like outfits whose shares are sold on the stock exchange instead of being offered directly to the public. You buy these shares as you would buy shares of General Motors, paying the standard brokerage commission, which amounts to less than half the usual mutual fund sales load. Many of these closed-end companies do well by their shareholders. Back in the 1950's securities analyst Leo Barnes published a book, *Your Buying Guide to Mutual Funds and Investment Companies,* in which he charted market performance over a five-year period. Of the 10 top performers, nine were closed-end outfits and only one was a mutual fund.

You can get information on no-load mutual funds from your stockbroker. Don't expect to get this and similar kinds of information you need to make a proper decision from mutual funds salesmen. You can take Ferd Nauheim's word for that. Ferd Nauheim is a partner of Kalb, Voorhis & Company, a member of the New York Stock Exchange that is heavily involved in mutual funds sales. He was a witness at recent SEC hearings on the stock market.

Nauheim was asked if his salesmen were advised to tell prospects about no-load and closed-end companies.

"No, sir," Nauheim replied.

"Why not?"

"The realistic facts of life. When a salesman is earning money by selling something, I don't see where it is incumbent on him to call attention of his prospects to a competitive offering."

But mutual funds will continue to come at you with their sales pitch. Next time you hear it, stop and wonder why the salesman wants your money so badly. And bear in mind a comment made by one Charles Eaton, Jr., of the mutual-fund advisory firm Eaton & Howard. *Fortune* Magazine asked him about the millions he and others have made in the mutual fund business.

"Is there anything wrong," he asked, "with getting rich?"

—Ralph Lee Smith & Max Gunther

DIXIE'S UNBELIEVABLE MOONSHINE WAR

[*Continued from page* 23]

with reports on moonshine samples issued by the laboratory of Internal Revenue's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division: sample after sample containing dangerous dissolved lead salts; reports from hospitals where moonshine drinkers have died of lead poisoning (the human body collects lead salts in the brain until they reach lethal proportions).

Internal Revenue's stepped up campaign against moonshine, aimed at lost taxes and the evil of poisonous liquor, is a subject of intense interest to Bill Griffin, Miller's side-kick. Built like a professional football player, Griffin was a formidable member of the federal raiding party which hit a big still near Memphis, Tennessee, a few years ago. But his hulking size did not discourage a leading Memphis businessman caught in the trap; he drew on Griffin who killed him at 30 feet, quick-draw style.

"We're getting the bigger fish today," Griffin explains. "We use scientific methods, careful tailing, infrared photography, long-lens photography, ultraviolet tracers, the works. And we're getting convictions. Destroying stills doesn't help. There is so much money in moonshine, they can rebuild a still in two days someplace else. The condensers are just auto radiators—that's where the lead poison comes from, the solder in the radiators."

The talk goes on, but no call comes. Where is the big raid?

It will be in the north Georgia woodlands, a strategic position in the knock-down, drag-out moonshine war, a short run by likker car into thirsty Atlanta, or Chattanooga, or Birmin'am. It is an area populated by a holdout strain of spike-spined whisky makers, tempered and blooded as red as the Georgia clay that stains their boots. They are men who know no dollar but the moonshine dollar, the guts of their small-town economy, and who, when raided, run from the still in car or truck hell-bent. Heaven help the agent who gets in the way, for the outlaw has a jury proof way of killing and he knows it. Recently, they tell you while you wait, an agent died of the wounds he suffered when scrubbed half to pieces by a runaway truck.

Waiting, the office-bound federal men keep you company, rehashing the adventures of their days in the woods. This office is clearing house for 300 agents who rove seven southern states. News of death and wound and victory ring these phones; calls from agents who have bucked to make "Alcohol Tax" from every branch of law enforcement, because in exchange for long hours they can have high pay and a high degree of freedom.

Griffin pushes aside a pile of paperwork brought in by a well-stacked Government secretary and swings back to the importance of north Georgia. "Atlanta, Atlanta, that is the moonshine capital of the world today. Cocke County was bad, now it is licked, that's east Tennessee. You ought to go up there and see the job we did." He pulls out a map, and you see how north Georgia falls nicely between large cities with big industrial populations, and how route 60-19 lies so conveniently for illicit liquor cars and trucks to roll into Asheville, North Carolina, traditional clearing house for excess moonshine, and how Interstate 40 in four-lane splendor leaps beyond toward Winston-Salem, Raleigh or Washington, D.C., provided the prices of shippers in Charlotte, North Carolina, can be undercut.

"Resold Cudahy Packing and Curtiss Candy trucks have been seized full of corn liquor," the federal agents explain. An assistant U.S. Attorney in New York seized 2,700 gallons of Georgia shine in a truck in Brooklyn and spoke of "an interstate conspiracy involving millions of dollars in whisky." The entire southeast United States forms a flexible liquor factory where the network of modern roads and criminal liaison laces the whisky machine together. It is a liquor network sensitive to new police pressure, mercurially shifting, with distance no obstacle.

Even the chief of enforcement for the entire Alcohol Tax Division of Internal Revenue, John Lathem, has tossed the fat in the fire, admitting, "Moonshining today is one of the three major sources of revenue for the big crime cartels."

So they tell it and retell it while we wait.

Then it comes: a big steamer, near Ellijay and the Cossawattee River. "You have to see it and smell it," says Miller, scribbling instructions. "They'll hold off for you, then they'll blast it. But the arrests have been made. Check it out, then run up to Cocke County. John Blauharm will show you around up there. Good luck."

Industrial flats north of Atlanta turn swiftly to patchwork cottonland, the popped bolls gleaming in October sun. Then the country rises into oak forest and Georgia pine sliced scarlet by backroads. These are the foothills of the Appalachians and these roads lead to the stills, not the little old homey rigs any more, but banks of the cooker type, in which the run is made directly from the fermenter, and huge, vastly more efficient steamers.

On a narrow blacktop road west of Ellijay I was flagged down by a slender, tanned man wearing a .38 on the hip. Jim Vesey was in charge of the raid and the still-blasting picnic saved for the Yankee writer.

Vesey led down a 200-yard workway that had been camouflaged at the road with a row of young pines jammed in the ground. He strode over a knob into the gully where the blackened steam boiler towered in the air. There were hundreds of pounds of smokeless coke fuel, pyramids of glass jugs, hundreds of sacks of sugar. The mash was in 30 100-gallon vats knocked together expertly of rough lumber and swelled tight as boats. The mash was brewed on a four-day cycle under a broad lean-to rigged of saplings; some of the boxes were boiling with gas. Vesey sipped the beer and smiled. It has a rich beery taste and a nice aroma; the old-time still hands will tell you they "quill some to keep a-goin'," Vesey relates. One time a quill was actually used, but now they take a cup or drink the white liquor out of the jar to brace themselves for the awful outlaw work.

Vesey, boring dynamite sticks for fuses, worked his fingers thoughtlessly with practiced ease. There were eight or nine agents lounging around jawing about the victory; they had been on it a long time and were giddy because of the still's size although it was too bad they had missed the ringleader.

"I tailed the sugar truck eight mile on dirt roads without lights," Vesey said proudly. "Tucked my front bumper right under his tail gate and he's mirror-blind. When he stopped to pull the pines up, I run out and got him around the neck and Bob Traynor here goes in the truck and grabs the key."

"Who was drivin'?" asks an agent who has just arrived.

"John Lewis Price," said Vesey.

"Oh, John Lewis, *mah* boy. Ah love you. Member whin we got him last, Jim? Bail bondsman beat us to the commissioner's office. John Lewis Price, he nevah learn, he goin' a-way some time this heah time." He laughed uproariously.

Vesey said, "Price is a typical still hand. Make whisky so much the gallon. Years ago his granddaddy got the profit, now he slaves. These Snuffy Smith types are slaves—talk about the independent mountaineer or hillbilly! We got a man and his boy at a still, that moonshine daddy say, 'Whah, ah got to teach him somethin'. Boy wasn't but 14."

They all laughed good and loud. Vesey was capping his fuses. "John Lewis Price! Now I'll tell you what he'll do, he did so last time. He has a wife he hasn't lived with in five years, four kids. But they'll all come to court together, lovin' and hand-holdin', and John Lewis in a pressed shirt and some new dungarees tight and creasy. Remember, Fred? Hahhhh!"

(The birds sang in the sunny trees around the victorious raiders and, unbelievably, scruffly rustic characters slipped out of the woods on the periphery to scrape up scuttled sugar out of the dirt!)

Vesey went on, "Judge Robertson listened to all that family man stuff. Then they showed those movies we took of John Lewis humpin' with 100-pound sacks of sugar, and stirrin' mash and all, and he says, Yer honor, that ain't *me*, ah nevah been in the *movies*. Price had the best lawyer, but the time come and he stands up in his clean shirt and the judge says, 'Two years, John Lewis,' and John Lewis pops that little ah-don't-care smile." Vesey began inserting his capped fuses and tying them on. "Wal, ah looked, and you think John Lewis don't care 'bout two years? Ah knowed he cared. Man, you could just see his big ass bunch up. You see that, you know a man's been hurt. See that time and again, hooah! Then you know you got 'em."

They all laughed hard at the picture of John Lewis' behind tightening with fear and disappointment inside his new jeans. Vesey got his dynamite together and went stalking a still in need of busting. "Ah sware," he grumbled. "Those boys like to live free, drive like the wind, drink like a sand pit, work like a mule an' tell law to go to hell. Make model goddam prisoners, come home and just make more rotten-bad illegal damn whisky!"

"You get what you want with your stamps, and I'll get what I want with mine!"

"Why?" I asked as he shoved a string of sticks into the boiler, "when the bankrollers are taking it off the top, and the hands know that they'll get caught eventually?"

"Don't know any other way to go," said Vesey, stalling while another agent could make a graphite transfer off the boiler's manufacturer's plate. "Make whisky or starve. Them with sense enough to leave left long ago. Hills from Birmin'am to West Virginia are sprinkled with boys and men who know nothing but whisky. Some are specialists, rig transport cars, put in helper spring, hop up the engines. Some are drivers. Some hustle sugar. Some build stills. You see how this outfit is thrown together—rough but nice, everything right. The rigger, he's in and out; quick; hoses, valves, gauges, pumps. Grabs his fee and shoves. We blow it, he builds another." Vesey shrugged. "Penitentiarize a still hand, comes another. When do we win? All ah kin say, the life of the revenooer ain't a dull one. No suh!" He struck a match and found his fuse.

"Fiah in the hole!" Vesey shouted. We-all were well ahead of him as he came flying over the knob, an awful glee on his tanned face as he ducked under a tree and waited. There came a series of *blams* that lifted you off the ground. The boiler rose almost to the level of the treetops, twirling, like some crazed rocket, and fell back, clanging, its quarter-inch steel belly yawning open and its copper-tubing innards disemboweled.

But that was nothing to how they blew the beer—running around the boxes dropping in lighted sticks of dynamite like kids on the 4th. Minutes later the mash was raining down everywhere, the leaves dripping pungent still beer while those agents yukked as though they'd never bombed one before.

The still is gone. Blast by blast it has

been reduced to rubble. The woods people have scraped up the last of the dirty sugar, lugging it away in pillowcases. They will use it in boiled coffee; they have not found enough for much more than that: a stick of dynamite scattered the main mound of Domino.

The revenuers leave one by one. They are from every walk of life with a heavy sprinkling of ex-marines. Their training course and a period of field training puts them in a career from which few resign. They have the spirit and ruthless eagerness of college football players. It gets to you. The psychology of the raider, fierce, exact and implausible.

Vesey says good-by. "You tell 'em, writer," he says. "You're goin' up east Tennessee, Cocke County? You should. Say hello to John Blauharm for me. They done some job up there. East Tennessee, western North Carolina, that may be the key to the moonshine war. We have broke them there, we can do it anywhere. You'll see what Ah mean."

Soon I was driving toward a region which my briefings told me was an area of traditional lawlessness liberally sprinkled with Al Capp-like characters. In Cocke County, nestled against the western slopes of the Great Smokies, these characters are the human mules who do the back-busting still labor. Supervising them are church-going, charity-giving organizers, some of them pillars of the Newport, Tennessee, community, Cocke County's seat. The big strutter in the Moonshine Capital of the World, as Cocke was known until they broke it, would be Ernie Crum, high-toned hound dog who controlled a tremendous piece of the white likker flowing out of the county west to Knoxville and Nashville, north to Buffalo and Cleveland or east through Asheville to the coast and the Northeast. At the time of my arrival, however, Crum was strutting somewhat less than usual because he had recently escaped a federal indictment for moonshine conspiracy.

The legwork that went into the case was brained up by a rangy Kentuckian of sly humor and dedication to duty. His name is John Blauharm and he is to east Tennessee what Jim Vesey is to north Georgia—pure hell and dust. Last year alone Blauharm made 96 cases, most of them in Cocke—he has five counties—an unheard of total for a region so rebellious and shiner-cluttered that even now they call him "Mister Blowhorn" when they pass him on the streets. (Behind his ample back he is Big Bad John.)

Blowhorn, they will tell you in the Cosby General Store, deep in the territory, is the worst thing to happen to the "trade" since Charlie Riddle. "Mister Riddles," they lament "was wuss," and when their tenures overlapped for a year three years back, it was plain hell. ("Shore, that was the yeah Amos Shootwell actual went into the woods evah day and practiced hisself running!")

The invasion of talent that burned the Moonshine capital near to the ground was intensified by the major violator system, pointing the torch at the bigger brass, and by the use of scientific gimcracks. Riddle linked one shiner to a still under surveillance by shining an ultraviolet lamp on him: his mouth lit up! He'd been drinking shine from a jar greased with the tracer. Another victim of detection had hands that glowed mysteriously. "Wha! Mister Riddles," the mystified hill man insisted, "Ah must of been borned thet way!"

So edgy became the moonshiners that they blasted an Air Force radar antenna with shotguns. When the culprits were informed it wasn't "a still locatizer" they actually ponied up the cost of repairs.

Charlie Riddle was able to generate such fear and suspicion easily. Grandson of a north Tennessee feud-shot hill man ("Died the day I was born.") and son of a deputy sheriff who has made several arrests while badly gunshot, Riddle was broken to revenooing by the great Charlie Felts over in Wilkes County, North Carolina, the other side of the divide from Cocke. Felts, now retired, has arrested more shiners than any living agent. He set up the groundwork which enabled Riddle to infiltrate the notorious Johnson family over by Ronda in the Brushy Mountains. Posing as a buyer, Riddle set up a deal with Mrs. Glenn Johnson while Glenn, Sr., was in the federal pen. Riddle saw the tremendous bank of stills behind the Johnson house, arranged for shipment and payment while sipping biled coffee in Mrs. J's kitchen. Federal trucks arrived to pick up the hooch, marked money was paid, and the trap sprung tight. The case took the starch out of Wilkes County whisky makers, cost Mrs. Johnson thousands in fines, put one son in jail and turned another, Junior Johnson—the ring's crack transport driver—to the racing circuit where he is today one of the nation's leading stock car drivers, and if you ask him, a genuine Charlie Riddle booster.

This same case put Riddle high in revenuer limelight and caused his transfer to Cocke County where white liquor was running almost wide open. Assigned as his number two was John Blauharm. Riddles and Blowhorn found themselves facing incredible odds.

Jack Minton controlled things then, as Ernie Crum tries to do today. Minton kept an unblemished public reputation while a gang of roughnecks made his whisky and ran his interference. He boasted almost within earshot of revenuers that he could not be indicted, let alone convicted, and there were those in Newport in Cocke County, and even in Greeneville where the federal revenue post is located, who remembered when Minton as a young man had been pardoned on a bear-trap murder rap by the governor himself.

Big Bad John Blauharm sits in a crampy desk in the basement of the Greeneville post office re-savoring the Minton triumph. "He had wired in the capital, he was plucky and sure," Blauharm drawled, patting a pile of procrastinated paper work. Behind him on the bulletin board fluttered one of those incredible memos: "Warning On Office Hazards: Does your office have these dangers—(1) Overloaded file drawers. (2) Broken spring on executive chair. (3) Exposed file spike. . . ."

"To begin with," Blauharm went on, "we couldn't get a car into Cocke County south of Newport without picking up a tail. The shiners knew every car, even tailed Smoky Mountain tourists—we tried passing as tourists. Riddle, my boss then, he wanted to move men into the woods, they'd lay in on a still, camping, days at a time getting evidence and waiting for the operators to show. Well, talk about tails, it was nothing to have six, 10 cars eating your dust. Record was 18. Riddle would stop, get out and go tell the lead driver he'd be under indictment come next grand jury. He delivered. It cut down the tailing.

"But we had to walk men in. We used many disguises and we got in. Strange things happen among the Cocke County moonshiners. I don't know if anybody would believe it. They spotted one of our men in a store, put a lit smoke in his pocket, and called him Mister Ashtray ever after!"

Riddle found out who was making for Minton; he learned his wife, Dotty, had her own stills on a small scale, for house money! Riddle put an undercover agent in contact with one of Minton's makers and framed up a tremendous purchase, involving another group which had been infiltrated in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The double front was so convincing that Minton fell for it and agreed to a personal

WHAT'S THE WAR ABOUT?

Dixie's unbelievable moonshine war was started not by a shot, but by a piece of paper: Subtitle E, Chapter 51, of the Internal Revenue Code, which sets forth laws pertaining to the manufacture and possession of nontaxpaid spirits. Under this law, ownership and/or possession of any of the following articles is a violation and should be reported to the nearest Alcohol and Tobacco Tax office (often located in your post office building):

1. Unregistered stills or distilleries.
2. Nontaxpaid distilled spirits.
3. Fermented mash (usually a grain, sugar, water and yeast mixture) on unlicensed premises.
4. Raw materials such as sugar, yeast and grain, intended for use in the manufacture of nontaxpaid spirits.
5. Containers (barrels, kegs, cans, jugs, jars, bottles, etc.) intended for use in packaging nontaxpaid spirits.

When revenue agents "raid" a premises, it is on the knowledge or suspicion that some of the above items and/or the individuals using them may be seized.

discussion of prices because of the huge gallonage on demand.

Three agents visited Minton together with the Winston-Salem kingpin, and after the Cocke County whisky baron looked their wallets over for suspicious clues and asked a thousand questions, he asked for money. The federal man gladly gave it to him, liberally marked with ultraviolet ink.

Jack Minton suffered a near nervous collapse when his indictment stuck, and another when he lost the case. That and his appeal cost him over $30,000; there were alleged calls to Senator Kefauver. The senator was out to lunch. Jack Minton went to "college," and he is there now, building time, as they say in the hills.

Big Bad John Blauharm reminisces warmly about the Minton case in his subpost office stronghold. Stored at the far end from his desk are the sleeping bags they used laying in on Minton stills; Jack did not go to college unaccompanied by Cosbyites.

Cosby (pronounced Cows-by) is the rallying point of what remains of the Cocke County master whisky makers. Blauharm pointed it out on a big office topo map, a dot of red, and fingered the Greeneville-Cosby road. "Ah know and have timed every curve in that road," he drawled. "You get a call and you go. One minute you think you are going to spend the evening with your family, next you are on a raid. You get a lot of tips. Jud wants to sleep with Henry's wife. He sees to it Henry goes to "college," takes care of the missus. Feuds, too. We depend on tips, but they're just the beginning. Hey, I'll take you round Cosby, you can meet some of our friends."

The road twists toward the Smokies rising golden beyond in the autumn sunshine. The farms are unkempt and scattered. A black painted barnside sign announces: "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

"There is the Lead Budford bridge," says Blauharm. "Lead killed two agin it. Lead was drunk. He is one of the smartest still runners we have. He sweeps around the still, and you check it out, he knows, then he moves. He has every footprint in his head. I wasn't in Greeneville a week, come a rainy day, there's Budford trailin' me. Sho' nuff, step in the mud, comes Lead measurin my boot.

"What you doin' there, Lead?" Ah say.

"Why, measurin' up yore footprint for future reference, Mister Blowhorn," says Lead.

Cosby turns out to be a zip of road, a few stores, a new grade school and post office, the Cosby Diner and a few outlying beer joints. But the moonshiners' homes, Blauharm explains, are strung up the mountain on switchback Indian Camp Creek Road, and along looping Caney Creek Road down Caney Creek valley. It is there that we made our first call, Blauharm pulling his court-seized 1962 ex-liquor transport Ford up short in Dotty Minton's front-yard drive. A plump, nervous woman came out of the small but well-kept house. Her eyes crackled but her smile was broad. "Howdy, Mister Blowhorn," she said.

"How's Jack?" said Blauharm.

"Purt' near dead," she whined. "He never be the same." They chattered about the deposed whisky boss, then, "Say, Don is goin' to a real college, been accepted." Don is her son.

When we drove off, Blauharm could not conceal his pride and he raced the engine of the souped-up Ford as he double-clutched his four-in-the-floor shift. "These hill people can change," he said. "They have a lot of pride and character, Scotch-Irish, come down through the mountains when George Washington tried to stop whisky making in western Pennsylvania. That was 1791, the Whisky Rebellion. You know, they once assigned General Custer to wipe out mountain moonshining. He didn't do much. Now we are lickin' it, at least in the hills. But you got to show them a way to go. We have tough courts here, but good probation officers, we see they really take jobs, and there's more work in the hills than there was. I'm talking about the still hands, the sons of Snuffy Smith. Comes to the riggers, the transport drivers, and up the line in distribution, they make such money seventy-five or a hundred in a factory doesn't appeal, y'all know? We have country boys want to live like Al Capone."

Blauharm continued the tour of Cosby. A car picked him up and tailed dangerously close for 30 or 40 seconds, then the red-neck driver zoomed past and flipped his muffler-cutout to blare a greeting. We were on a straightaway. When the car had shot a mile beyond, it spun neatly sending back a delayed scream of agonized rubber, reversed and roared toward us in our lane at 80 or 90. Blauharm drove in utter calm as the car looped around us harmlessly. "Bran Sack Gibson," he soothed. "Bran Sack has an i-dentical twin, Sugar Sack, Sugar is in college. When he isn't, we have a merry time keeping tabs on *them*. The Sacks are in with Dan Cleaves and Burner Riley. This outfit is fighting Ernie Crum for control of what is left in Cocke County. Cleaves has still got two slugs in him and they dynamited Riley's house, near killed his boy."

As we skidded to a stop beside the Cosby Diner, Blauharm explained that a week's camping out on one of Crum's stills, and a lot of general snooping, had been about to pay off in a conspiracy indictment on Crum when Blauharm himself had been caught taking movies by a Crum still-yard lackey. "Ah did goof," Blauharm laughed. But he had let a big one go, blown the case wide open, Crum shifting operations with the swiftness of a man skunk-stung. "We had to raid right in and catch what we could. We got the Snuffys. The grand jury wouldn't let us have Crum, though."

In the backwash of that raid, the Crum gang assumed that the Dan Cleaves, Burner Riley, Sack Twins outfit had finked. "There were some state alcohol tax men snooping around Crum's later," Blauharm said over Cosby coffee. "One of Crum's men put some holes in their car,

TRUE

"Now to start your on-the-job training."

"Why, Senator, I didn't know you were over here on committee business, too!"

last summer. Thought it was Riley and his boys."

A day later, the rival outfit called up the state men and apologized. But a whisky feud had been joined and both Riley and Cleaves were on the dead-man's list. Blauharm was describing Riley and Cleaves, and promising to help me meet them, when he was interrupted by a squirrelly voice.

"Hyiar, Mister Blowhorn," said a spidery, hawk-nosed, raggedly dressed mountain man about 40.

"Squidge Palmer, howdy-howdy," Blauharm chirped, his voice somewhat tense but friendly. Palmer made whisky for Cleaves. "Squidge, tell this Yankee writer how long you made whisky without stopping."

"Ah made three nights, two days," Squidge said proudly. "Ah kin carry hundrit pound sugar sack with this heah one ahm!" Squidge loped off, and I said, "How did he lose his ahm—er, *arm?*"

"Squidge didn't get along with Bear Dog Smith," Blauharm said. "Bear Dog caught him asleep in the shed, his arm draped over a piece of cordwood. Bear Dog got the ax and chopped it off."

Things have changed around Cosby. The 10-car tails are a thing of the past; Indian Camp Creek Road has been blacktopped and the switchbacks are tamer thereby. The Cracker Shack at the foot of the road, where the watchers used to keep a 24-hour vigil drinking beer, is closed and tattered. Where there were once two-manned cars rolling road patrol at all times, there are none. Mister Blauharm just eases through ringing doorbells to say howdy-howdy: in the old days he might have got shot over. Now half are under indictment and appealing, or on "probition": ("Ah say probition, that's when you can't make likker, right?") and they are broken in spirit and even have *jobs*.

"Ah got religion, the missus got religion, ah'm wuhkin' the road, Mister Blowhorn," swears Lead Budford as he cleans a squirrel with a neat jerk that inverts its bushy hide, spurting blood toward the revenuer's boots.

But Dan Cleaves is the most eloquent. A large, bony-handed man, he jogs toward the car and slaps his mitts on the window ledge. The finger backs of his right hand are tattooed "T-R-U-E." This "sho fits" he tells the Yankee TRUE Magazine writer. His left-hand fingers are tattooed L-O-V-E. Soon he is belaboring Blauharm to "a-rest" Ernie Crum. He damns Crum as his near-murderer, yanks up his shirt to show us the red indentations of .45 caliber slug scars. Then it is out with the wallet, and an actual photee-graph of his car with 32, count 'em, holes in the driver's door. Yes, it is true, nods Blauharm while Cleaves pleads impassionately for justice.

Burner Riley has joined him. He is a smaller man with a tight quickness and piercing eyes. A convicted murderer who once lived two years in the woods on the lam, he complains about dynamiting. Why, they destroyed his mama-in-law's house, near killed his son of 9.

Cleaves and Riley wave jolly good-by. Blauharm explains that the animosity toward Crum and vice versa is the result of federal pressure so great that, while the case price has risen to $36 "in the woods," the rivals are having trouble delivering. Not only is living money growing short, it's needed for legal defense of indicted Snuffys captured by Blauharm.

To get an idea how tight money is in Cocke County among the actual makers and entrepreneurs like Cleaves-Riley, consider the fact that the price of a chance on a Cosby beer joint punch board has dropped from $1 to 50 cents. ("Winnah, he git to sleep with the gurl, all night, purt' girl, too!")

Probably the biggest thrill in Cocke County is hiding in the bushes listening to the still hands talk and work. You sleep the night in downfilled bags under the stars. On the far mountain the fox hounds on scent sound like a freight full of bells. The tax agents kid back and forth in low voices, telling how much they love this life, for all its faults. Finally you sleep. Up at dawn, and the routine of checking the still begins, and it is far away—the other side of the valley, for you have camped beyond the possibility of a still hand "walking it out" in ever expanding agent-flushing circles before the burners are fired.

At 4 in the afternoon, a Georgia-born agent comes back gasping, "Theah heah!" and everybody tightens. There is the terribly cautious stalk through woods littered with dry, curled rhododendron leaves that pop like corn if you step on them. At last the strategic preplanned positions: one man the flush man, he goes in first, two men the catch men at the natural runways, and this heah Yankee behind a very big log.

Woods raiding is a running proposition: the feds cannot shoot unless shot upon, and many races have been long and furious, punctuated by fist fights. This time there are three boys, not even 18, spindly of build and scant of heart. They are jabbering furiously as they haul sugar up the tortuous slope, babbling about who they have made and who they're gonna, and "Naw, she too young, she but 10!"

At one point they discuss which way to run if raided, but the consultation is undecipherable.

The agent near me whispers: "We let 'em wuhk a time, thin they's too fagged to run or fight."

Finally the flush man goes. He has the dash and forebearing of a quarterback making it through center with five to go. Two pair go fox and hare down the mountain. One stays put and is handcuffed pronto. He is Dave Cleaves, Dan Cleaves' kid brother. He is half drunk on shine and has urinated in his pants.

In the U.S. Commissioner's office, Bran Sack Gibson arrives within minutes of Dave Cleaves to see the kid keeps his mouth shut. Bail bond is made under the personal signature of the county sheriff! When Blauharm arrives he says, "It is better than it was. We used to lock up a federal prisoner, come round next day, find him in the sheriff's office, feet on the desk drinkin' coffee."

Leaving the Smokies was hard. It was easy to relax enjoying the shenanigans of the rustic still hands and forget the bankrollers and the syndicate distributors and the nip joint operators and the musclemen who sell moonshine in every major city east of the Mississippi River.

It was easier to enjoy characters like one-arm Squidge Palmer, or the old woman who complained, "Mister Blowhorn, ah hope you give it to mah husband *good*. Evah time he starts makin' up the branch, there goes mah wash watah!" Or the old shiner in his 60's who reckoned he'd built nine years in college; hugging two blond little kids against his jeaned legs, saying to Blauharm, "Will ah keep makin', suh? Course, ah'll keep makin'. Long as ah got these here crumcrushers to feed!"

Funny. Touching. But voices out of a

dead era. As dead as Cocke County where the tourist fishermen walking the streams find bashed and blown stills at every bend, pile on pile. But if it is gone from the happy hills, it has but moved on, leaving behind laughable memories and kids peeing in their pants because they really haven't got what it takes to keep the trade. The business has moved to town and the big syndicate men are running it.

The last ride with Blauharm was in his car in Morristown, Tennessee, near Knoxville, a big, thirsty city. He was tailing a distributor from Cocke County making a "milk run." The driver, said Blauharm, once owned another new Sting Ray like the one he was driving, but it was in a federal garage. When it was seized he had $1,100 on him.

"Above still-hand level," he explained, "there's money in moonshine. Grab a Sting Ray, buy's another." We followed the red car through a route that included many stops. Suddenly the car spun a corner and disappeared. Blauharm wheeled around in heavy traffic.

"Ah shore gettin' careless," he stiffened.

The Sting Ray was tailing us! "Ah raided a still once, they had painted 'Watch out for Big Bad John' right on it." Blauharm pulled some fantastically loopy driving, ending the night's surveillance. At a diner he called the home office; when he emerged from the booth, his face was ashy: the word had just come in that two federal agents had been gunned down, dead, in a raid on a nip joint in Brent, Alabama, near Birmingham.

There wasn't much to talk about. We ate. Then I went to my own car and took the road for Chattanooga to interview agents there.

Everywhere it was the same. Funny stories and bloody infighting. Long hours and bitter dedication. Right out of the story books.

But in rising unison everywhere among the drinking people: "You sho cain't get a decent drink o' likker no more. Sugar likker. Or wus. Nothin'. Sky high price. The Big Law is makin' life down-right ohn-pleasant!"

War, man, it is always ohn-pleasant. But it will go on. Moonshiners, with a $600 million tax advantage going for them, make stubborn foes. **—Dale Shaw**

QUICKSAND

[*Continued from page* 50]

fact that it is possible to escape from the quaking trap. He sank in quicksand several times while exploring water resources in the West, and each time he lived to tell the tale. But he took care to emphasize that escaping from quicksand is not easy. Exploring a minor river once in Colorado, he fell into a quicksand bed shortly before noon. The sun was setting by the time he finally hauled himself out onto firm ground. He had moved a distance of about 10 feet in eight hours.

But he moved—and lived. He was able to do so because he knew what quicksand

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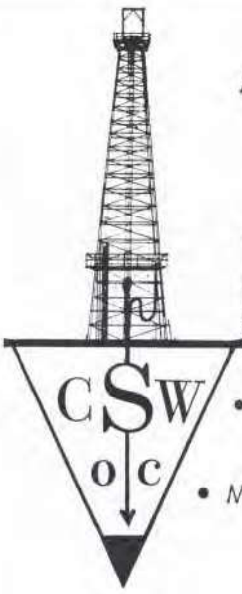

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"I was getting along fine, until I subscribed to one of those insider's newsletters."

was and how to behave in it. His advice on learning about quicksand is excellent advice for all sportsmen who go into field and wood, and particularly for boat owners who beach their craft on unfamiliar shores of river, lake and ocean. The Outboard Boating Club figures there are almost four times as many boats on the water now as in 1950, and the number is still growing fast. In this age when more and more people have time and money to head for wild country after work, quicksand is going to be in the news increasingly often. People will get trapped in quicksand and die. There's no reason for you to be one of them.

Probably the top authority on quicksand in the U.S. today is not a geologist but an engineer, C. Martin Riedel. Riedel is a small, enthusiastic man who can't easily be described except by using that children's book word, jolly. He speaks with a pronounced German accent, but fluently and fast. Working on road, water and sewage systems for the city of Chicago 30 years ago he ran into all kinds of unstable soil conditions, including quicksand. Seeking solutions to the engineering problems involved he learned that a Dutch engineer, Dr. Hugo Joosten (pronounced Yo-sten), had invented a process for hardening soft soil by injecting chemicals into it. He got in touch with Dr. Joosten, tried the process, liked it and eventually formed his own company to sell it in the U.S. Since then his Chemical Soil Solidification Co. has had quicksand assignments in 21 states.

"People think quicksand is rare," says Riedel. "This is one of the popular misconceptions. People have walked on pavement too long. But now with more free time and more traveling, we are going to see how much quicksand there really is. There is probably quicksand in every state of the U.S."

There is quicksand in the marshy country of southern Florida, in the prairies of Texas, along the rivers of the cold Northwest, in the mountains of Colorado and in the plains of Kansas and Indiana. There is quicksand along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and around the Gulf of Mexico. There is even quicksand in the middle of New York City, generally supposed to be built on solid rock. The new $100-million Chase Manhattan Bank Building has its foundations resting partly on quicksand which appeared in the foundation hole some 60 feet below street level. Riedel and his company solidified the quicksand so that thousands of tons of steel and concrete could rest on it safely.

Until roughly the time of World War II little was known about the quaking mantrap. Few scientists had seriously studied it, and there was a lot more theory around than fact. The most popular theory, still alive today, was that quicksand is made of rounded sand grains. Unlike the jagged grains of ordinary sand, the theory went, these act something like miniature ball bearings, rolling against each other so that any weight such as a man will sink rapidly. Another theory held that quicksand grains are lubricated with clay, organic slime or some other slippery substance which makes them slide out from under a weight.

These theories hung around, neither proven nor disproven, for about a hundred years. But in the 1940's a number of scientists began to look into quicksand more carefully. One thing that started the inquiry was the experience of the U.S. Army in Germany during the 1944-45 invasion. Some 4 percent of Germany is low boggy country that includes all kinds of treacherous footing from plain wet mud through muskeg to quicksand. Few people walk or drive vehicles in this bogland except in time of war when military campaigns make it necessary. The Army discovered it needed a lot more knowledge of unstable soils and how to build on them, drive across them and walk troops through them.

An adventure in April, 1945, illustrates the Army's problems. A convoy of supply trucks was on its way to Third Army positions near Weimar one drizzly evening when a flight of Nazi dive bombers came howling down from the clouds. The lead driver, Cpl. Roger Smits of Maplewood, New Jersey, immediately turned off the road into what looked like a sandy meadow. He felt his truck lurch and sink. The motor stalled and died. He tried to open his door, found it jammed shut, stuck his head out of the window and saw to his horror that the truck was slowly settling into the meadow like a sinking ship. He had driven into quicksand. The surface of the sand was already halfway up the door and rising steadily.

Bombs were exploding everywhere but Smits decided he'd rather take his chances outside than in a sinking coffin. He climbed out the window and up onto the cab roof. In a few minutes the sand had covered the radiator cap and was climbing up the windshield. In quiet intervals between bomb bursts the driver could hear a weird sucking noise, as of a man slurping soup. The sand reached the cab roof and the driver climbed up onto the tarp-covered cargo roof. In quiet terror he watched the cab disappear and the sand climb up the tarp toward him. He planted his feet on the iron frame beneath the tarp and leaped for the roadway. His legs sank to the knees. He pitched forward and frantically grabbed a tuft of grass on the road embankment. The grass held and he pulled himself from the sucking trap. He spent the rest of the bomber attack face down on the embankment. When the attack ended, his truck had completely vanished.

The Army's interest in soft soils sparked a number of quicksand studies by geologists and other scientists. One of them was Dr. Ernest Rice ("Rock") Smith, geology professor at DePauw University in Indiana. Rock Smith was interested not only in the Army's problems but also in those of farmers in the prairie and far western states, where many quicksand pits and alkali bogs lie in wait for unwary men and animals.

Rock Smith was a calm, slow-speaking man who, once he got his teeth into a problem, clung like a bulldog until he had it licked. What *was* quicksand? What caused it? Hunting answers, he combed through scientific literature clear back to the year 1785. All he found was one obscure essay that gave more opinion than fact.

He spent several days pondering a quicksand bed in a pasture not far from Greencastle, Indiana. The bed was near a small stream. Its surface was an ugly, mottled yellow-green from pond slime that grew on it. When Dr. Smith threw a rock into it, it quivered unpleasantly. It seemed to be almost alive, waiting for a victim on four legs or two to be sucked down into its bowels. "Just looking at it was enough to give a man nightmares," Dr. Smith told a colleague.

The problem was, what made this sand different from other sand? Mere wetness wasn't the answer. The sand at a beach will support your weight even when it is under water.

Dr. Smith scooped up some of the quicksand and took it back to the univer-

sity at Greencastle. Under a microscope the grains turned out to be the same as any other sand grains. Some were round, most were jagged. So the round-grain theory was out. The lubricated-grain theory didn't seem to hold up, either. Though Dr. Smith kept the sand moist and the green algae continued to thrive on it, it wasn't quick any longer. A bucket of it in the laboratory was as firm as beach sand.

Back in the pasture, Dr. Smith talked to the owner of the farm, Heber Ellis. "Funny thing about that stuff," remarked Ellis, idly tossing stones into the quaking nightmare. "Sometimes it's quick, sometimes it's firm. Come back in August and you'll be able to square dance on it."

August—the dry month. Could water be the answer? But ordinary wet sand supports weight as well as dry sand. Then maybe the answer lay not in the *amount* of water but in the *flow*. If water is just sitting in sand, the sand is not quick. But if water is flowing through it in some peculiar way . . . could this be the long-sought solution?

Dr. Smith canvassed other geologists and found that many had been wondering about the same thing themselves. As far back as 1900 an engineer named Arthur Hazen had theorized that water flow creates quicksand, but nobody had paid any attention to him. Now, spurred partly by Rock Smith's bulldog determination to settle the question, several scientists (including Smith himself) built experimental devices in which water could be made to flow through sand in various ways. And after centuries of nightmares and horror tales, man finally learned what quicksand really is.

One of the most sophisticated quicksand models was built in 1950 by Prof. Jorj Osterberg of the Technological Institute at Northwestern University. His device was a large tank filled with ordinary sand. The tank had hose connections so that water could be made to flow in at the top and out the bottom, or vice versa. To complete the experiment there was a plastic doll, "Willie," filled with lead shot so that his specific gravity was roughly the same as a man's—that is, he floated in water with the top of his head above the surface.

When the sand in Prof. Osterberg's tank was dry Willie could stand or lie on the surface, barely making a dent. When water was poured in from the top, Willie still would not sink. But when water was forced in from the bottom, flowing up through the sand, Willie was in trouble. He was in quicksand. He sank.

"And that is how quicksand happens," says engineer Riedel. "Upwelling water, as from a spring, forces the grains apart slightly and makes the sand mass swell. Each grain rests or floats partly on a cushion of water instead of on other grains. The finer the sand, the less water flow is needed to make it quick."

Some kinds of quicksand are quicker than others. With fine sand and a fast upward flow of water, the result is what soil engineers call a super-quick condition. You can't even take one step in it, though it may look as firm as concrete.

Where the water flow is slow, the sand grains are coarse or the whole mass is mixed with some sticky substance like clay or lime, the result is slow quicksand. You can take a few steps in it, sometimes enough to back out if you're fast enough. But with each step you sink deeper, until finally you're trapped. There is quicksand of this variety in an ocean cove not far from Sag Harbor on New York's Long Island. The sand is mixed with a chalky white clay. Marsh grass grows on top of it, giving it a false firm appearance. Local residents stay away from it but vacationers and visitors often get caught in it.

There's one thing you should know right off. If you keep your head you'll float in quicksand as you do in water.

"Quicksand obeys the laws of liquids in this sense," says Riedel. "A body will sink in it until that body displaces its own weight of liquid. Then the body will float." Some men are heavier by volume than others, but most, if lightly clad, will float in water with upturned face just above the surface. Since quicksand is heavier than water, you'll float higher in quicksand than you do in water. Dr. Osterberg demonstrated this with his plastic assistant, Willie. Willie floated in water with the tips of his ears above the surface. In quicksand he sank only to his neck.

A man who keeps his head won't sink or be sucked under. The big problem is getting back to firm ground, and the West and South abound with tales of men who failed to solve this problem. Near Bearden, Arkansas, a hunting party rambling along the Ouachita River broke out of some dense brush and stopped cold. On a level stretch of sand ahead of them was a man's head, apparently lying disembodied on the ground, the eyes staring at the sky. Members of the party started forward and then halted again, suddenly realizing what the situation was. They were looking at a bed of quicksand. The man in it had evidently controlled his panic and kept his head above the surface. But he hadn't figured out how to reach firm ground. He had starved to death.

If you're lucky, the quicksand you fall into may be shallow. Your feet will reach firm ground before your body is encased and you'll be able to wade out. But don't count on it. Some quicksand pits are enormously deep. Just how deep they can get was illustrated on May 21, 1878, when a wooden railroad bridge was torn by a flash flood at Kiowa Creek, 30 miles east of Denver, Colorado. Most of a freight train fell into the creek. Later, after the water receded, the railroad company began salvaging its equipment from the normally dry creek bed. All the fallen cars and the locomotive tender were hauled up the creek bank. But the locomotive had disappeared. It had disappeared more completely than anything that big had ever disappeared before. All 200 tons of it had sunk in quicksand.

Railroad engineers probed the quicksand to a depth of 50 feet. They felt nothing solid. The loco had apparently sunk to the bowels of the earth.

—Max Gunther

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SNUFF: TOBACCO WITH A SOUL

[*Continued from page* 41]

cigarettes to send smoke signals for their artillery and mortars."

He didn't exactly recommend snuff as a solution to the problem, but I do remember that he ended the lecture by spitting a healthy stream of brown tobacco juice on the barn floor. And not much later I noticed that L company's packages from home contained cans of snuff as well as crumbled chocolate brownies and other goodies. L company had chosen between the sick and the dead.

But to the more than 6 million Americans who today regularly use snuff, the ability to hide and survive is the least important reason for its popularity. There is an ecstatic quality to their praise, and although sometimes their logic may be tortured, their loyalty is pure. Snuff is hardly a substitute for sex, but some male users, it seems, would have difficulty choosing between a supply of Copenhagen or Garrett and a date with Christine Keeler. After all, Keeler is only a woman, and snuff is a friend for life.

A Texas legislator, Rep. Jerry Sadler (who carried a two-year supply of snuff in his duffel bag while in the Middle East during World War II), once said, "Smoke is the ghost of tobacco; chewing tobacco is the body; and snuff is tobacco's soul." Few snuffers will disagree. Some even go so far as to assert—almost belligerently—that snuff is the thinking man's tobacco. Their argument goes: "A man who talks doesn't think; a snuff user doesn't talk because his mouth is full; therefore a snuff user is thinking."

British novelist Compton Mackenzie has another view: "Snuff tempted men to action, even precipitate action." Somewhat obliquely he gives snuff credit for the success of the American Revolution, for Napoleon's return from Elba and for Grant's masterful maneuvering in the Civil War. (His reasoning for the last runs this way: Grant was a chain cigar smoker, so he was calm and a better thinker. If he had used snuff, his decisions might have been half-cocked because of the temptation to "precipitate action." This approach clearly contradicts the picture of the snuffer as a close-mouthed, intellectual ponderer, but you can't have everything.

It must be admitted that Mackenzie was talking about sniffing snuff and the explosive sneeze it produces. Nevertheless, his observation about the action resulting is equally true of dipping snuff—the kind you put in your mouth instead of up your nose. The first time I used snuff I was 17. A small herd of giant Scandinavian fishermen in Alaska urged me to lip a nut-sized wad of snuff—they called it "snoose," as do many moist snuff lovers—to prove my manhood. I flunked my manhood test, but I got action. I got sick, which was action enough under the circumstances.

There's power in snuff. Look what it's done throughout history. Snuff has exiled men to Siberia, threatened them with excommunication, caused their noses to be slit; it has been used as a medical cure for illnesses ranging from influenza to sexual impotence; it has kept hard-rock gold miners from going on strike. It has also been used as toothpaste. Recently a Portland *Oregonian* editorial called snuff "The fuel that made it possible for men to push and pull on a crosscut saw for 10 to 12 hours a day." All of which, of course, is more than can be said for Christine Keeler.

However nutty the snuff lover may be, the manufacturer of his love is also slightly tainted with a delicious insanity. The snuff maker thinks someone is always trying to steal his recipe. At this point it must be made clear just what snuff consists of. It's no more than finely ground high-grade tobacco flavored with herbs and oils and spices. The flavoring is the stuff that counts—this is what makes the snuffer an addict for life.

It follows, therefore, that American snuff blenders guard their recipes with a zealousness that reminds one of the cloak-and-dagger set. Actually such secrecy is delightful nonsense, for any good cook knows that there's a lot more to a gourmet dish than a cup or so and a pinch or two, and that merely following a recipe is no guarantee of success. In fact, snuff-making, like love-making, is an art, not a scientific performance.

But calling it an art doesn't move the snuff makers. Only three men know the formula for Copenhagen snuff, a popular brand in the northern parts of the nation (and the brand on which I was blooded), and the United States Tobacco Co. prohibits these men from ever traveling together, whether in cab, train or plane.

And take, for example, the otherwise forthright executives of the George W. Helme Co., one of the nation's largest producers of dry—or Scotch—snuff. They become downright evasive when talk swings to their flavoring formulas. Take, more specifically, lean, tall, red-faced Alan Treddenick, Helme's vice-president. Treddenick is a forever-Princeton man who uses so much snuff you'd think he cut his teeth on it, yet he hardly ever spits.

Now Treddenick is a friendly, honest chap, but when I asked him about his snuff-flavoring formulas he went through a startling change of character. He attempted a diversionary sally by telling me that attar of roses—which is included in one or more of their formulas for one or more of their 30 brands—"costs $1,100 a pound." Then he revealed the vital information that "it takes 10,000 roses to make just one ounce of attar." Seeing that I still looked persistent, he swiftly blocked off further questioning with the sad story of an employee the company had fired a few years ago for trying to sell several of the formulas to competitors.

When I asked him who knew the formulas and where they were kept, he became about as talkative as Calvin Coolidge. I got the impression, however, that the company president, a vice-president and a superintendent are the only living souls who know where the Helme recipes are hidden in a hidey-hole.

But I did discover that licorice is a common snuff flavoring, and that Helme's secret code word for licorice is "cotula." The edge was taken off my delight at cracking the snuffmen's cryptography when I also discovered that just about every other snuff maker uses "cotula" as a synonym for licorice. The dictionary says it's a synonym for mayweed.

TRUE

"Never mind what Daddy called it in the Army . . . eat!"

It is only fair that the snuffmen suffer from secrecy themselves. For years they have been dying to know which of them makes the moist snuff that fills the two papier-mâché snuff boxes near the Vice-President's rostrum in the U.S. Senate. Only the Senate's sergeant-at-arms knows, and he won't tell. The closest the manufacturers have come to the answer is that it is supplied by a Philadelphia tobacconist, but they don't know which one. They don't even know how much the nation's senators pinch up in a year. Such are the security problems even of nations.

Basically, there are two kinds of snuff: moist and dry. Of the 33 million pounds consumed each year in the nation, about 30 percent of it is moist, tucked into the mouth with forefinger and thumb. The remainder is dry snuff, so finely powdered that it must be dipped into the mouth with a tiny spoon, or sucked from the end of a chewed stick or twig. Less than one percent is sniffed up the nose. Southerners prefer dry snuff; Northerners like it moist. About one third of the users are women, mostly dry snuff dippers.

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The nation's six snuff manufacturers—happily partaking of a $50 million-a-year business—produce more than 60 brands, some of them almost 200 years old, with wonderfully secret flavorings ranging from sweet to tart. The snuffmen will admit that, in addition to cotula and attar of roses, they also use sugar, cloves, wintergreen, nutmeg and oils of lemon and lavender. Sometimes dry snuff contains table salt to give it a biting effect; some dry snuffs are simply finely ground pure tobacco with no flavoring.

The secret of snuff making was not always held by manufacturers. In the earlier days of the nation, many do-it-yourself men compounded their own. At the turn of the century Wisconsin Danes ran a pound of fine dry-leaf tobacco repeatedly through a coffee grinder until it was a powder, then saturated it with strong coffee and baking soda. This was truly snoose. A pre-Civil War recipe from the South calls for one pound of finely ground tobacco mixed with a small glass of port wine, a small glass of sherry, a half glass of cognac and a little olive oil.

Although accurate statistics about snuff users are as elusive as modern snuff formulas, there is a strong indication that Bemidji, Minnesota, (pop. 10,000) is the snoose-dipping capital of the world. This little town 200 miles north of Minneapolis consumes about 3½ tons of moist snuff each year—more than two thirds of a pound for every man, woman and child in the community. Bemidjians use about four times the national average. The dry snuff champions are in Dallas, Texas, Charlotte, North Carolina, and Birmingham, Alabama.

Certainly some of the greatest snuffers of all time are Max Long, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and Bill McIntosh, of Anacortes, Washington. By his own reckoning, Long has consumed 1,300 pounds of snuff during his 44 years of dipping, using a can a day. He says he's "never been to a dentist, thanks to snuff." McIntosh—another can-a-day user—has used snoose for more than half a century "through Arctic blizzards and tropical jungles," and claims to have "found a closer bond of fellowship between snoose eaters than any other group." However, his wife seems to have been persistent, although unsuccessful, in attempting to sever that bond. During 35 years of marriage, McIntosh says, "never a day went by but what I've been chewed out by the Mrs. for my 'dirty habit.' Of course, as I tell her, I've never set fire to any mattresses, or scarred any furniture, or filled any stinking ash trays for someone else to clean up."

Like Max Long, many snuff lovers are convinced that snuff prevents tooth decay. This may be so, although there are no medical statistics to prove it. (But I must admit that a chew of snuff does wonders in swiftly healing irritating gum cankers in my mouth.) Probably this bit of snuff lore began in 1880 with the introduction of Dental Scotch by Ivey-Owen & Co., a predecessor of the American Snuff Co. For years the label on a Helme brand called Society said, "Beautifies the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath," although that claim is now being dropped.

Bill McIntosh's dipping "through Arctic blizzard and tropical jungles" is hardly news to snoose eaters. For snuff is as peripatetic as Americans. One manufacturer regularly ships more than 10,000 cans to American soldiers in Germany, and about half that number to the U.S. Army in Japan. Last June 2,200 cans were sent to U.S. Navy units at stations ranging from Iceland through Bermuda to Guam. Hardly a ship has ever sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard without its supply of snuff, and the Arabian American Oil company buys about 2,000 cans a month for its overseas oil workers. More than a thousand paraffin-sealed bottles of moist snuff went to Little America with Adm. Richard E. Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition, and some snuff aficionados are convinced that snuff has gone beneath the North Pole by atomic submarine. "Hell, they couldn't make the trip on tobacco smoke alone," one said loyally.

Primarily, snuff is used by the rugged American male who wants to keep his hands free for work or sport. A snuff-dipping Maine guide I know says, "Sure the pipe-smoking fly fisherman makes a corking magazine color picture out there in the stream. But by gory, I stuff my jaw with Red Top and never worry about biting through pipe stems, dropping my pipe, fumbling for matches, or tangling a pipe up in the line when I'm netting a

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trout." And the outdoorsman never worries about setting the woods on fire when he uses snuff.

Cigarette-smoking duck hunters often take snuff into the blinds with them for exactly the same reason my battalion commander gave us hell that night in Normandy. A snuff user doesn't have to hide smoke or flame from game. I've known goose hunters in lower Hudson Bay to give up smoking for days while they knocked down their limits of Canadian honkers. Hunters, golfers, baseball players often are snuffers.

And men in dangerous occupations where a lighted match or cigarette might result in disaster from fire or explosion —loggers, miners, oil-field workers—are heavy snuff users. It has been estimated that 90 percent of the field workers at Union Carbide's Texas City plant use snuff. Many of them snuff on the job and smoke at home.

But snuff is not limited to the leather-necked and the horny-handed. Doctors, lawyers and executives are often snuff addicts, although some are downright sneaky about it. There is an old saying among attorneys that the "best qualification for a judge is a large bladder," and perhaps an additional qualification is to be a non-smoker. Indiana attorneys still talk about the cigar-smoking judge who needed his stogies so badly that his trials were more judicial recesses than judicial processes. Then one day he called only one mid-morning recess, and the pattern continued for weeks and months, with trial time cut by days. The old judge had started using snuff, swiveling his back to the courtroom to do his dipping.

While to smokers the nagging need for tobacco is certainly common enough, to miners and backwoods loggers a snuff drought can be as dangerous and morale-breaking as a bad cook. I remember a time in 1940 when gold miners at the Polaris-Taku mine, high in the mountains of British Columbia, threatened to strike because the company store had run out of Copenhagen snoose.

I was at the dock in Juneau when an emergency radio message arrived for bush pilot Shell Simmons. He read it, trotted uptown for three cases of snoose, loaded it on his plane and roared off on a special charter flight from Alaska to the mine. After crossing a glacial ice cap he landed on the Taku river where eager—and empty-lipped—miners waded out to his pontoons in frigid water to get their precious snuff.

Throughout tobacco history, snuff users have risked dreadful punishments to obtain what one New Jersey executive calls the "best damned tranquilizer in the world." In 1617 the Mogul emperor of Hindustan ordered that all tobacco users have their lips slit. In 1634 Russian Czar Mikhail Feodorovich decreed death for habitual snuffers, and merely slit the noses of first offenders. His successor, Czar Alexis, banished tobacco users to Siberia, and later added the punishments of torture and death to enforce his anti-tobacco laws. Two Popes, Urban VIII in 1624, and Innocent X in 1650, threatened excommunication to snuff users in or near the churches in Seville, Spain, and at St. Peter's in Rome. It was not until 1725 that Pope Benedict XIII, a heavy snuffer himself, abolished the prohibitions. King James I of England was a bitter critic of tobacco in any form, calling it "sot-weed" and forbidding its use throughout his realm—with little success.

Since the late 15th century, when Spanish explorers observed American Indians chewing tobacco and taking snuff, the snoose-eaters of this continent have been convinced of its remarkable versatility. Besides dipping and sniffing it, many of them ascribe to snuff almost miraculous medical powers, and have used it for treating toothache, croup, bee stings, hiccups, for accelerating childbirth, and as a sex stimulant.

Those who disregard snuff's medical folklore know blamed well just what they do want, and often go to great lengths to get it. Not long ago a traveling sales executive spent more money on a transcontinental telephone call to insure that his favorite snuff would be waiting him at his next stop than he did for the snuff. Recently a Talladega, Alabama, lumber dealer sent the United States Tobacco Co. a bill for $225 because of a "nightmare" 2,000-mile vacation trip to Mexico, during which he could find no Bruton Scotch snuff. His hardships, he said, were caused by the company's failure to market Bruton Scotch throughout the continent. Other snuffs he could get, but he didn't want others; he wanted Bruton Scotch.

Catering to user loyalty—and to user demand for fresh moist snuff (some brands are dated like coffee)—takes some doing. U.S. Tobacco ships its moist brands to Alaska by air, and in many Minnesota cities Copenhagen snuff is as fresh as the bread and fresher than the eggs, for it arrives three times a week. The Helme company keeps its Midwest supplies of moist snuff in refrigerated warehouses to preserve taste and freshness.

Despite modern machinery (the Helme snuff factory in Helmetta, New Jersey, has recently been automated at a cost of $1,750,000), and despite modern preservation and jet-age shipment, there is one modernizing step the snuff maker dares not take. This is to change his label. In a day of skillful packaging and attractive color design, the snuff label is just about what great-granddaddy saw in Civil War times. Eagles and Indians and stiff thistle burrs still adorn snuff packages, and the typography of Pearson's Red Top is a collector's item. Probably snuff labeling will remain old style because the producers know that real snoose eaters might suspect a change in flavor with any change in label.

Still, the American Snuff Co. is now experimenting with dry snuff in pellet form, test-marketing these "Snuffettes" in four southern states. The label is modern. It is too early to forecast Southerners' acceptance either of the pellet or of the label, but it can be said that Snuffettes have converted American Snuff's president and vice-president from cigarettes to snuff.

One more note about snuff: it has a social advantage few people know about. An Oxford University pharmacologist, Dr. Harold Burn, points out that the nicotine in snuff is absorbed into the blood stream and slows down the excretion of water. Thus, he says, those who use nicotine "may in consequence sit at the dinner table longer after drinking large volumes of beer." It follows that even a large-bladdered judge should be better off when he uses snuff.

What more can you ask of tobacco?

—Evan Hill

TRUE

"Why shouldn't we get married? We have more in common than most couples."

[*Continued from page 29*]

just to be safe, we also tapped the public address system in the committee room. The next day, as the proceedings were underway, I listened through my headset and relayed the information to a fascinated public whose verdict soon was heard. The most satisfying part of that operation was watching the opposition network's man listening to me. He just couldn't imagine where my inside dope was coming from.

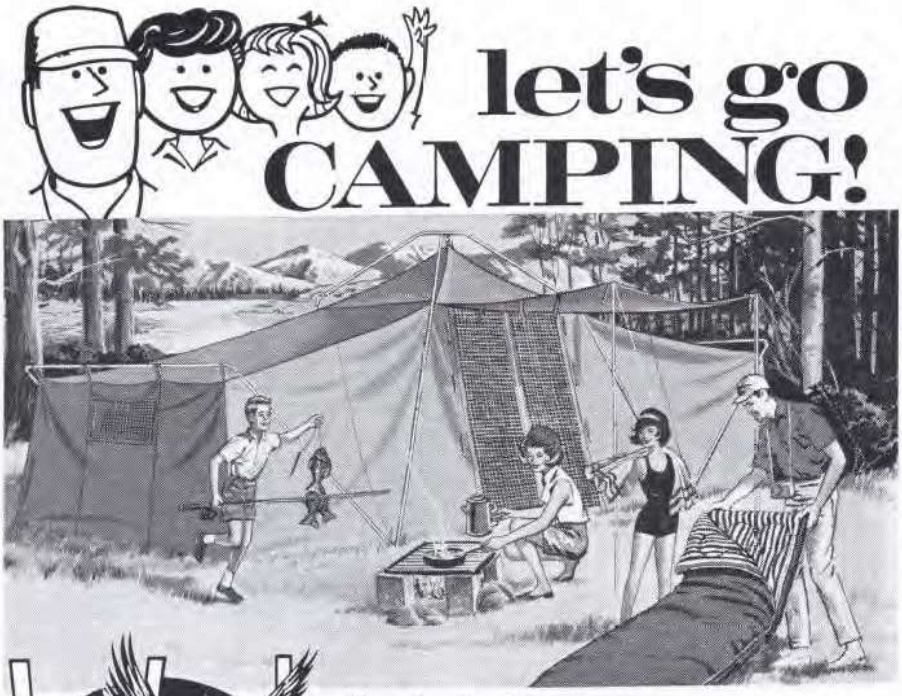
There is, of course, a constant battle to find out what's going on behind closed doors, but TV does observe ground rules. We have fancy electronic equipment—a "machine-gun" mike, for example, that can pick up a conversation from 40 feet away—but there is no eavesdropping unless the delegates know we are listening. (The machine-gun mike looks so much like the real thing that once, when we pointed the gadget at President Eisenhower, we told the Secret Service about it first. Another time, when Senator Goldwater saw one aimed at him, he asked sharply and a bit fearfully: "What the hell is that?") But I don't feel the same way about respecting the privacy of regularly constituted meetings at conventions. Secrecy when so imposed is usually adopted in the interests of one side or another. We're impartial. Our job is to get the news.

In one solemn respect, the conventions this summer will differ from others held during the television era. The shadow of John F. Kennedy will hang over both gatherings. The Democratic convention, especially, will be super-charged with emotion and we can expect a session of tribute to the fallen leader. And along with the sorrow, there will be vivid memories of Jack Kennedy, the master politician who just four years ago put together one of the smoothest convention machines in history to win his party's nomination.

Robert Kennedy had a staff of 35, each in charge of a doubtful state delegation. They had all the pertinent information not only on the public record of these delegates but private information, too, on their political ambitions, political background, even their likes and dislikes.

Every morning the team had a staff meeting for progress reports and discussions of how to get doubtful delegates in line. Communications were important to the strategy. There were six telephones scattered around friendly delegations on the floor of the Los Angeles Sports Arena with direct wires to Senator Kennedy's personal headquarters; and there were eight people with walkie-talkies on the floor, though most of the delegates didn't seem to know what well-oiled machinery was purring before their noses. Robert Kennedy predicted on Wednesday morning that his brother would get 840 votes on the first ballot. He was almost exactly right.

It was an amazing performance considering the complexities of our national conventions—the multitude of delegates swarming everywhere, the countless regional, emotional and other pressures at



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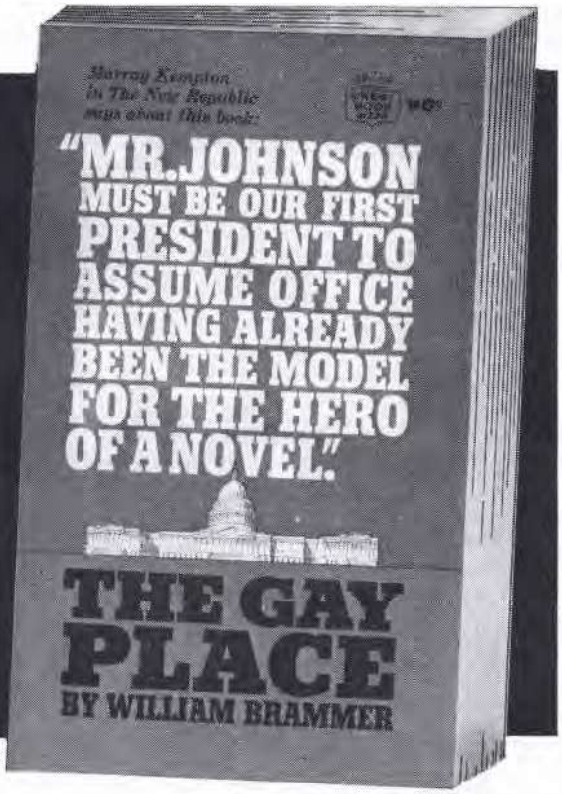
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work and, not to be forgotten, the knowledge that a huge audience is looking on.

When the Republicans convene in San Francisco on July 13, a half-dozen possible presidential candidates will be competing for the votes of 1,308 delegates and as many alternates. When the Democratic chairman gavels 2,994 delegates (with a total of 2,316 votes) and their alternates to order on August 24 in Atlantic City it will be, as Bob Considine said about the Republican convention of 1956, more like a coronation than a convention. But for the Democratic vice-presidential choice, it may be a real wide-open convention. Watching the proceedings will be 100 million Americans, and competing for *their* votes will be three very eager networks.

We literally blanket the conventions with cameras, and so do NBC and ABC. We ourselves will have 57 cameras at the convention halls, with 20 more spread around town. As many as 15 cameras will be "hot"—shooting scenes that can go on the air at a signal from the director. We'll have cameras with Big Bertha lenses so heavy they require extra mountings, and little walky-peepies, too. But we won't attempt the kind of coverage that may have sent one Republican to a rest home during one convention.

He was head of a long line at the sadly inadequate men's room when our late reporter Don Hollenbeck, pushed himself, with apologies, toward Mecca. Hollenbeck was strapped with the Martian gear we were using for communications with the floor. The fellow at the head of the line turned just as Don approached. "My God," he screamed, "not television *here!*" And he fled.

Television's omnipresent eye is often on me, and one of my jobs is to appear objective. I've been called a cautious man and when it comes to reporting the news I am. I'm not so cautious about taking assignments—I'll try anything once—or in my private life. In line of duty, I dropped into Holland with the 101st Airborne during the war to cover a story; in following a favorite hobby, I tumbled in my sports car down an embankment into a lake 100 feet below during a race. I don't know how I came out of that one.

At the conventions, though, I've got to resist emotion. When John Glenn was rising into space at Cape Canaveral I found myself crying, "Go, baby, go!" but I can't say "Go!" to the candidates. It's hard to work as intimately as I do with politicians without feeling sympathetic to some of them and unsympathetic to others. I find myself rooting secretly. It's important not to let such feelings show.

I've interviewed and consequently know almost all the politicians mentioned for major office in both parties. I did, for instance, the first TV interview in depth with then Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson. He told me, "My philosophy is I am a free man first, an American second, United States senator third, and a Democrat fourth, in that order." I've watched Johnson carefully ever since. He is a powerful man and a master of politics. He is also a master of positive evasion. Every politician must evade, it's the nature of the art, but Johnson does it with the maximum sincerity.

There may be a fight for the Democratic vice-presidential spot, especially if Johnson throws the choice to the convention. It will be interesting to see what Robert F. Kennedy will do. Kennedy is sincerely ambitious and intends to pursue his political career, but his problem is not just whether President Johnson wants him, but his own future, too. He must decide whether to step out on his own or become tied to somebody else's policies, as he would be as Johnson's vice-president. By convention time Bobby Kennedy will have made up his mind about that. Another Democratic vice-presidential possibility, Hubert Humphrey, would probably like the nomination. Under both Eisenhower and Kennedy the job of vice-president was upgraded, and Humphrey might expand it even more. He wants to make his contribution to history.

There could be a Democratic dark-horse candidate, too, especially if the party is worried about carrying the South, if the farmers are restless, and if there seems a chance of losing the northeast to a candidate like Henry Cabot Lodge. In such circumstances I would look for a nominee for vice-president from the state of California which the Democrats might have to win, perhaps Gov. Pat Brown.

The same uncertainties rule guessing about the Republicans—only here the nomination for the presidency is at stake. I believed William Scranton when he said that the only reason he ran for governor of Pennsylvania was to help his native state. Scranton's lack of presidential ambition may rule him out. I believed Senator Goldwater when he said that he was content to be U.S. senator and he is running partly because there is no other popular champion of the conservative cause. His real aim may be to get a conservative platform.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge is popular but he has a drawback in the image some people have of him as a Boston Brahmin. I remember an interview I had in 1960. Before the show, he wanted to know what I was going to ask. It was my policy not to reveal my questions in advance, so Lodge went on, "I hope you're not going to mention that Boston Brahmin thing." It happened to be my first question. Lodge said, on the air, that the whole business was silly. He didn't even know what a Boston Brahmin was. "Why," he said, "we've even intermarried."

A man we will be observing closely at San Francisco is Dwight Eisenhower. Ike will be commenting on the convention for another network, but he also will wear the separate hat of a key Republican leader who was his party's last President. Much of his time in the GOP convention will be taken up in conferences with the various delegates. I will be watching closely to see which delegates Ike receives. It will be a clue as to whom he intends to support.

My own convention work starts a good six months before they convene. I begin compiling facts and figures in a shelf of loose-leaf notebooks which, by convention time, have been thoroughly boiled down and digested. Complete with sniffles, I arrive at the conventions the week before they officially open. One effect TV has had is to streamline the conventions. Years ago, a lot of dull, time-consuming committee meetings were held on convention days. Now, more and more of the routine work has been pushed back to the week before. I go early to report on the platform and credentials committees. I also want to familiarize myself with the convention hall. One of the first things I do is to make a dry run to the men's room with a stopwatch. I want

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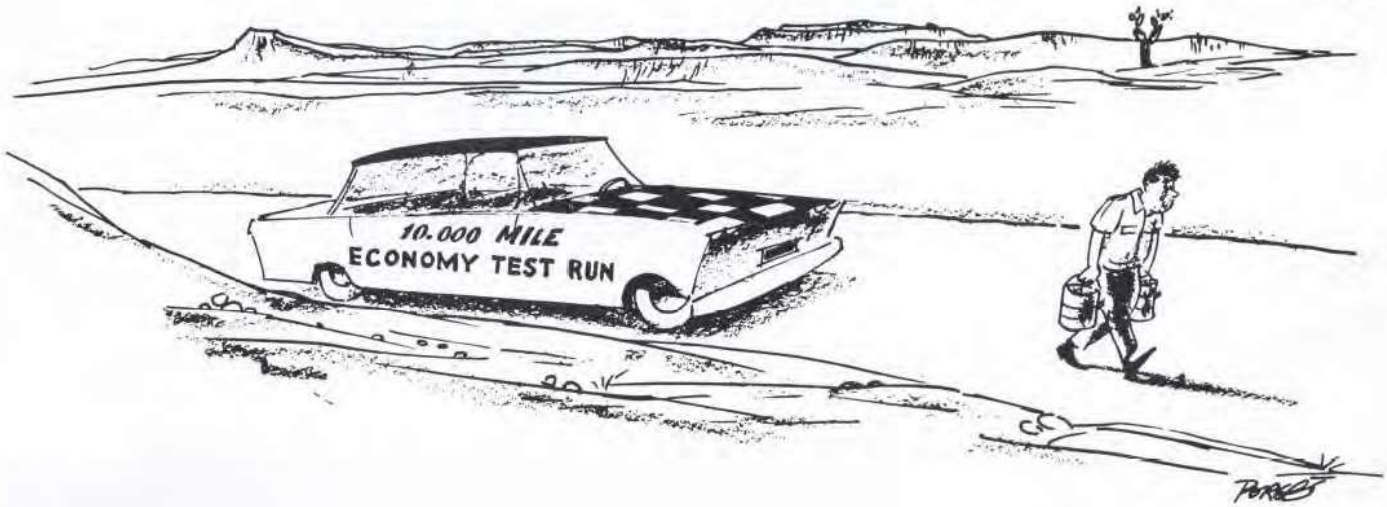

to be sure I can make it during the commercial time.

From the moment the convention officially opens each day, I'm on camera and I stay there, with a make-up girl patting away the sweat, until the gavel sounds the close. I may be on the air as much as 18 hours a day. I average maybe five hours sleep a night and I subsist on sandwiches eaten in tiny bites. I try to avoid being caught on camera with more than I can hide in my mighty jowls, and I come home pounds lighter than when I left. I've always said that my salary is ridiculously high for a newsman, but, on the other hand, it's low compared to singers and comics and I'm proud of our contribution to the networks. When I get back from a convention, I think for a while that I'm worth it.

It may surprise people to know that I am fairly isolated in my specially built booth. I've seen only what the viewer sees, because I've watched the proceedings on an "electronic window," a monitor screen not much larger than an ordinary television set. The theory was that I shouldn't be distracted by things the public couldn't see. This year, for the first time, I will watch the conventions directly, through a real window over the halls. I can't divulge the reason until convention time. It has to do with an idea which, we hope, will both delight the audience and confound the opposition.

And competition among the thousands of newsmen at the conventions is intense. The television rating services take polls hourly across the nation. I get the results every morning before the convention opens. I tend to be philosophical about ratings—if they go down one day they bounce back the next. Naturally we try to stay in front.

It won't hurt to reveal some of the techniques we've used in the past. For instance, reporters are constantly fighting for interviews and they crowd round the potential nominees. Shortly before his nomination in 1960, Dick Nixon was coming down from the podium and the reporters jammed up. We had our man step boldly up to Nixon and plop a headset on him. Before anybody quite knew what happened, including Nixon, there he was listening to my questions over the headset and saying, "Well, Walter . . ." The stunt has worked a few times since but I'm afraid people are on to it. Once, with permission, we bugged with a mike the official designated to greet President Eisenhower at the Chicago airport, and the nation listened as Ike met the welcoming committee. Our competitors howled.

We also confused the competition for a time when they saw me, on the screen, enter an elevator with a mike at the end of a cord and step out of the elevator, a few floors below, "miraculously" still carrying the mike and dragging the cord. We had cameras on both floors and just as the elevator doors were closing I'd pass out the mike, at waist level, off camera. When the doors opened again on another floor where the camera was waiting, the mike would be slipped to me in the same fashion. It sounds obvious but it took people a while to catch on. Now, of course, we have wireless mikes.

My job's been called the anchor man which has been described as "a nice round broadcasting phrase signifying the guy who does all the talking when there is nothing to talk about, and makes sense, nonetheless." I hope they're right about the sense, but actually there are few times when there is nothing to talk about.

We have some 15 correspondents calling in, and what may be going on simultaneously at a convention is something like this: four correspondents crying they have interviews that can't wait; a major speech on the floor; an important committee meeting; a key convention figure arriving at the airport, and so on. I try to bring order to all this. I used to give my news broadcasts ad-lib, and I don't have trouble ad-libbing at conventions. If there's ever a dull spot I flip through the loose-leaf pages of my convention book of facts and figures, and it invariably reminds me of something to say.

But all problems of dull spots end and the tension builds when the balloting begins. The critical ballot is likely to be the third one, for it's then that favorite sons drop out and the strong candidates go for broke. By this time, the uncommitted delegates—those who have gone to the convention without prior pledges—are beginning to fall in line; the real fight has been over them. If a candidate, by the third and fourth ballots, is not gaining strength, even though he's ahead, it's likely to mean the end.

It's hard to predict the outcome of a convention because you can't anticipate the uncertainties. I have no doubt, for instance, that the fact it was 4 a.m. before the demonstration for Gen. Douglas MacArthur could get rolling in 1952 contributed to the breakdown of his bandwagon. By this time the demonstrators were subdued and dead on their feet as they snaked down the aisles. Or who could have expected Sen. Estes Kefauver to break all tradition for a candidate by appearing on the floor in an attempt to stampede the 1952 Democratic convention his way? As it happened, the move failed, but it was startling enough to have succeeded. Or the huge spontaneous crowd that roared in "We Want Willkie" fashion for Adlai Stevenson outside Convention Hall at Los Angeles in 1960 and almost brought the Kennedy machine to a halt?

One thing my book doesn't tell me is the effect television itself has had upon the conventions. These days, the average delegate, according to the Brookings Institute, is "a responsible citizen in his 50's with a college education and an income of $10,000." He's surely not the same delegate I met when I started covering conventions in 1952.

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"I think if I describe you in detail I can get my father to attend P.T.A. meetings. . . ."

TV and air-conditioning combined have had a tremendous effect. TV has forced the delegates to keep their shirts on, while air-conditioning has made it possible. The delegates used to come to these midsummer clambakes prepared to drink, smoke cigars and sweat. During the conventions we saw the ladies with their shoes off and the men without their coats and ties, some of them sleeping in their seats while the *Star Spangled Banner* was played, or reading the racing form while party leaders spoke. All that changed when delegates found pamphlets in their seats telling them to look alive because the national eye was on them. And maybe they didn't like catching hell when they got home.

Television has made speeches shorter and conventions more exciting and it has heightened interests in the elections that follow. I think it's had an effect on the candidates because no man who can't make a good impression on TV can run for national office and be elected. Moreover, a man who can't make his points on TV couldn't master the elaborate news media in Washington.

But the real story at conventions hasn't changed at all. It is conflict—rough, searing conflict between ambitious men for the highest stakes in the world. Conflict is what we look for with the cameras, and, finding it, I think we've brought some flair back into the news business. It was that pitch that started me in the business.

I was back in the United States on a lecture tour after serving as a news service correspondent in Moscow. The year was 1948. Home in Kansas City, where I grew up, I told a radio executive friend, over a Martini-floated lunch that some of the life had been drained out of places like Kansas City because competing newspapers were gone and monopoly journalism had come in their place. Radio, I said, had driven out the papers and radio was not primarily interested in news.

That lunch led to a position as a Washington correspondent for a group of Midwestern radio stations, and radio led me to TV. I got there partly because other correspondents weren't interested—they just couldn't see any future in TV news.

My debut was anything but auspicious. I wasn't used to having a director and before the show he asked me if I "wanted a watch." I thought he meant a ceremonial watch of some kind, to celebrate my presence, and I laughed and said no. Well, it turned out that "watch" meant a stop watch which directors hand to newscasters when they have one minute to go. Naturally, I ran way overtime.

When I get back from a convention I go for a weekend sail and think over what's happened. Every convention has its highs. A scene I won't easily forget occurred at the longest day of my convention experience, during the 1952 Democratic fight over the civil rights platform when I stayed on the air for a solid 18 hours.

Because the session had been so long, paper was piled deep on the convention floor. Then somebody dropped a lighted cigarette. The place was full of wooden seats and probably most of the delegates who were there don't know to this day that many of the exit doors were chained. Suddenly, someone shouted "Fire!" A fellow grabbed the mike from Gov. Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina and told the crowd not to panic. Fortunately, they didn't. The fire was beaten out with coats but I kept thinking of my position, trapped at the back of the hall amid jerry-built plywood partitions.

Fire is a recurrent convention nightmare of mine and I still think it is a convention hazard, especially when the conventions forget the '52 lesson of the Democrats and don't break to have the floor swept. This year, the Republicans are likely to be the ones with the long, drawn-out sessions.

But fear is only one of the emotions that can pop up at conventions. There have been laughs, as when Joe Martin of Massachusetts slipped and said "Hellstone" Hotel instead of the Blackstone, in Chicago. Or the lady delegate who let loose 100 pigeons and kept Sam Rayburn busily shooing off the birds when he should have been introducing Harry Truman, President of the United States. Or in 1956, when a maverick Republican delegate nominated the mythical Joe Smith for the vice-presidency and got unceremoniously bounced from the hall.

There can also be anger, as when Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois shouted his accusing statement at Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, "He led us down the road to defeat." There has been sadness. I remember the tears, real tears, in the eyes of Democratic delegates in 1952 who wanted to join in the demonstrations for Alben Barkley, the Veep, for President, but whose commitments prevented them from doing so. This year, also, there will be sadness—the memory of the national tragedy that changed the whole course of the coming campaign.

For President Johnson, a hardheaded politician, the job will be to bury the past, to face the political facts as they are, and to fashion the Democratic convention in his own image.

I like politicians. I'm slightly cynical about them but I don't see it as my job to pass judgment. I don't think any man can be elected to a high office if he's really a phony. I like conventions, too—the shouting, the songs, the sometimes drunken delegates, the "unfair" chairman, the whole boisterous atmosphere of the stockyards.

I think I must be catching a cold.

—Walter Cronkite

MATA HARI

[*Continued from page 27*]

high-ranking officers to her boudoir and wrung vital national secrets from them; a latter-day Circe turning men into swine and rendering them slaves who would readily forsake country and honor for a single brief moment in her arms. So exists Mata Hari in the public mind; and so, like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, will she continue to exist as far into the future as feminine ego needs salving.

On the record, however, although the lady in question did indeed have a profession other than exotic dancing, that profession was far older than espionage. And in addition to a Neanderthal jaw, her fabled beauty consisted of a figure as flat-chested as any 10-year-old's. Moreover, she came not from the mystic East, but from a little Dutch town named Leeuwarden; her own name was not Mata but Gertrude; and far from making men her slaves, she was herself bought and shared and discarded by a long succession of them, and betrayed by them in the end as well—although, even then, she might have saved herself if she hadn't insisted upon lying about her price.

An insatiable nymphomaniac with a strange blending of passion and hatred for all men, Gertrude Margaret Zelle was just 18—fresh out of a girls' school after a scandalous affair with its elderly principal—when she met Capt. Rudolph MacLeod, who made the mistake of marrying her in 1894. For six long years, at military posts in Java and Sumatra where she systematically seduced officers, enlisted men and even native boys, MacLeod paid for that mistake.

"I'll let you get the divorce," he offered constantly. "I'll even try to provide grounds of some sort for you."

Gertrude, who was secretly amusing herself by writing her father that the captain was a drunken brute who beat her regularly, wouldn't hear of it. She'd already gone through MacLeod's money, but she knew he'd inherit a lot more some day. Even so, when one of her two totally neglected children died and her husband broke down completely, she finally agreed to a separation, asking only that he take her surviving daughter off her hands. Returning to Europe, she headed straight for Paris, where she answered an ad for nude models.

"I'm Lady Gresha MacLeod," she introduced herself. "You're no doubt interested in hearing why a person of noble birth would accept such employment? It so happens that my family fortune was completely squandered by the late Lord MacLeod, and. . . ."

The artist who'd advertised wasn't interested in the slightest. "Your breasts," he told her bluntly, "are hopelessly underdeveloped."

The angry, sputtering Gertrude stalked out and promptly enrolled in one of the more reputable houses of ill repute. Eventually she graduated as a private call girl who specialized in disrobing on banquet tables for stag clubs and conventions. She never undressed completely, though, because she never forgot her humiliation at the hands of that artist. Even when accommodating all comers for a few extra francs apiece afterward, she kept her upper anatomy both covered and padded. She also tried stripping in European vaudeville, but she was a complete flop until 1905, when a theatrical agent of some imagination dubbed her Mata Hari.

"My name means Eye of the Dawn," she learned to intone in a fake accent after long, patient coaching. "I was born on the Malabar coast, the daughter of a Javanese *bajadere* temple dancer who died in giving me birth. All through my girlhood, in the great pagoda of Siva, I was instructed by the Brahmin high priests in the rituals of my mother's art. When I was 13, on the night of the coming of spring, I danced for the first time on the altars of Kanda Swany."

It didn't matter that she had India confused with the East Indies, while the temple of Kanda Swany was actually in Ceylon. Nor did it matter that her alleged religious rituals consisted of doing the same old bumps and grinds while shedding everything but the breastplates that hid what she wouldn't have allowed even Brahmin priests to witness.

As incredible as it seems, Gertrude "Mata Hari" MacLeod actually became the rage of Paris. After her opening at the Musée Guimet, one reviewer felt he'd "been present at the metamorphosis of a serpent taking woman's form." Another insisted that, while most nude dancers merely aroused passion, Mata "made you think you were actually satisfying your desire with her." This may have been true in the critic's case, but there were plenty of unsatisfied men seeking private encores. The price of the lady's favors skyrocketed until only a wealthy few could afford a night with the one-time tramp of the Dutch Colonial Army.

"I must hide the scar of a knife wound," Gertrude explained to her clients when they questioned the padded brassiere she refused to remove. "A handsome young British officer once risked death to kidnap me from the temple; then, insane with love for me, he tried to kill me rather than lose me."

For months, the former cut-rate call girl lived in luxury, acquiring expensive jewelry and fine furnishings for a leased villa at Nueilly. But then demand for her performances, both onstage and off, began dwindling. By early 1907, plagued by a sudden rash of pseudo-Oriental strippers who could shed breastplates to their credit, Gertrude could no longer find either bookings or rich customers.

"I will not profane my art in a place where nude dancing of such a crude and vulgar variety is permitted!" She roared at her imitators, and angrily packed herself off to Berlin. There she was once again a sensation for a short time. Crown Prince Wilhelm took her along when he reviewed military maneuvers, letting her cavort on the tables of his officers' mess. When he tired of her, he turned her over to his future brother-in-law, the Duke of Brunswick. But the duke was soon done with her, too. Before long, Police Chief von Jagow was as lofty a lover as she could reasonably hope to attract.

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this fleshy German was every bit as imaginative as the Frenchman who'd dreamed up the Mata Hari name. He put Gertrude on his government payrolls as counter-espionage agent H-21. And one of history's strangest farces had begun.

Once the aura of eroticism induced by the 31-year-old stripper's act had worn off, Von Jagow began wondering if he was getting the taxpayers' money's worth. Actually, the woman wasn't much better a mistress than she'd been a wife. Her temper and vanity were incessant irritations, and she was an incurable, self-deluded liar.

"I'm really only half-Javanese," she was confiding these years. "I'm actually the natural daughter of the Prince of Wales."

Worse yet, she was forever publicly boasting about fantastic prices received for her favors, prices far larger than she'd been able to command even in the days when she'd been the rage of Paris. All of which made her current keeper seem a bit of a fool, since he could hardly boast in turn that he wasn't spending a mark of his own. So when Berlin also had no more bookings to offer, and Gertrude suddenly decided she was willing to sacrifice her career and devote her all to Von Jagow, he shook his head firmly.

"You owe it to humanity to continue your dance recitals, my dear," he assured her suavely. "You'd be a tremendous success in Brussels. And by the way, you might very well pay my respects to an old friend of mine there—General von Bissing." Writing to the general, the chief offered him not only the lady but also, whether in the spirit of Prussian comradeship or merely proud display of his own ingenuity, his unique scheme for financing her: He suggested that Agent H-21 be transferred to Army Intelligence.

For the next half-dozen years, Gertrude "Mata Hari" MacLeod was circulated among the straight-faced brotherhood in exactly this manner. Traveling all over Europe, she found fewer and fewer theatrical openings, but no lack of German gentlemen willing to subsidize her at government expense. When time had softened their harsher memories of her, such early patrons as Von Jagow and Von Bissing accepted her back for a brief reunion and then passed her on again, often to be kept by two or more of their colleagues at the same time. Any over-all audit would have revealed that Agent H-21 obviously had some highly-specialized talents, the way this particular operative was so constantly being loaned by Abteilung IA to its military counterparts and to the Imperial German Secret Service as well. But intelligence funds were no more closely checked in those days than they are today, when any number of Gertrudes could easily exist in, for example, the CIA.

The lady probably had some vague glimpse of what was going on. She may even have begun to think of herself as a real agent and attempted to pass on whatever gossip of military matters her limited and twisted mentality could grasp. But in the half-century that has since gone by, not the slightest evidence of any act of espionage on her part has come to light, and the Germans have always categorically denied that she was a spy. The inescapable conclusion is that the only undercover work the famed Mata Hari ever did was done beneath blankets and bedspreads. The most convincing proof of this lies in the simple fact that, once World War I was about to begin, the Prussian high command had no further use for her. Herr von Jagow had the task, in mid-1914, of ending what he'd started. For old times' sake, he put her up for a pleasant weekend at the Adlon Hotel in Unter den Linden before breaking the news to her.

"It's been delightful, my dear," he told her, "and we'll all remember you fondly. But we've serious business at hand now."

Gertrude threw a tantrum that lasted several days, but finally gave up and solicited a sleeper-berth back to neutral Holland from a Dutch businessman. For the rest of the year she hunted through her homeland for chances to perform, but the only spot she could find was during the intermission of *Les Folies Français* at The Hague, and even this was canceled after one performance. By mid-1915, forced to sell most of the furnishings from the Neuilly villa she'd once leased, the 39-year-old stripper was so furious with the men who'd abandoned her that she went to Paris and offered her services to French intelligence at the Second Bureau.

"I could be of great value," she asserted. "Many of the highest-ranking German officers are madly in love with me!"

The Second Bureau had a dossier on her, since any woman who'd traveled so much and been seen so often in the company of enemy officers bore watching. French agents suspecting some sort of secret code, had even opened her mail and had their "Black Room" cipher experts study the incredibly profane love letters she wrote. But after years of surveillance, she was still a puzzle to them, for they'd found nothing that even hinted at espionage.

"Why do you come to us?" they asked.

"Because I love France," Gertrude insisted dramatically.

The Frenchmen regarded her with stony, skeptical silence.

"And need the money," she finally added.

Prompted into half-trusting her by this rare bit of honesty, the Second Bureau sent her to German-occupied Belgium to try sleeping again with her old friend General von Bissing. When she failed to report back, the suspicion that she was an enemy agent attempting to penerate French intelligence seemed confirmed. Actually, Gertrude had nothing to report, because Von Bissing just wasn't interested. All through the year 1916, as she unsuccessfully scoured Europe for work and existed by selling her jewelry, Allied operatives shadowed her every move. When she tried London, she was brought into Scotland Yard and questioned by Sir Basil Thompson.

"It is true I was friendly with German officers," she now confided, "but I did this only for France. For many years, since long before the war, I have been a top secret agent of the Second Bureau."

"Madame," Sir Basil told her dryly, sizing her up instantly and correctly as a psychopathic liar to be trusted by no one, "I suggest that you give up such dangerous work." He washed his hands of her by shipping her off to neutral Spain.

Dead broke by the spring of 1917, Gertrude began hounding the military attachés of the German embassy—Colonel

TRUE

"He had an annoying habit of running in front of me to get a camera shot."

von Kalle, Commander von Krohn, and little Lieutenant Canaris, who would one day command the Abwehr and head all of his country's intelligence operations. With bitter recriminations, the 41-year-old stripper reminded the three officers of the many years of loyal service she'd given their government. They knew exactly who and what she'd been, but with a surplus of dark-eyed young Spanish girls about, none of them felt the slightest need for her services. With straight faces, they passed the buck to headquarters:

AGENT H-21 IN MADRID . . . DEMANDS INSTRUCTIONS AND MONEY.

In Berlin, such heads as Von Jagow's were shaken in ominous annoyance. The woman had been warned the game was over three years earlier. She should have listened. Deliberately using an outdated code they knew the French had broken, they wired that H-21 had been a good agent and that 15,000 francs would be waiting for her at the Dutch embassy in Paris. Catching the first train, Gertrude registered at the Hotel Plaza-Athenée, rushed down the Avenue Montaigne to pick up her check, and was herself picked up before she could cash it.

With all France in the grip of wartime hysteria, newspapers publicly charged the again-famous Mata Hari with everything from the betrayal of 66 undercover agents to the torpedoing of 17 troop transports, while some influential officials for whom she'd been a paid playmate a decade earlier privately passed the word that they regarded her as an embarrassment best erased. But she found herself treated with a degree of gallantry. In Cell 12, the spacious celebrity suite of Saint-Lazare Prison, she was allowed to receive visitors in such complete privacy that a doctor's examination would later be required to dispute her claim that she was pregnant. And as energetically as the prosecution worked at preparing a case, there was still absolutely no evidence against her, when a court-martial convened in late July, beyond the intercepted message and the uncashed check.

For once, Gertrude made an honest attempt at telling the truth—that she'd been only a piece of expense-account padding for the Germans, never really an agent. "I am not French!" she reminded the court. "I have a right to friends in other countries, even those at war with France. I have remained neutral."

"You claim," Judge Semprou demanded, "that 15,000 francs was paid solely for your favors?"

Even with her life at stake, Gertrude's vanity got the best of her. "It is nothing!" she snorted shrilly. "A mere token, an afterthought! Always, for my favors, I receive 30,000 marks—from Von Jagow, from Von Bissing, from many, many others!"

After a long moment of stunned silence, Semprou inquired as to what this price of approximately $5,000 might purchase—lifetime availability or the polite French equivalent of "just a throw."

"One night!" the lady stormed. "A single night! My friends would never dream of insulting me by offering me less."

Semprou turned to his associates, Massard and Mornet. All three looked the accused over carefully from head to toe and then shrugged. Thirty thousand marks for a night with that? *Ce n'est pas raisonnable!* The woman had to be a spy!

On October 15, 1917, facing a firing squad at the Vincennes rifle range, Gertrude waved aside the blindfold, not because of bravery but because she didn't really expect to die. For once again, a man had offered his imagination in lieu of her price. A fellow named Pierre de Morrisac had convinced her he'd slip blank cartridges into the rifles, then claim the body with her playing dead. But he'd evidently decided the body wasn't worth claiming, because the bullets proved real.

And that was the end of Gertrude MacLeod—but the beginning, romantic novelists and movie-makers being what they are, of the immortal Mata Hari.

—Gene Caesar

"BASEBALL IS A BIG BORE"

[*Continued from page* 33]

Runge steps out and motions them to break it up and play ball. Battey hands the ball to Pascual, gives him a parting bit of advice and a pat on the posterior and ambles back behind the plate.

Pascual, a premier right-hander, possessing a superior curve ball and playing for an explosive, slugging team, is in no hurry to pitch. He takes off his glove and begins to rub the ball as hard as he can. His knuckles show white. He seems to be grinding it in his hands. For what? The ball has been manufactured to exacting specifications and tested. It was examined by the umpires before the game. They rubbed it with special Delaware River bottom mud. How much rubbing does it need? Is Pascual changing the surface of it? Is he rearranging the seams? Is he squeezing it smaller? Or could it be that he's getting it warm so it'll curve better? I don't know.

Whatever he's hoping to accomplish, he continues rubbing the ball while looking out toward center. Allison in right looks up to watch a plane fly lazily overhead.

About the time Pascual finishes rubbing the ball, Rich Rollins runs over from third for a word. That only takes a few seconds and Pascual is now ready to pitch. He takes off his cap, rearranging it on his head. Then he hitches up his pants and wets his fingers at his mouth. Looking down, he finds a minuscule speck of dirt which affronts him, so he kicks it away. That upsets all the dirt, so he does his housekeeping, digging a new hole for his foot and re-smoothing all the dirt with his spikes.

Up in the broadcast booth, the sportscaster grows desperate. He has already described the situation of play and the defensive alignment of the Twins. He's told how important the game is and taken a station break. What's more, he's given the entire major-league record of Gentile, who is still standing nervously

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at the plate, and recounted how he hit back-to-back grand slam home runs three seasons before. While Pascual gardens out on the mound, the announcer tries frantically to fill in the time.

Ultimately, Pascual is ready to face the batter. He re-establishes his cap, readjusts his pants and looks to Battey for the sign. But Battey decides to run out with it himself and the fans in the stands and those out in "television land" are treated to another thrilling conference at the mound. Finally, everything is squared away. Pascual goes into his stretch. The fans begin to cheer. The televiewer looks up from the magazine he is reading. Pascual looks over at Cimoli, who takes a small lead off first. Pascual then throws to first.

About this time Sam Mele, the Twins' manager, makes up his mind. Pascual has thrown a lot of pitches. It's a cold night. He wouldn't want anything to happen to his arm. Maybe he'd better take him out. Besides he's got a good man out there warming up. So Mele treks slowly to the mound where he is joined by Battey and Rollins. They chat for a while, then Mele signals for a reliever.

My friend, this is no exaggeration. It happens and anyone who has ever been to a ball game or watched one on television knows it. I'm intending no exclusive criticism of Pascual, Battey or Mele. This situation exists with every club. There are dozens of pitchers in the majors today who stall and fidget and fuss. They go about pitching with all the zest of a tortoise on tranquilizers.

The two-and-a-half-hour game is now the rule—not the exception. The Detroit Tigers played their average home game last year in two hours 27 minutes.

Two hours and 27 minutes to play an *average* game! That's ridiculous. And it wasn't always that way. In 1928 the Philadelphia A's and the Cleveland Indians met in a regulation game that took 56 minutes. George Ehle of Cleveland gave up two hits and lost 2-0 when Al Simmons hit a home run after a man had walked. The A's pitcher gave up three hits and didn't walk a man. He threw two curves and the rest fast balls. I know because I was that winning pitcher. And that game was no record. The Giants and Phillies played one in 51 minutes in 1919.

But what do we have today? We have Pedro Ramos of Cleveland losing to Milt Pappas of the Orioles by a 6-4 score in two hours 54 minutes. That was on Saturday. The next day the two clubs met for a double header. The Orioles won the first game, 10-6, with Steve Barber besting Dick Donovan in the gazelle-like time of two hours 55 minutes. There was a 20-minute intermission and the two clubs took the field again. Chuck Estrada and assorted relievers beat Jim "Mudcat" Grant 6-1. That game took three hours. The long-suffering Cleveland fans sat out there a minimum of six hours and 15 minutes to see their team drop a double-header. No wonder Cleveland attendance is down almost 2 million from its 1948 peak.

Unfortunately, these games were not exceptions. I saw the Orioles play some games that were so slow they might be called the Chinese water torture of sports. And I select the Orioles only because they are handy. I can almost throw a rock at their park from my house and I see many games there.

There was Estrada again. Early in the season he pitched 2⅔ innings against the Yanks. Four other pitchers helped him lose in two hours 48 minutes. Within the week Mr. Ramos frittered away two hours and 59 minutes. Later on I was treated to Jim Bunning in two hours and 38 minutes, Whitey Ford in two hours 43 minutes and Pascual in three hours 10 minutes.

But the champ—a precious example of what's wrong with baseball—was a game featuring Orlando Pena of Kansas City. He was in a scoreless duel with Mike McCormick for six innings. The A's got a run in the seventh and four in the ninth for a 5-0 victory. The game took an even three hours.

And none of these are the record. The American League mark—a day of infamy, truly—was set on July 23, 1961. Detroit and Kansas City played a twin bill. The first game took two hours 56 minutes and the second three hours 54 minutes. Running time of the double-header was seven hours 23 minutes. It was the longest American League nine-inning game and double-header in the history of the league. My friend, you are a rock-bottom fan when you can sit for seven hours and watch baseball.

But there is still a worse example. On October 2, 1962, the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers met in the second game of their pennant play-off. The Dodgers won 8-7 in four hours 18 minutes.

No other major spectator sport disregards time this way. Professional football is having fantastic success. It is exciting, filled with action and high drama. The fans sit on the edge of their seats—if they can find an empty one to buy—or leap screaming to their feet, because football understands the proper use of time as a suspense builder. Football has 15-minute quarters and 30-minute halves. The clock is all important. A team has 25 seconds to huddle and get the play off. There are elaborate ways to run the clock or to stop it, all known to the fans. And the last two minutes of a ball game! Look at the action and suspense crammed into them. No wonder pro football is booming.

Take ice hockey, another action-filled sport bringing in the paying customers. Again the clock is vital. There are 20-minute periods and 10-minute sudden-death overtimes. More importantly, there is the penalty clock which measures the time a team plays a man short. The fans love it. They holler the penalty time still remaining to the players. They are in the game, participants as well as spectators.

Pro basketball has its troubles, but time isn't one of them. The 24-second clock—giving a team 24 seconds to shoot or lose the ball—is an ingenious innovation to keep the action going and the fans interested. The close, breath-taking finishes of the pro hoopsters are a direct result of the use of time to create suspense.

You tell me what is suspenseful about Dick Donovan tying his shoelaces out on the mound? And where is the drama in watching Camilio Pascual grub in the dirt with his spikes? Baseball has to do something to make the pitcher pitch. The drama of the game, storied in poem and prose, occurs when the slugger steps to the plate with the bases loaded and his team three runs behind. At this moment we want a pitch. We don't want landscaping on the mound. We don't want a conference. We don't want a go-cart carrying in a relief pitcher from the bullpen. We want a pitch. We want a moment of truth as that pitcher and that slugger eye each other, pitting their guts and their skills. It has all the drama and natural suspense in the world. It's what athletics is all about. It's what baseball is all about. Man against man. But to have it we need a pitch.

This dawdling must stop. It is frustrating and infuriating to the fans. Even the players don't like it. Ted Williams, who came to the park to play and to win, said

TRUE

"Ed, for a hundred bucks—I can beat you using just one club—okay?"

many times as he ran past me to the dugout, "Gee, isn't this a slow game." He knew how hard the procrastinating pitcher makes it for the players. Their attention wanders. Muscles tense. The bonehead play results.

And I can tell you it is hard on the umpires. You put on a blue suit, face mask and chest protector and stand out in the broiling sun for five or six hours. It isn't easy and the hardest part is staying alert. I used to keep moving to maintain my edge. I had to or become hypnotized watching Pascual play gopher-who's-got-the-gopher on the mound. Pascual's preoccupation with the dirt rather than his pitching has earned him such nicknames as "The Landscaper," "The Gardener," or "The Raker."

Pascual would have to be included in any list of pokey pitchers. My list would include Whitey Ford. He's a good pitcher, but he could use less psychology. In a tight ball game he turns his back on the batter and stares out to centerfield. This is supposed to unnerve the batter. Unfortunately, it is more unnerving to the fans. Early Wynn was another who overdid psychology. He'd stare down the batter. He'd glare and glare and dare the batter to hit him. It might have had meaning to Wynn, but to the man in the stands it looked like Wynn had taken root. Ramos and Pena just don't want to pitch. They do anything they can to keep from throwing the ball in a close game. Somebody might hit it. And Donovan and Bunning. They fool around. They pitter and putter. And Estrada. His trouble is that he can't get the ball over the plate. He is not only slow-moving, but he seems to feel he's not earning his money if he doesn't run the count to 3 and 2.

It doesn't have to be this way. The ideal pitcher from the spectator viewpoint is Robin Roberts and one cannot call him a slouch. A random sampling of his games last year shows these times: two hours 1 minute, one hour 59 minutes, one hour 53 minutes, two hours 6 minutes, one hour 54 minutes. He was always right around two hours.

How can this be? Roberts is playing for the Orioles, the same team that played those three-hour games. What does Roberts do differently? For one thing he throws the ball. He takes a reasonable length of time between pitches. He has the usual motions—tugging at his pants is a famous one—which make him feel comfortable. But he doesn't try to make a three-act drama out of it. He throws the ball.

More importantly, Roberts throws it over the plate. He throws a minimum of balls and he invites the batter to swing. As Connie Mack used to say, he "gets the ball over the plate with something on it." The batters swing and they hit the ball and the fielders run around and catch it. The fans have something to watch, the players have something to do and even the batters don't feel badly. Leon Wagner, now with the Indians, calls the 0 for 4 he gets from Roberts the "comfortable collar." He didn't get a hit, but he stroked a long fly and a couple of good grounders.

A lot of the trouble today is that the pitchers are afraid to let the hitters hit. They try for the strikeout. They throw for the corners. Missing, they get behind in the count and have to groove one. The batters know this. So they wait. The "take sign" is on. It's pitch and catch, pitch and catch, back and forth, back and forth, more Ping-Pong than baseball.

But a fellow like Roberts throws his pitch over the plate. The batter has to swing. The next pitch will be no better. The games move along. There's action.

There isn't much baseball can do about making pitchers throw the ball over the plate, but it can make them pitch. I recommend we borrow a page from pro basketball and install a 20-second clock. As in the cage sport, the clock should be installed in the stands where the fans can see it. If the ball isn't delivered in 20 seconds—I'd say 30 with a man on base—then a bell rings and the pitcher is penalized as having thrown a ball.

This rule is already on the books. It was adopted in 1956 and attempts were made to enforce it. Larry Napp called it a number of times, as I remember. But the rule is unenforceable under present conditions. The umpire hasn't enough hands to keep a stop watch on every pitch. He can't call the balls and strikes, watch for infractions, clean off the plate and do the myriad other duties of overseeing a game and enforce this rule. So, the frustrating farce of procrastinating pitchers continues.

We need a clock. It'll put the fans back in the game. It'll increase their interest. It'll make the pitchers pitch. And there will be no hardship. Twenty seconds is plenty of time for a pitcher to think, get his sign, wind up and deliver. It will help him, by improving his concentration and rhythm. Would it make it easier to steal? Perhaps, but I don't think that would be bad. Baseball needs more running—like the Sahara needs water.

The clock would cause some problems to be sure. The rule would have to be carefully drawn to establish when the clock starts. My view is it ought to start when the ball hits the catcher's mitt. This will stop his running out to the mound with it. If a new ball goes into play, the clock ought to start when the umpire throws it to the pitcher. If the ball is hit to the field, it ought to start when the pitcher has possession of the ball.

I think the clock is the logical way to speed up the game, to put action back into it and to stop the stalling that interrupts the natural suspense of the game.

But it isn t only the pitcher who slows the game. The catcher often keeps the pitcher from pitching. Yogi Berra, when he was catching, held up the game with his mouth. He'd yak at the players, the umpires, the pitcher. All this was supposed to be Yankee psychology. Sherm Lollar with the White Sox was another. Ever watch him? Almost every pitch he'd take two or three strides out toward the mound before throwing to the pitcher.

But the worst I've ever seen is John Orsino of the Orioles. I don't want to pick on the Orioles or young Orsino. He appears to have the equipment and attitude to make him a fine receiver, but

[*Continued on page* 98]

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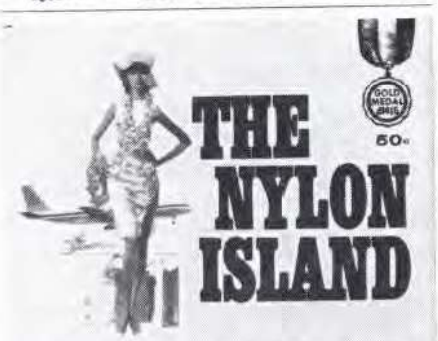

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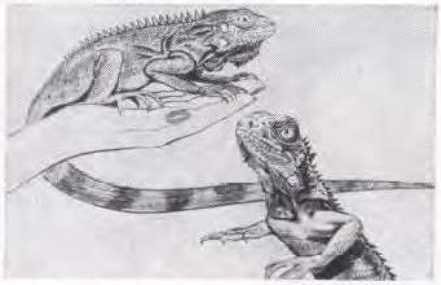

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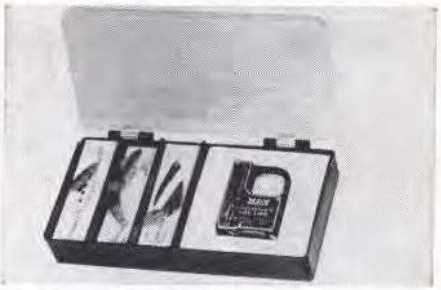

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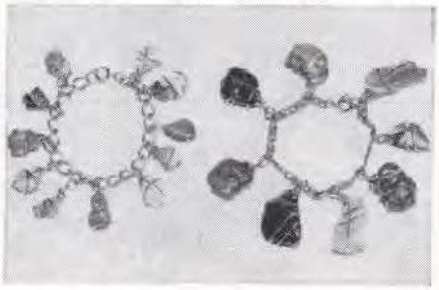

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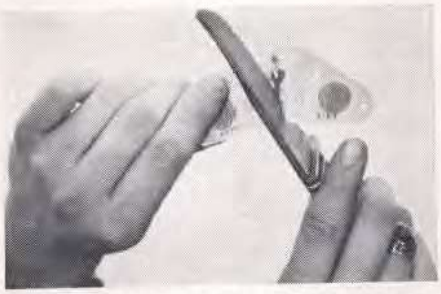

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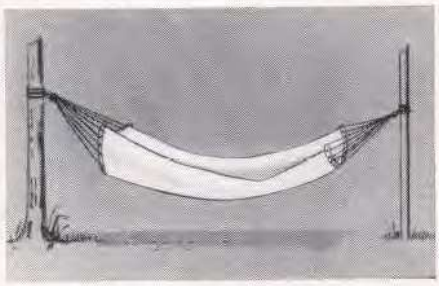

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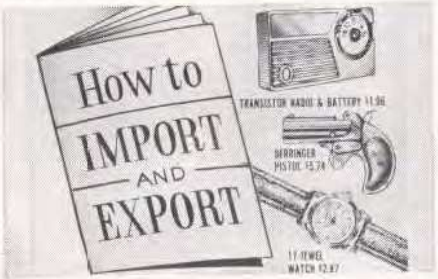

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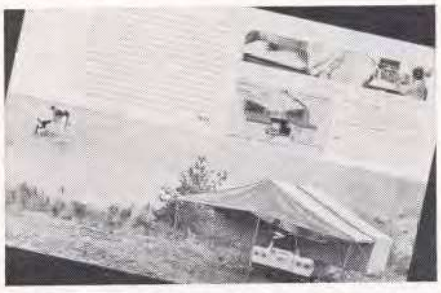

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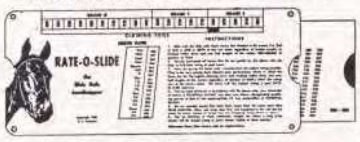

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[*Continued from page* 95]

he has to stop his infernal conferences on the mound. I saw him run out five times on one batter. Ridiculous! What have they to talk about? I can't imagine. Girls maybe. Or how much Worcestershire sauce to put on a Chateaubriand. I don't know. But I do know no first-class pitcher needs a catcher to tell him where to throw the ball or how to throw it. He doesn't need encouragement. He doesn't need to be told to bear down.

All the conferences do is slow up the game. Let's have a pitch, not a committee meeting. Therefore, I recommend a second rule change limiting the conferences between ballplayers to one an inning. That ought to be plenty.

But there is a game delayer today just as bad as the pokiest pitcher or the most gregarious catcher. The manager.

You think managers can't delay a game? Just watch Al Lopez of the White Sox. He's a one-man filibuster. He seems to spend more time out on the field than in the dugout. He's out to confer with the umpires, his catcher, his coach. It was Lopez, you know, who was most responsible for the rule limiting conferences between manager and pitcher to one a game. Lopez was forever walking out to the mound—and you know how Lopez walks. If he went any slower he'd stop.

Lopez and his conferences is just another tactic to keep pitchers from pitching and players from playing. But as a game delayer Lopez cannot compare with the "managerial genius," of which we now have a great abuntlance. This is the era of the mastermind, the platoonist, the player shuffler, the pitcher-snatcher and the reporter-talker-toer. It all began with Casey Stengel. He won pennant after pennant at New York while platooning and substituting and shuffling players. It appeared magical. He became a mental giant and it looked as though he won the game, not his players.

All this was a deliberate plot by Stengel. He knew other teams could field as good a first team as the Yanks. But the Yankee reserves were twice as good as any other team's. His problem, then, was to have his bench play the Cleveland, Chicago or Detroit bench. So, he'd substitute and platoon, and his opposing managers—like lemmings plunging into the sea—would throw in their substitute fielders and utility players. Before the game was over Stengel had his reserves playing the Detroit or Cleveland also-rans. This gave the Yanks a 2-1 edge. They won pennant after pennant.

Stengel's deliberate overmanaging has slowed up the game and confused fans. They can't watch a game without a program. Even if a favorite player gets in the game he has to hunt for him. Killebrew is a third baseman who plays first or the outfield. Boog Powell plays first and the outfield. So did Musial in recent years. Elston Howard is on first and in the outfield, as well as behind the plate. Blanchard? Now where is he today? Mantle even played shortstop and Vic Power, that fine first baseman of the Twins, is all over the field.

Great balls of mud, are we fielding a team of utility men? This isn't fair to the players or to the fans.

It isn't just in platooning that we see overmanaging. Look at pinch hitting. We now have pinch hitters in nearly every game—and by the squad. That's no exaggeration. The major-league record for pinch hitters in a nine-inning game is 11. There have been as many as five used in one inning.

But the time lost in substituting for the batter is nothing compared to the delay in sending in a relief pitcher. And do we ever have relief pitchers! Bill Rigney of the Los Angeles Angels used an *average* of over three pitchers per game last year. He must assume first rank among managers possessing the greatest genius for delaying the game.

And he is a theatrical genius. He walks up and down the dugout in a tight game—and they are all tight—calling upon divine providence to send him a pinch hitter or relief pitcher. "Who'll win this game for me? Who'll get me a hit?" He looks skyward. He beseeches guidance. Then, in a flash, he whirls, points the finger of fate at a stunned player and says, "You will." This may be effective. It certainly is good for laughs. His players enliven many a party imitating him.

This is the era of the relief pitcher. The number of them used is astounding

COMING . . .

The heroic story of a man at bat with fate.

HOW I LIVE WITH CANCER

by Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

—and it is a recent development in the game. On April 23, 1961, the Indians and Kansas City used 14 pitchers between them in a nine-inning game and later that summer Detroit and Kansas City called upon 21 pitchers in a twin bill.

What are we doing to baseball? You've been out to the game. Ever watch the trek to the bullpen? Six, eight, nine, 10 and 11 pitchers going to the bullpen. In the old days a team had two or three relief pitchers and they ran out to warm up when needed.

It used to be a badge of honor to finish a game and a disgrace not to. Now nobody expects you to. Relievers warm up on general principle starting in the fifth inning. How many times have you heard or read about a manager explaining he took his pitcher out because he had a Wilhelm or Miller or Radatz warmed up? His stuff was good and he hadn't pitched for a few days and needed work. Or better yet, there's the explanation that goes, "Yeah, he had good stuff out there, but he had thrown a lot of pitches and I figured he might be getting tired."

I have to ask: has this pitcher a glass arm? One Sunday I threw batting practice, then hurled a 17-inning game—and that was after I had pitched four innings Friday and six on Saturday.

The roster of every major-league club now includes long relievers, middle relievers and short relievers—whatever they are—and we must have them both left- and right-handed.

A relief pitcher has his rightful place in baseball. He's a valuable asset, the stopper, the game saver, the fireman putting out the red-hot opponent. But five times an inning, nine times a game?

The cause of this, of course, is the persistent notion that a left-handed batter can't hit a left-handed pitcher. This so-called "percentage" baseball has gotten positively silly. I remember a game a few years ago. It was the 10th inning and Detroit had Frank Lary going against the Orioles in relief. He was great. The Orioles weren't going to buy a run off him. Paul Richards, the Birds manager, contrived to get Lary out of there. He sent in left-hand swinging Steve Pilarcik to hit for slugger Gus Triandos. Sure enough, Jack Tighe, the resident genius at Detroit that year, pulled Lary and brought in a southpaw. The next inning the Orioles won it.

I have never been able to understand this. For the life of me I cannot see what a lefty does differently when he throws to a left-handed batter. It's all the same. Everybody just thinks it's different. Sure, you keep telling fellows like Gentile they can't hit a southpaw and they won't.

The lie to all this, of course, is that right-handed hitters can hit right-hand pitchers. But the notion persists about southpaws. Managers mastermind, sending in pinch hitters and relievers. The games drag. The fans yawn. The owner's profits shrink and baseball sinks a little deeper toward oblivion.

I submit the rule that a pitcher must pitch to at least one batter, must be changed to compel him to finish the inning or pitch to a minimum of three batters.

The purpose of a relief pitcher is to replace a man who is hurt, tired, who has lost his stuff or gone wild. The aim is not a mad shuffle to arrange for lefties to face lefties and right-handers right-handers. It will be stopped if the manager knows he is stuck with his reliever for three batters. He'll think ahead. He'll weigh the need for the new man. And he'll be careful whom he brings in.

Let's face it, if the pitcher can't get three men out, he doesn't belong in the ball game in the first place.

Sure, I can see the problems. I can see the manager squirming after a wrong decision allowed a big inning. Naturally. I wish this situation had not developed. But managers, by constant relieving, have made baseball about as enthralling as a melting ice cube and we have to have a rule to stop it.

Baseball must protect itself against delay of the game. It must amend the rules to prevent overmanaging. The game must be given back to the players. After all, it is an athletic contest, not chess using live figures in flannel knickers.

The 20-second clock to make pitchers pitch, the limitation of conferences on the mound, the requirement a pitcher must face three batters are my suggestions. They may not be right but something has to be done to move the game. These rules should be tried. I hope they will be. —**Ed Rommel & Robert Liston**

COOPER'S CREEK

[*Continued from page* 31]
new and had to be begun from the beginning. But it was a healthy country. Along the coast at least there was a sparkle in the air, a sense of vigor, of light and space, that the colonists had never known in Europe.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, was the most important town. In 1850 Queen Victoria had agreed that a colony should be created south of the Murray River and that it should bear her name; and in the following year gold was found near Ballarat. Gold could create a mass frenzy anywhere—it had just done so in California—but in this little frontier community where the struggle for existence had been so hard people lost their wits. Bank clerks and civil servants left their jobs overnight to go off to the diggings, and not even the offer of double wages could hold them back. Ships putting into Port Melbourne were abandoned by their crews, and in the town itself women were left to carry on the shops and businesses.

And the gold was actually there, at first near Ballarat, then in Castlemaine and Bendigo and in a dozen other new "strikes" along the inland rivers. Prospectors with nothing but a pick and shovel, a bag of flour and a little tea, spread out through the northeast, penetrating into hills and valleys that had never been explored, and it was enough for the word to go out that someone had "struck it lucky on the Ovens River" for a new rush to begin. The gold, quite often, was lying there on the surface of the ground waiting to be picked up; they found nuggets in the roots of trees, in upturned grass, in the sands of shallow rivers.

By 1853 a thousand ships were arriving in Melbourne every year, and money had begun to lose all value in a welter of speculation. At first there had been prohibition on the gold fields, but it was abandoned as a farce; illicit grog shops flourished everywhere, and when the miner had money he drank himself into a stupor.

The lawlessness of the gold rush soon subsided, and the boom burst. It was not that the gold failed: it was simply that nearly all the surface alluvial was exhausted and now gold had to be mined by machinery and in deep shafts. The individual prospector was replaced by the mining company employing hundreds or even thousands of workers at a fixed wage.

By 1860 Melbourne had a settled air. The city had been sensibly laid out on the banks of the Yarra River, with wide, straight streets lighted by gaslight, and already there was a university, a public library, a Parliament House, a chain of trading banks, and public gardens filled with imported trees.

By 1860 Victorians felt that they had good reason to be confident. In 10 years they had risen from being the newest and smallest colony on the mainland to a wealth and importance that far eclipsed all the others. In wool they supplied one-sixth of Britain's imports, and in gold one-third of the world's production; indeed, it had been so great a flood of gold that all the world's economy was affected, and Marx and Engels, who had predicted a disastrous slump in Europe, found their program seriously delayed.

The state's population had increased to half a million—about half the white population of the whole continent—and Melbourne with its 140,000 inhabitants was a much more substantial place than the older settlement of Sydney. Moreover, in these tumultuous 10 years a new kind of man had emerged.

Class distinctions were breaking down, and a self-reliant, slighty truculent attitude was beginning to appear.

This new man was a materialist, a speculator, a mocker of authority and very often a sentimentalist. He had a certain instinct to "give it a go," to take a risk, but despite—or perhaps because of—his professed contempt for tradition he was deeply conscious of being a provincial, and he tried to conceal this inner feeling of cultural inferiority by an outward show of aggression. Victoria had never been a penal colony like New South Wales and Tasmania; nevertheless, some of these attitudes may have been a survival from the convict days.

There was, too, the question of what this new man was doing to the country he had seized and adopted. For the blacks he had a mixture of fear and contempt. He was not interested in their way of life or their tribal customs, he did not particularly care what became of them, he did not grant them any rights in their own country, he treated them almost as animals. By 1860 the blacks had all but been driven away from the vicinity of Melbourne and the larger towns, and not more than a few thousand of them were left in the whole state. They had little resistance against smallpox and other imported diseases.

There was nothing particularly new in all this: it had already happened or was about to happen in America, in Africa and in every other primitive country into which white men were penetrating all over the globe. But what was new in Australia in 1860 was that the settlers had as yet failed to take possession of or even explore the land they were so confidently governing.

The coastline of the continent had been charted from the sea, but as yet very few adventurers had penetrated far into the interior. All that was known was that the farther one advanced into that vast empty space the hotter and drier it became, and it was perhaps because of this aridity that the colonist dreamed that one day they would discover an inland sea, a "new Mediterranean" in the center of the continent. No one had actually been in the center, no one could say with

finality exactly what there was to be found there, and the fact that half a dozen expeditions had already set out to resolve the matter and had returned defeated seemed, irrationally, to suggest that some great prize was awaiting the first explorer who succeeded in breaking through.

The notion of an inland sea arose from the fact that the mountains so far discovered lay on the eastern seaboard and all the principal rivers, the Murray, the Darling, and the Murrumbidgee, flowed inland from these mountains toward the west; and in the west lay the tremendous unexplored tract, an area some 1,600 miles long by 800 miles wide, bounded by the 20th and 32nd degrees of latitude and the 115 and 140 degrees of longitude: an area more than half the size of Europe. This was "the ghastly blank."

A good deal was already known about the interior, of course, through the travels of the early explorers, and one man in particular had shown the way ahead. Charles Sturt is something of a giant in Australian exploration, and indeed of exploration anywhere, and it is strange that his name is not better known, since he was the most literate of travelers, the most persistent and the most adventurous. He was sent out to New South Wales in charge of a convict guard.

Already in 1827 Sydney was an established settlement with cornfields and orchards running down to the sea, and it was not unusual to see 40 or 50 sailing ships in the harbor. But in 1828 a drought set in, and with the failure of the crops the settlers began to look toward the regions behind the coastal mountains where they hoped they would find more fertile land. Sturt got in with a group of young men whose names were soon to become famous as explorers—Mitchell, Hume and others—all eager to find the "new Australian Caspian Sea," and in 1828 he led his own party inland. With six convicts to carry the baggage he followed the Macquarie River to the point where, among swamps, it entered a large westward-flowing stream, which he named after his patron, Darling. A year later he set out again, turning southward this time to the Murrumbidgee, and with a boat he had carried overland he sailed downstream until he reached a still more important river, the Murray, and this he followed to its junction with the Darling and then to its outlet at Lake Alexandrina, on the southern ocean.

This prodigious journey of over 2,000 miles illuminated the whole river system of the south, and earned for Sturt much praise in Sydney, and a grant of land. It also undermined his health, and for the time being ruined his eyesight. For the next 10 years he was obliged to stick to his farm and administrative duties in Norfolk Island and New South Wales, and in 1839 he was appointed surveyor-general in Adelaide. But he did not like a sedentary life, and repeatedly offered himself for new expeditions. He was still dreaming of an inland sea. "I have a strange idea," he wrote, "that there may be a central sea not far from the Darling in latitude 29° and I should go prepared for a *voyage.*"

In 1840 his friend, Edward John Eyre, left Adelaide in an attempt to reach the center, and Sturt, still troubled by his eyes and unable to leave his desk, regretfully watched him go. Eyre soon came back with a report that he could get no farther than Mount Hopeless and the salt lake country around Lake Torrens, some 400 miles to the north of Adelaide. Mount Hopeless was nothing more than a low flat-topped hill among many others, but it was typical of that dreadful country. "We ascended Mount Hopeless," Eyre wrote, "and cheerless and hopeless was the prospect before us"; nothing but an endless waste of barren rock and sand. He gave the place its despondent name to mark his decision "to waste no more time on so desolate and forbidding a region," and turned back to civilization.

In 1844 at last the authorities let Sturt go. He was now 49, but his eyesight had improved and he was still physically robust. The party that assembled in Adelaide that winter was exceptionally strong: 16 men, 11 horses, 30 bullocks, 200 sheep (to be eaten on the way), a boat, a couple of heavy carts and a year's provisions. The expedition's draughtsman was a wiry little Scots officer, five feet six inches high, named John McDouall Stuart, and among those who came to see them off was a particular friend of Sturt's, Charles Cooper, a lawyer who was subsequently to become the first chief justice of South Australia.

About 180 miles up the Darling they reached Lake Cawndilla near the little outpost of Menindie, and here, having built a stockade, they turned northwestward into the unknown. It was mid-October, and although the summer was approaching there was still water about and all the party were healthy.

For the moment, however, the land was uncompromisingly dry and flat, and it was an event when presently they came on a line of low hills that stretched across the plain. The center of Australia is a place of violent extremes. "It is either a desert or a deluge," one of the early geographers wrote; "the rainfall can vary from 30 inches in one year to three inches the next. Water courses that have lain dry for a decade can suddenly turn into a flood, and land that is as hard and dry as concrete will overnight become carpeted with wildflowers and fresh young grass."

Had they known it, Sturt and his men were marching into one of the most appalling summers ever recorded. The end of 1844 found them still toiling slowly northward—a Biblical-looking group with their ox-carts and their flock of sheep—and early in 1845 they reached the 29th latitude. Here they stuck on a water hole for six months while the land dried up around them, unable either to go forward or to go back until rain fell.

The extreme temperatures of the center are very bearable because of the dryness of the air, but even so the heat this year was unbelievable. It rose to 132 degrees in the shade and 157 degrees in the sun.

Scurvy broke out in the camp and one man died, but there was nothing to be done; they were alone in the wilderness, even the birds had deserted this inferno, and nothing moved on the cracked earth except the lizards and the ants. The blacks whom they had encountered on the way up had long since made off, saying that there was no water anywhere—"the sun had taken it."

By April it was a little cooler, and thunder clouds began to bank up on the horizon. At last on July 12 a gentle but persistent rain started to fall, and after a few days it developed into a downpour. Now they had floods to contend with, cold nights and even frost, but at least they could move, and as a guarantee that life was returning to the parched earth, swans and ducks and other migrating birds began to reappear. Sturt sent some of his men back to Adelaide and with the remainder pushed on to the northwest. They entered a region where the horses' hooves were cut by flint-like stones and left no track. Here on every side there were "stupendous and almost insurmountable sand ridges of a fiery red." These ridges, Sturt went on, "like headlands projecting into the sea, abutted upon an immense plain where, but for a line of low trees far to the northeast, and one bright red sand hill shining in the sunlight, not a feature broke the dead level, the gloomy purple hue. . . ." He named this region the Stony Desert. At the end of August, on latitude 25 and longitude 139, he gave up all hope of finding his inland sea in that direction.

If they had not quite reached the center, at least they had been almost half way across the continent, and they had gone farther than any other man. Both horses and men looked like skeletons when they reached Fort Grey at the end of seven weeks. They had ridden nearly 900 miles.

It was now October 1845 and they had heard nothing from the outside world since they had left Adelaide 14 months before, but still Sturt would not go back. Indeed, a kind of fixation seems to govern the actions of all these Australian explorers; they struggle on, not so much to get to a declared objective, but until they reach the extreme limit of their endurance, and then, and only then, will they turn for home.

After the briefest of rests Sturt set out for the north once more, taking with him this time his draughtsman McDouall Stuart and two men named Mack and Morgan. They had four riding horses and four pack horses, and once again they ex-

pected to be out several months exploring the interior.

Sturt's hopes for an inland sea had revived, and it was a bitter disappointment when once again they struck the Stony Desert. "Coming suddenly on it," Sturt recorded, "I almost lost my breath. If anything it looked more forbidding than before. Herbless and treeless it filled more than half the horizon. Not an object was visible on which to steer, yet we held on to our course by compass like a ship at sea." But this was futile; the farther they went the drearier the land became. Toward the end of October they were becoming dangerously short of water and there was no alternative but to retrace their steps.

The desert now assumed its most menacing aspect. Half dead with thirst, they reached a creek and the shade of trees on October 28.

The flies and the mosquitoes here were so bad that the men wore veils on their faces, but this mattered nothing at all: they could drink, they could bathe and they could shoot ducks to eat. When they had recovered a little, Sturt led the way upstream, thinking that now perhaps at last they were on the true path to some really broad expanse of water. There were many encouraging signs. The blacks, for instance, were very numerous, their tracks and crude shelters were everywhere, and within five miles they met no fewer than eight different tribes.

Sturt questioned the tribesmen whenever he could, and now, by signs and by moving their arms in the manner of paddling a canoe, they indicated that there were indeed great stretches of water farther to the east. With renewed hope the party went on and found that the water course continued to divide itself into many different channels and water holes. With its grass and heavy timber the country was much more promising than anything they had previously seen. On November 1 they arrived at a lake with seagulls flying above it, and still farther east they came on other great pools, indigo blue in color and very salty.

A few days later, when they were 120 miles upstream from their original starting point, they came on a crowd of some 400 blacks. They were very friendly once they got over their fear of the horses. But they also blasted Sturt's hopes for the last time: from this point on they said the stream diminished, and nothing lay farther to the east but the desert. Riding out in that direction Sturt came on a swamp, and beyond this he was confronted by an endless plain.

Now finally he had had enough, and the party turned homeward. They retraced their steps down the creek to the point where they had first reached it, and then struck out for Fort Grey and the south. Sturt wrote: "Before we finally left the neighborhood where our hopes had been so often raised and depressed, I gave the name of Cooper's Creek to the fine watercourse we had so anxiously traced, as a proof of my respect for Mr. Cooper, the judge of South Australia." And he added, "I would gladly have laid this creek down as a river, but as it had no current I did not feel myself justified in doing so."

The expedition had failed in its main objects, but they had come within 150 miles of the center and they had actually lived there for a year or more, isolated from the rest of the world like men on another planet, and they had valuable information to impart. From now on any future expedition knew that it must expect impossible conditions during the summer months, with the great dangers of thirst and hunger, and, in the absence of green vegetables, of scurvy. On the other hand, it was proved that the blacks were not dangerous if properly handled; in fact they could be very helpful.

Yet still the basic objects eluded all explorers. North of Sturt's farthest, on latitude 25, it was still *terra incognita*. Was it possible for a party to cross the continent from south to north? One would have thought that Sturt's hardships were enough to disabuse anyone of any optimistic dreams, but here, as in the Sahara, mirages floated on the horizon and oases like Cooper's Creek were a promise that they could be real. At all events the colonists in Victoria decided to send out a new expedition in 1860.

The Philosophical Institute of Victoria was one of those small groups of successful men that seem to spring up spontaneously in every community. It was a private institution devoted to scientific studies, it had no authority in public affairs, and yet it was a kind of club within the government; today we would call it a part of the Establishment. Sir Henry Barkly, the new governor, was a member, and so was Sir William Stawell, the chief justice. Then there were Dr. John Macadam, a university lecturer with political ambitions, Dr. Richard Eades, the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Ferdinand von Mueller, a distinguished botanist and an explorer of some note, Dr. George Neumayer, the meteorologist, and a number of others—wealthy farmers and merchants, a sprinkling of lawyers and politicians, a clergyman or two.

By the late 50's the Institute had become an influential group; they had got a charter from the Queen which enabled them to change their name to the Royal Society. Dr. Mueller brought forward the question of inland exploration, and in 1857 a committee was appointed "for the purpose of fitting out in Victoria an expedition for traversing the unknown interior of the Australian continent from east to west."

For a while things hung fire—the colony was suffering from a business recession at the time—and only £900 was raised in 11 months. However, a new "lithographic letter" was sent out to "squatters, merchants and country gentlemen," and soon every mail brought in checks, money orders and cash. The Victorian Government, which had been reluctant at first, now voted £6,000, and with a total of £9,000 in hand the Society could afford to make plans on a lavish scale. An Exploration Committee was appointed to handle the venture. Fourteen candidates applied for the position of leaders, and six were finally considered. One of these was a police superintendent from the Castlemaine district named Robert O'Hara Burke, and he was chosen by 10 votes to five. Upon several counts the choice of Burke was a surprising decision. He knew nothing of exploration and he had no scientific qualifications of any kind.

Burke was very Irish. He came from a land-owning and military family of St. Clerans in County Galway, and action was in his blood. He arrived in Australia at the height of the disturbances caused by the gold rush and was a most successful officer. He rose to the important post of superintendent of police in the populous gold-mining district of Castlemaine. At the time of his appointment as leader of the exploring expedition he was aged 39 and unmarried.

That was the official side of the record. His private life was more bizarre. This is how a bank manager who knew him well describes him: "He was a careless daredevil sort of Irishman of very ordinary physique. He wore a long beard, over which he dribbled his saliva. When he was off duty he often wore a slouching sombrero-like hat, and as he did not wear braces his breeches hung in rolls about his heels, and he looked altogether untidy."

Elsewhere we hear that Burke had great charm and was held in much affection by the police of the district. "He was a wild, eccentric daredevil . . . Either he did not realize danger or his mind was so unhinged to that extent that he reveled in it." He galloped his horse madly through swamps and forests and was so reckless "some people thought him not quite sane."

So then we have here an odd character in an odd position. Why ever then did the committee choose him? His charm, and he had it, must have helped, and no doubt he was modest. Clearly he was brave, he was willing, his police record was good, and he had just that dash of the adventurer about him that may well have had its appeal to these serious sedentary men who were sending him off into the unknown. His technical deficiencies could be made good by the appointment of scientists to the party, and here the committee had some able men to choose from. Dr. Neumayer, the meteorologist, promised to lend a hand, at any rate during the early stages of the expedition, and Dr. Herman Beckler, a German doctor who had been trained at Munich, was appointed botanist and medical officer. The post of naturalist went to Ludwig Becker, another German who was also a member of the Society. Becker—and

to avoid confusion with his colleague one must note that he had no "l" in his name—was a delightful man.

For the important post of surveyor—the man who would chart the expedition's route—Dr. Neumayer produced a member of his own staff, a serious young Englishman named William John Wills. We know a great deal about Wills, mostly from his own correspondence, and from a book written about him by his father, and the thing that instantly emerges is that he was a most excellent and reliable young man. His father was a country doctor living in modest circumstances in Devon, and was not quite able to launch the boy on the career he merited; he was articled as a surgeon, a career he did not particularly like. Young Wills's real passion was for astronomy and meteorology, for precise calculations and deductions.

Young Wills eagerly wanted to join the expedition, and he was full of joy when he was offered the position of surveyor. So now at the age of 26 he found himself serving a leader who was in every possible way his opposite. To Burke's untidiness, his physical energy and his romantic flair, Wills opposed a bookish and examining mind, a love of figures rather than of visions. From the first the two men got on extremely well together, and Wills was to serve his leader, who was 13 years older than he was, with devotion.

Burke himself interviewed some 700 applicants for the minor posts on the expedition, and eventually 10 were chosen. Some were working men, others had qualifications of one sort or another, but it is impossible now to know on just what basis they were chosen. Charles D. Ferguson, the foreman, was an American who had come over from the Californian gold diggings, William Brahe was another German, and the others were Henry Creber, Owen Cowen, John Drakeford, Robert Fletcher, Patrick Langan, Thomas McDonough, William Patton and John King. King and Brahe, as we shall see, were the most interesting of these "assistants."

There remained now the question of who was to be the second in command. Wills was too young, and Beckler and Becker, the only other officers, were not deemed suitable; both were Germans and Becker did not speak English very well. In the end it was decided to appoint a new man to the post—George James Landells. Landells is something of an enigma in the story of the expedition. Apart from the fact that he was an Englishman who was supposed to be an expert on camels, that his family had been settled in Australia since the 40's, that he had a wife, that he possessed the only dog taken on the journey, and that he was extremely greedy for money, we know very little about him. It was only through the camels that he happened to join the expedition at all. Someone had suggested to the Exploration Committee that camels were vital to the venture; they had proven most successful in the Sahara and in other arid regions so why not in the center of Australia? Six camels that had been brought out to Melbourne as part of a vaudeville show were purchased, but another 24 were needed, and Landells was sent off to India to get them. He managed to enlist three sepoys, and 25 animals were driven down to the coast at the excellent rate of 50 miles a day. Before they embarked at Karachi, Landells fell in with John King, who could speak the sepoys' language, and he offered him a job.

There was much excitement in Melbourne when the party landed in June 1860. Both camels and sepoys were a great rarity, Landells himself was in oriental costume, and crowds followed the strange procession up to Parliament House, where quarters had been prepared in the stables. No one could be sure about the camels' reaction to Australian conditions; Landells, however, was convinced that all would be well if a certain amount of rum was added to their rations, and indeed it was important that the camels should survive, for his bill was an extremely large one: £5,497 in all for the purchase of the animals and their transport. Nor was this all: on being offered the position of second in command of the expedition Landells instantly protested that the salary proposed was not enough; he must have £600 a year, which was £100 more than Burke, the leader, was getting. Burke had been gambling and had run up bills at the Melbourne Club he could not pay. Yet he generously rejected an additional £100 offered him by the committee, and said that he did not mind in the least if Landells was paid more money than he was. Landells was given his £600.

It was expected that the expedition would be away from a year to 18 months, and large quantities of food were purchased: pemmican and meat biscuit, preserved vegetables, flour, ginger and dried apples. Nothing was skimped, nothing was forgotten. Prices of up to £50 were paid for horses, and there were 23 of them in all. In the end the total baggage amounted to 21 tons. It was the most elaborate and best equipped expedition ever to be set up in Australia.

The committee meanwhile was giving much thought to the question of what route Burke was to follow. His great object was to cross the continent and discover what lay in the center, but there was no point in going over ground where others had been before. The thing to do now was to try and link up the former discoveries and resolve the mystery of the center.

The committee was agreed in a general way on a south-north crossing, and it was decided that Burke should first march directly to Cooper's Creek via Menindie, on the Darling.

The instructions were vague. Having reached Cooper's Creek, Burke if he chose could go here, there or anywhere—north to the Gulf, west to the coast of Western Australia, or anywhere in between. This was juggling with thousands of miles of unexplored land as though it presented no more obstacle than the empty sea, and it placed an immense responsibility on the leader.

On August 19, 1860, it was announced that everything was ready, and on the following day business in Melbourne was practically suspended while a huge crowd came to see them off.

There was some confusion about the start; the party was to have got away at 1 o'clock but did not actually leave till 4, and even then six of the camels that had fallen ill and a quantity of stores and equipment had to be left behind.

Not surprisingly it took the party a little time to shake down, and there were a number of hitches during the next few days while they moved slowly northward. Both animals and vehicles were too heavily laden, and several of the wagons broke down. One of the sepoys, a Moslem, discovered that his religion forbade him eating the food that had been provided, and he walked back to Melbourne. He was in tears. Everywhere the camels spread fear and amazement; flocks of white cockatoos screamed at them from the tree tops, the blacks fled at their approach, and one day Landells killed a seven-foot carpet snake while it lay, head erect, gazing at the procession. The horses, too, were terrified of the camels, perhaps because of their smell, and had to be led forward in a separate column.

Burke forced the pace. After only one day at Balranald they struck out for Menindie on the Darling, 160 miles away. It was dry, flat country where the horses pulling the drays could make scarcely one and a half miles an hour through the sand, and great storms, rising to hurricane force, burst upon them. The nights were very cold, and there was hoar frost on the ground in the morning. "The scenery," says Becker, "was marked by great silence: scarcely a bird was seen or a note heard from them." Up to this point he had found time to make drawings of the passing landscape and the blacks' encampments, of birds, insects and lizards, and he had kept up his diary and natural history reports, which were a vital part of the purpose of the expedition. Then all this was changed. Burke gave orders to Becker and Beckler that they must abandon their scientific observations and take their share of the manual work as ordinary assistants. All the camels and horses, he said, were needed to carry stores, and any clothing or instruments that exceeded the weight of 30 pounds per man must be left behind at one of the stations for the time being.

Becker, being older than the others, felt very much the strain of the heavy work of loading and unloading the 400-pound packs of the camels—a job which took several hours every day—and when one of the horses stepped on his foot he became lame.

Often he was still up at midnight working on his notes by lamplight. "You should have seen old B——'s face," Burke wrote in a letter to Melbourne, "upon my announcing that all the officers would have to act as working men, and that we should only carry 30 pounds of baggage for each man. Loading camels and then marching them 20 miles is no joke. The first two days of it nearly choked poor B——, and I think he will not be able to stand it much longer." It was a callous letter, but it is only fair to remember that Burke was under some strain, and perhaps was forced to be ruthless in order to get his unwieldy party over the ground. After all, this was a military operation of a kind, many hazards still lay before them, and a physically weak man could be a danger to them all.

Toward the end of September they reached the Darling River at a point somewhat upstream from its junction with the Murray, and they found it rising and *café-au-lait* in color. The bed of the river was thickly wooded with many varieties of eucalyptus, mulga, box, black oak, native pine and a very pretty acacia which, at this season of the year, was just coming into flower with a lemon-colored blossom. In these drier latitudes new insects and reptiles were beginning to appear.

Burke in the meantime became engaged in a blood row with Landells over the camels. For some time he had been critical of the way they were being handled—they were constantly straying—and he did not believe that their famous rum ration was really necessary to prevent them from contracting scurvy. Landells, on the other hand, was very solicitous about his animals, which he regarded as his own personal charge, and he objected to Burke's interference. He went about the camp declaring that Burke was unfit for the leadership, that he was mad—so mad that it was dangerous to stay in the same tent with him—that if he remained in charge the expedition would go to the devil.

Some of the members of the party were inclined to take Landells's side in the affair, but young Wills, the surveyor, was not. Up to this point Wills had been an important but very self-effacing member of the party.

"It came out," Wills wrote, "that Mr. L. had been playing a fine game, trying to set us all together by the ears. To Mr. Burke he has been abusing and finding fault with all of us: so much so that Mr. B. tells me Landells positively hates me. We have apparently been the best of friends. To me, he has been abusing Mr. Burke, and has always spoken as if he hated the Doctor and Mr. Becker; whereas with them he has been all milk and honey. There is scarcely a man in the party whom he has not urged Mr. Burke to dismiss."

Later on it was going to be suggested that Landells was a coward, that he deliberately inflamed the quarrel with Burke because he did not intend to continue with the expedition once it left the settled districts. There seems to be no truth in this at all. He was simply a complainer—what the Australians call a "no-hoper."

The expedition was falling into two camps: those like Wills who were fired by Burke's vigorous way of handling things, and those who thought him altogether too slapdash and impulsive. The first group were mostly younger men and, because they liked Burke's style, they were perfectly ready to forgive him an occasional outburst of temper; it made him seem more human. But Landells and the older men were not so ready to indulge him. They did not like being treated as schoolboys.

A series of violent quarrels ensued and Landells, having written out his resignation, was barely persuaded by Burke to rescind it. It was clearly a situation which could not continue, and matters came to a head when they reached Kinchega, an outlying sheep station on the Darling, some six miles from Menindie. Here by some means not altogether clear, either by purchase from Landells or by theft, the sheep shearers on the station broached the camels' rum. There followed a wild debauch in which some of the expedition's assistants probably took part, and Burke, when he heard of it, declared that he had had enough: the remainder of the rum was to be abandoned and not one drop of alcohol was to be carried farther by any member of the party. Landells, at the end of another towering scene about the swimming of the camels across the Darling, resigned and departed for Melbourne. Dr. Beckler also resigned, saying that he could not endure the manner in which Burke had addressed his second in command, but he agreed to remain with the expedition until a replacement could be sent up from Melbourne. So now, harassed by dissension in his camp, by shortage of money and shortage of time, and with his wagons still a long way in his rear and the summer coming on, Burke set up his camp in Menindie.

At the time of Burke's arrival in October 1860, Menindie was still an outpost and no other settlements lay beyond toward the center. It consisted of a little handful of shacks. It was very much a pioneers' center, a jumping-off place for the interior. Thus it was an obvious place for Burke to re-group, and make a permanent camp while he was waiting for his wagons to come up. His arrival caused a great stir in Menindie; nothing quite like this had been seen before, such a mass of equipment, such an imposing train of animals, carts, tents, baggage and men.

Burke was not long in making his appointments. First, for the vacant position of second in command, he chose young Wills who was every day showing his ability. Next King, the soldier from India, was given charge of the camels and the three sepoys. Brahe, the German, was installed as foreman; he was an educated man who had had experience on both sheep stations and on the gold fields, and recently Wills had been giving him instruction in the use of surveying instruments. In addition an entirely new recruit for the party was found, a man who was destined to alter all their lives. This was William Wright, whom they had fallen in with at Kinchega. Until recently Wright had been manager of the station there, but a change of ownership had taken place and he had been dismissed from his post. Wright was not a very prepossessing man—he was an illiterate who could barely write his own name—but Burke seems to have got on well with him from the first; he was a practiced bushman and he had already been out over the country to the north. He was enlisted on a temporary basis, mainly in the capacity of a guide.

Burke's position was very difficult. The season was now well advanced and the local settlers warned him against exposing himself to the extreme summer temperatures in the center. Cooper's Creek, his next objective, was more than 400 miles away to the north, and a great deal of the intervening ground was unexplored and possibly waterless. On the other hand, he had his orders to press on, and it was not in his own nature to sit idly on the Darling for the next three or four months waiting for rain to fall. Burke made his decision to split the expedition into two groups: a small, lightly laden party would push on while the remainder set up the depot at Menindie and rested some of the animals that had fallen ill. This rear party would then follow on with the heavy stores.

For the advance column Burke chose eight men: himself, Wills, Brahe, King, Gray, McDonough, Patton and a sepoy, Dost Mahomet (he was not actually an Indian but a Pathan from Kashmir), and they were to take the best 16 camels and 15 horses. Wright was to lead them for the first few days. Becker was invited to join the advance party, but was told that there would be no time for scientific research and that he would have to walk the whole way. Since he was still lame this was manifestly impossible, and he was left behind with Dr. Beckler, who was to take charge of the Menindie group until his replacement arrived.

All the members of the advance party were healthy and seemed eager to go on; King, in the absence of Landells, was handling the camels very well. There was a certain feeling of exhilaration in putting civilization and all its petty difficulties behind them. On October 19 they marched out of Menindie to the north.

Wright led them off along a route that was somewhat to the east of Sturt's track of 15 years before, and by making 20 miles a day they hoped to accomplish the 400-mile journey to Cooper's Creek in under a month. For mile after mile the plain stretched away in front of them, and even a small object on the horizon—

a low line of purple hills, a clump of gums round a water hole —became a great goal to be reached because it was new, because it was something on which to fix the mind in so much uneventful space. By night the moonlight flooded down, and in this clear air the stars seemed to multiply and become twice their natural size. Being so numerous a party there was no real reason for them to be afraid of the blacks who appeared from time to time; they merely stood and gazed open mouthed at the camels and then ran off jabbering into the distance. No amount of calling and friendly gestures could bring them nearer than the distance of a spear's throw. Nevertheless each night Burke hobbled his animals and set a guard on the camp.

Presently they arrived at a point where the plain broke up into jagged hills and gullies, and the storm water, coursing along gutters in the natural rock, had gathered in deep silent pools. This was Mootwingee, a native word meaning "green grass." Even today it is an extraordinary place and there is much evidence here of the existence of an inland sea in prehistoric times.

Then again they were out on the boundless plain, working their way from creek to creek. At every camping place they cut a prominent B and the number of the camp in Roman numerals into a tree, so that eventually the rear party could follow on their route. When they had covered 200 miles without mishap Burke called a halt at a place they called Torowoto Swamp, and here it was arranged that Wright should turn back. Burke wrote a letter to the committee for him to take with him, and in it he reported that they had been traveling through "fine sheep-grazing country," that both horses and camels had improved in condition and that all the party were well.

Before Wright left, Burke lined up his men and asked if any of them wished to take this opportunity of returning to Menindie. None wished to do so.

On October 29 Wright set off for the south, and Burke turned north into the unknown once more. As they penetrated deeper into the center it was still cold in the early mornings but very hot by day, and they were so beset by flies and dust they wore goggles and veils. Beyond Torowoto Swamp the land became steadily drier and the rocky ground made the going difficult. But they were getting a rhythm into their march, and there was still water to be found; whenever they reached a rise Wills climbed to the top and was sure to see a creek lined with mulga and box trees cutting the plain ahead. Even if the creek was dry there would be water holes with polygonum reeds growing about it, and the camels thrived on the salt bushes and the native grasses. If they were yearning for their rum there was no sign of it.

The constant search for water took them on a circuitous course, but at last, on November 11, 23 days out from Menindie, they struck Cooper's Creek on latitude 27.49 and longitude 142.20. It was every bit as fine as Sturt had described it 15 years before: deep water holes of a mile or more in length and wooded with eucalyptus, polygonum grass and the dark red mulga with its paper-like bark curling off the trunk and its leaves or spines like those of a casuarina tree. Everywhere, Wills noted, there were logs and bushes caught high up in the forks of the trees, indicating that there had recently been violent and destructive floods.

A plague of rats descended upon them as soon as they made camp; nothing was safe unless it was suspended from the branches of trees, and they kept moving downstream in search of a better place. At the same time Burke kept casting north of the creek for a route along which he could make his march toward the Gulf of Carpentaria. He himself first went out with Brahe and returned on the second day without finding water. Next Wills set out with McDonough and three camels, and they reached a point 90 miles north of the Cooper before they turned back defeated; indeed, they very nearly died of thirst. Their camels strayed in the night and could not be found, and it was only by their making a forced march of 48 hours on foot that they managed to rejoin the others. Two more forays to the north were equally fruitless, and Burke decided that his only chance now was to go down the creek until he got on to Sturt's old track and then strike up toward the Gulf. But first he had to set up a depot. Some miles downstream from the point where they had originally reached the Cooper they found a site on the northern bank of a fine stretch of water, and a camp was marked out beside a large coolibah tree. This place they called Depot LXV and the large coolibah tree was marked accordingly.

It was now very hot—up to 109 degrees in the shade—but this heat, Wills wrote, was no worse than anything they had endured in Melbourne because of the dryness of the air. Wills's physical toughness at this stage was astonishing; in his various reconnaissances from Cooper's Creek he must have covered nearly 500 miles, many of them on foot.

It was now mid-December, but Burke was not greatly worried at the failure of Wright to appear; for the moment they had plenty of provisions. He decided that there was no real necessity to wait for Wright's arrival, since he was bound to turn up within a few days—no real reason why he should not push on with the vital part of the adventure that still lay before them, the dash to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The party would have to be split up again: four men—Brahe, Patton, McDonough and the Indian, Dost Mahomet—would remain behind at Depot LXV to build a stockade and to receive Wright on his arrival. The remainder—himself, Wills, Gray and King—would go on with six of the best camels and one horse and try to break through to the Gulf by way of Sturt's route along Eyre's Creek.

On December 13 Burke wrote to the committee reporting his movements up to date, and saying that he had now established a permanent depot at Camp LXV.

"From Camp 63 we made very frequent excursions, in order to endeavor, in accordance with instructions, to find a practicable route northward between Gregory's and Sturt's tracks, but without success . . . I am satisfied that a practicable route cannot be established in that direction . . .

"I have therefore left instructions for the officers in charge of the party, which I expect will shortly arrive, to endeavor during my absence to find a better and shorter route between the depot [Camp LXV] and Wright's Creek [near Torowoto], or between the depot and the Darling. I proceed on tomorrow with the party as per margin [he wrote the names of his party on the side], to Eyre's Creek. And from thence I shall endeavor to explore the country to the north of it in the direction of Carpentaria, and it is my intention to return here within the next three months at latest.

"I shall leave the party which remains here under the charge of Mr. Brahe, in whom I have every confidence.

"I did not intend to start so soon, but we have had some severe thunderstorms lately, with every appearance of a heavy fall of rain to the north; and as I have given the other route a fair trial, I do not wish to lose so favorable an opportunity.

"We are all in good health, and the conduct of the men has been admirable. Mr. Wills cooperates cordially with me. He is a most zealous and efficient officer. I have promoted Mr. Brahe to the rank of officer. He is well qualified for the post, and I hope the committee will confirm the appointment."

There appears to have been some discussion between Burke and Brahe as to what should be done if the party did *not* get back within three months. But Burke was very confident; he thought they might even make the whole journey within a month. No written instructions were given to Brahe; it was simply understood between them that he was to expect Burke back at a maximum of three months, and that if, by some mischance, Burke did not return within that time, he was to hang on as long as his provisions lasted and then take his party back to the Darling.

On the night before their departure Burke handed over to Brahe a number of sealed papers with instructions that if he should die or not return they should be burned.

On Sunday, December 16, the camels were packed in the early dawn, and at 6:40 a.m. Burke lined up the men who were to stay behind. It seems to have been an emotional farewell. With this they were off on their own. But they were doing

what they had been advised not to do: traveling in midsummer. They had no line of communication with their rear and no maps for their forward journey. If any of them fell ill there was no doctor to attend to them. Apart from Wills, there was no trained man to take note of their discoveries, of the rocks, the plants, the wild life or the natives. In short, it was an expedition no longer: it was an endurance test, a race.

They were now getting to know one another very well. The social distinctions remained: Burke and Wills were officers and gentlemen and gave orders, Gray and King were men and did what they were told. But they were now committed together, all of them were encompassed by the same risks, the same hardships and the same hope; and this feeling of a shared adventure counted for much more than the differences between officers and men, between Irish and English and between the young and the older.

Everything depended of course upon their liking and respecting one another, and this they evidently did. Burke was accepted as the unquestioned leader, and even when they doubted his judgment they thought his leadership was more important than any error he might commit. Wills was their navigator and technician. None of them would ever have dreamed of contesting his calculations, and he was so thorough and painstaking they never at any time got lost. King was only 22, and by some way the most junior of the party.

Gray, who was originally a sailor, was in his 40's and a year or two older than Burke. But there was something about him—a lack of presumption, a take-it-easy sort of fatalism, an aura of good nature—that made everyone call him Charley.

Given their circumstances, which were not at all easy, they were an integrated and resourceful group; for the purposes of this long walk—1,500 miles to the Gulf and back to Cooper's Creek—they knew what they were doing. Only at times of crisis were the animals ridden; all were needed to carry water and stores. As a rule Burke and Wills walked ahead, keeping direction by turns with a pocket compass, while Gray followed on behind leading Billy, the horse, and King the six camels. It was never easy walking. Anyone who has been in the center of Australia will bear witness to those sharp, ankle-twisting stones, the clay as hard as concrete and full of cracks, the peculiar stickiness of the mud in the swamps. After the first few steps the sweat starts out and one has to keep one hand free and swing it across one's face to deal with the pestilential, never-ending flies.

The imagination that held these men on to their objective and the skill with which they overcame a thousand intrusions is something to be very much admired. They could not simply move ahead on a previously mapped-out course. They had to alter their direction when swamps and ridges blocked the way, they had to watch the flight of birds that might lead them to a water hole, they had to know the right moment when it was time to call it a day. The sand storms in the center are frightful. It is not so much that the fine red dust makes a gritty coating over one's clothes and seems to bite into one's very skin: often one cannot see more than a few yards ahead. Such storms can blow for days at a time; having blown the dust down from the north, the wind shifts around to the south and blows it straight back again, and all birds and animals go to ground. These were the days when the little party would have to pause and wait.

But for the most part they kept going, usually getting up at dawn and walking on for an hour or two before stopping for breakfast, and then on again. Sometimes, when the daytime heat was too fierce, they marched at night under the glow of the stars or the bright moon. They camped usually where there was feed for the camels. The daily rations were portioned out: each man had 1 pound of damper, ¾ pound of dried horsemeat, ¼ pound of salt pork, ⅛ pound of boiled rice, tea, sugar, but no fruit or vegetables. For vitamins they boiled portulaca, a succulent plant they found growing wild. The country yielded very little else; they could not spare the time for prolonged fishing or shooting and in any case most of the game was not palatable. Kangaroo meat is extremely tough, the emu is altogether uneatable, and the indigenous parrots were not much better.

From Cooper's Creek they turned northwest, still finding abundant water; they were heading, in fact, into the region now known as the Channel country, where in a good year the Cooper, the Diamantina and other creeks will flood the land for many miles around.

They were lucky, of course; had they been a little farther to the west they would have been in Simpson's desert, which is a true desert and not to be lightly entered even now. The rainfall there is barely four inches a year.

They paused for a day on December 24 in a delightful oasis, and were soon through Sturt's desert; but instead of continuing to the northwest as Sturt did they hit the Diamantina and followed it upstream to the point where there is now a settlement named Birdsville. Presently they were across the Tropic of Capricorn, which was farther north than Sturt had ever been.

Early in January they were working up Eyre's Creek and right on their course. It was still extremely dry country, but there were advantages in being away from timber and out in the open for they were free of mosquitoes and ants, sometimes even of flies, and the air was marvelously pure. The horizon here, in the glimmering heat of midsummer, is a delusion, and every claypan reflects the sheen of water that does not exist. But they never had to carry water for more than three days, and the nights at least were cool. On January 7 they had to endure a tremendous gale of wind, but it was soon over and the next day there were very definite signs that they were entering more fertile country. They saw the plains turkey, which is an excellent bird to eat, make its slow lumbering flight into the air. Now they were again among trees, which meant the mosquitoes had to be kept at bay by lighting large fires, and the cicadas shrilled loudly in the branches all night long.

A large range of hills rose up before them, an immense event after nearly a month on the flat plains, and as they approached them they crossed streams with water "as pure as crystal." On January 19 they were still struggling through this rough country (the Selwyn Range) which, as Burke noticed, alarmed the camels, and the next day they were through. And now finally, in the vicinity of the present town of Cloncurry, they were entering the tropics. They had traveled almost 500 miles.

There is something very strange about the Australian tropics. The humid heat is there, the tremendous downpours of rain, the flowers and the myriad insects, yet this is still Australia, the prevailing tree is still the eucalyptus, and the colors are muted.

Burke had expected to find buffaloes, wild pigs and other tropical animals near the coast, but instead they continued to encounter emus, kangaroos and the same native dogs they had seen a thousand miles away to the south. The land they traversed was very flat, and they saw the brolga, the large heron-like bird which is the most beautiful living object in Australia.

They had struck the wet season; day after day the warm rain poured down, and the camels hated it. They floundered about in the boggy ground, moaning and groaning, and Billy the horse grew very weak. Something like 170 miles still divided them from the sea, and they followed the Cloncurry River downstream to the point where it joined the Flinders River. By the end of January they had reached that river, and were moving slowly down the Byno, which was one of its outlets to the sea. The mud was frightful.

When they were still some 30 miles from the sea Burke decided that it was impossible to take the remaining camels any farther over the boggy ground. A camp—No. CXIX—was made beside the Byno, and King and Gray were instructed to remain there while Burke and Wills went on with the horse Billy. On Sunday, February 10, they started out after breakfast with three days' rations. Although he was only carrying a saddle and 25 pounds of provisions on his back, Billy got bogged within a few hundred yards of the camp—"so deeply," Wills says, "as to be unable to stir, and we only succeeded in extricating him by undermining him on the creek side, and then lunging him into the water."

Five miles farther on he was bogged again, and again they got him out and struggled on over soft clay that was ankle-deep and sometimes knee-deep in water. By chance then they came on a native path that was well-trodden and hard, and this led them into a forest where a tribe of blacks had recently been digging yams around their campfires. These yams, Wills says, were "so numerous that they [the blacks] could afford to leave lots of them about, probably having only selected the very best. We were not so particular, but ate many of those they had rejected, and found them very good."

They crossed a marsh and came to a channel of water. "Here," Wills wrote, "we passed three blacks, who, as is universally their custom, pointed out to us, unasked, the best part down [the channel]. This assisted us greatly, for the ground we were taking was very boggy. We moved slowly down, about three miles, and then camped for the night." Tasting the water in the channel, they found it brackish and undrinkable. An eight-inch tide flowed in from the sea. They had reached their goal.

"It would have been well," Burke wrote, a little wistfully and very honestly, "to say that we reached the sea, but we could not obtain a view of the open ocean, although we made every endeavor to do so." Yet it was enough; they had crossed the continent, they had done what they had set out to do. They turned back next morning at daybreak and rejoined Gray and King in Camp CXIX.

The one thought now in all their minds was how to reach the depot on Cooper's Creek before their rations ran out.

On Cooper's Creek, meanwhile, the depot was well established. After he had seen off Burke's party on December 16, Brahe had ridden straight back to Depot LXV and had got his men to work cutting timber for a stockade. He pressed on with this work, since the blacks had now begun to gather around the camp, and they were constantly pilfering things. They were not really aggressive—they were like boys robbing an orchard—but on December 26 they got away with six camel bags which had been washed and laid out on the bank of the creek to dry.

So long as Brahe and his men had their firearms the depot was safe enough; still, no one could be absolutely sure; other explorers and settlers had been killed in the bush before this, and McDouall Stuart had been strongly attacked in his last journey to the center. The tribesmen seemed to like the camels and never molested them, but one day they surrounded the horses while they were grazing and appeared to be about to drive them off. Brahe went out with his gun and there was a wild stampede of both animals and men when he pulled the trigger. It was not until after nightfall that they managed to round up the horses and bring them back.

By the New Year the depot was entrenched. The stockade was a solid palisade of saplings driven deep into the ground and covering an area of 20 feet by 18.

Brahe was not altogether satisfied about the site of the camp; the blacks indicated to him that in the wet weather all this land might be under water, but there was no sign of rain as yet, the nights were often intolerably hot and sultry, and the level of the water in the creek was dropping slightly every day.

Inside the camp the days went by in a regular routine of cooking, washing, mending the equipment, taking observations with the instruments Wills had left behind, shooting rats and ducks, and fishing in the creek. The flies were appalling but they managed to deal with the mosquitoes by lighting fires. Burke had left them with provisions for six months.

It must have been a life of extraordinary dullness; one suspects that they sat around for hour after hour drinking tea and simply gazing at the campfire; without books, without work, without amusement of any kind.

Evenings are the reward for the hot day, and it is possible on Cooper's Creek for the traveler to have a sense of great contentment, at any rate for an hour or two. But then an inertia supervenes, and in the case of these men no doubt a dead weight of waiting. Day after day the same thing: never a visitor, never a word from the outside world. In these conditions men lose their volition, their judgment falters, the mind becomes obsessed with imagined grievances and doubts, and there is a powerful inducement to dream and to do nothing.

After a while Brahe and his men did not bother to fish or to shoot ducks any more; what was the use? It was easier just to go on with the rations they had.

As February drifted into March, Brahe was not greatly disturbed about the failure of Burke to return; after all, he could not reasonably expect him before the three-month period was up, and that would be in the middle of March. But the failure of Wright to appear was absolutely baffling. More than four months had gone by, time enough to have made several journeys to the Cooper, and not so much as a message had arrived from him. What could be happening at Menindie? Why did he not come?

Early in April Patton began to complain that his gums were sore and that he was not feeling very well. On April 4 he collapsed. His legs and arms were swollen and his mouth was now so sore he could not eat. They put him to bed in one of the tents and there he lay. About this time, too, both Brahe and McDonough began to observe the same symptoms in themselves. They had no idea of what the affliction was—no one appears to have warned them of scurvy—and only the Pathan, Dost Mahomet, was entirely well.

It was now nearly four months since Burke and his party had gone away—a month longer than they had predicted—and Brahe rode out to the hills around the creek to search the horizon: to the southeast for Wright, to the north for Burke. Absolutely nothing broke the stillness of the plain. Brahe kept revolving the problem round and round in his mind. Why no news, why nothing from Menindie? Was it possible that the little party on the Cooper had been altogether forgotten?

Suppose Burke were dead or stuck fast in the center, was it not his duty to go back now and get help? Yet Burke had specifically said that they were to hang on at Cooper's Creek so long as the rations lasted; and the rations were lasting. They were sick to death of them but there was enough. And the weather was cooler, they had actually had some rain. Should he set a date then, Brahe wondered, should they wait, say, until May?

Each day these questions posed themselves and there was never any answer.

As soon as they rejoined Gray and King at Camp CXIX on the Gulf of Carpentaria on February 12, Burke and Wills took stock of their situation. They had been 57 days on the outward journey from Cooper's Creek, and in that time they had eaten more than two-thirds of their three months' supply of rations. There remained now only 83 pounds of flour, three pounds of pork, 25 pounds of dried meat, 12 pounds of biscuit, 12 pounds of rice—say one month's provisions in all, or just half of what they required.

They had roughly 700 miles to go in order to reach the depot on Cooper's Creek, and on the outward journey they had managed between 12 and 15 miles a day. There seemed to be no reason why they should not repeat this performance; the animals' loads were lighter, they knew the way, and except for Gray, who was complaining of headaches, they were all reasonably fit. The animals, it was true, were in need of rest and would have benefited from three or four weeks' feeding around Camp CXIX, but the shortage of rations made any such delay impossible. Even as it was they would have to live on a greatly reduced diet, and Burke fixed on a basic daily scale of 12 sticks of dried meat and ¼ pound of flour for each man.

Before they left Camp CXIX they cut the initial B on a circle of 15 trees, and buried a parcel of books together with a letter saying who they were and what they had done. Then, on February 13, after only one day of rest, they set out. It was still raining.

They were probably all much more tired than they realized, and the constant rain had turned the ground into a quagmire. It rained and rained and they had no tents; they slept in the wet.

As the four men crawled over the enormous landscape like wet insects they began to long for the dry fresh heat of the desert. It was still hot here in the north, but it was the dull enervating heat of the tropics, and now King as well as Gray began to suffer from headaches and pains in his legs and back.

Even by traveling at night they were making nothing like 12 miles a day, and at the beginning of March they were still trudging up the Cloncurry River more or less on their old route.

By the end of the first week of March they had covered barely a hundred miles, but at last there was a first whiff of the dry desert air. Only Gray failed to respond to it.

They did not entirely believe in Gray's complaints, they thought he was "gammoning"—trying to get out of his fair share of the work. After all, he was under no more strain than the others, and Burke was absolutely impartial about the rations; at each meal he carefully doled out the food on to four numbered plates which he covered with a towel. The others were then obliged to stand with their backs turned and to call a number, and were each served with the plate of that number. Food now entirely dominated their lives.

By now, March 25, they had been 40 days on the return journey and were only about half-way back. But they were through the Selwyn Ranges, and in the more bracing air of the center they made better time. No day went past without their struggling on to another camp, even though the rain continued to fall.

On April 10, we read in Wills's diary: "Remained at Camp LII R. all day to cut up and jerk the meat of the horse Billy, who was so reduced and knocked up for want of food, that there appeared little chance of his reaching the other side of the desert; and as we were running short of food of every description ourselves, we thought it best to secure his flesh at once. We found it healthy and tender, but without the slightest trace of fat in any portion of the body."

Now there is a great deal of meat on a horse, let alone a camel, and in the end only two camels of the original six remained. One would have thought that there was enough meat here to keep four men going for a very long time, and one can only conclude that they were all now growing very weak, and quite unable to carry more than a light pack. And in fact they were beginning to discard every article that was not absolutely essential. And now, on April 10, they faced Sturt's Stony Desert again. Wills says very little of the passage except that they managed to find water on the way—the spring was now well advanced—and they appear to have got through in several days. On April 15, two months out from the Gulf, they were moving slowly down toward Cooper's Creek in driving rain, and they had to pause for a while. Gray by now could no longer ride by himself and had to be strapped to the saddle.

Gray was not really "gammoning." On April 17 we get the simple entry in Wills's diary: "This morning about sunrise, Gray died. He had not spoken a word distinctly since his first attack, which was just as we were about to start." According to King, they found him dead in his bedroll when they went to call him in the morning. They buried him as he was, in his flannel trousers, his short-sleeved shirt and his wide-awake hat, and they were so feeble it took them all day to dig a grave three feet deep. When it was done they abandoned the last of their equipment. They were 70 miles from the depot, and on April 18 they set out again, carrying with them a little dried meat, a couple of spades, the remaining firearms and a few camel pads for bedding.

On Saturday, April 20, they trudged on again, Burke riding one camel and Wills and King taking turns with the other, and that night, their 66th night since leaving the Gulf, they camped within 30 miles of the depot. They made a division of their remaining provisions and ate them all except for the last pound and a half of dried meat. On April 21—it was another Sunday, all the great events on this journey seemed to be occurring on Sunday—they made a superhuman effort. Rising early, they set out to cover in one day the entire 30 miles that divided them from the depot. At nightfall they were still going. In other circumstances they would have long since collapsed, but now they were driven on by dreams of food and rest and companionship, and beyond this they hardly knew what they were doing any more. The moon came up and by its light Burke rode on ahead through the silent scrub. "I think I see their tents ahead," he kept saying, "I think I see them." As he neared the site of the depot he raised his voice in the long, drawn-out bushman's cry: *Coo-ee, Coo-ee,* and he shouted out the names of the men they had left there, Brahe, McDonough, Patton. And then again. *Coo-ee.*

There was no answer from the silent bush, no movement anywhere in the moonlight.

It was just 7:30 p.m. when they came into the camp and saw the wooden stockade, the ashes of burned-out fires, bits of discarded equipment scattered about, and fresh traces of horse and cattle dung, but no sign of men or animals anywhere. They stood for a moment in a confused daze, and Burke said: "I suppose they have shifted to some other part of the creek."

It was hardly likely and they all knew it. No equipment would have been left behind had Brahe merely set up a depot in another place. Then Wills caught sight of a fresh blaze on the coolibah tree and they read the words that had been cut into the wood with a knife:

DIG
3 FT. N.W.
APR. 21, 1861

"If they had shifted to another part of the creek," Wills said, "they would not have left that."

Burke collapsed on the ground in despair, and Wills and King paced out the distance from the tree to a spot where the earth had been freshly turned over. Digging down two feet they came on a camel box containing rations, and there was a bottle with a message written in pencil inside it. King smashed the bottle and handed the message to Burke. By the bright light of the moon he read aloud:

"Depot, Cooper's Creek, 21 April 1861,

"The depot party leaves this camp today to return to the Darling. I intend to go S.E. from Camp LX, to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of my companions and myself are quite well; the third—Patton—has been unable to walk for the last 18 days, as his leg has been severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No person has been up here from the Darling.

"We have six camels and 12 horses in good working condition.

William Brahe."

The date of the message was perhaps the most agonizing thing: Brahe and his men had left the depot that same morning. After four months they had missed them by a matter of nine or 10 hours, or even less. Even now they were probably encamped no more than 20 miles away. If they had gone a week earlier the situation would have been just the same, but to have been too late by one day—the day that they lost by burying Gray—this was too bitter. And where was Wright? Why hadn't he come up? Why wasn't he here now?

In the last hundred years the scene that night on Cooper's Creek has become something of a legend in Australian history. As a study of helpless despair it could hardly be improved upon. Such brief descriptions as have been left behind by the three men make it clear that at first they simply could not bring themselves to believe that Brahe had gone, and that after all this enormous struggle to reach the camp, and the visions they had had of rest and safety, they were now alone.

When they had recovered a little their first instinct, of course, was to consider their chances of being able to follow Brahe while there was still time. Burke put it to Wills and King: were

they able to march on through the night? They both answered no, and Burke then said that he also was too exhausted to go on. Then what to do? To eat certainly, and then to rest. And then? Wills and King were all for traveling on in Brahe's wake; after all, something might happen to delay him, and they would then catch him up. Burke was emphatically against this. It would be madness, he thought; in his message Brahe specifically said that his six camels and 12 horses were in good condition. How could they possibly catch them with their own two exhausted camels? There was no water for long stretches on the way to Menindie, and Menindie was over 400 miles away. A much better plan would be to go down Cooper's Creek to Mount Hopeless, where they knew there was a police station, only 150 miles away, and from there the journey to Adelaide would be through settled districts. In the end both Wills and King were persuaded.

They now broached the rations that Brahe had left behind. They were so weak that King had to crawl on his hands and knees to fill a billy from the creek, but they all felt better after the meal and stretched themselves out on the ground to sleep.

Next day they hung listlessly about the camp gathering their strength, and debating their predicament over and over again. Why had Brahe gone? Why on that very day? Admittedly they had been away longer than they had thought, but he still had provisions—he could have eaten the horses. Why had Wright never come up? Why had they been abandoned? In his bitterness Burke declared that Brahe and his men would be punished; their salaries would go to Wills and King. He would arrange it when they got back.

An inventory of rations in the cache revealed that they had a month's supply, just about enough to get them to Mount Hopeless if all went well. They prepared to depart. With a rake which he had found leaning against the stockade King smoothed over the ground above the cache, leaving it exactly as it was before. Afterward he propped the rake against the coolibah tree. There was little, apart from the rations, for them to take away; King cut a large square from a hide that formed the door of the stockade, with the idea no doubt of making boots from it, but a bag of horseshoe nails he rejected and scattered about on the ground. He also hung a few rags and pieces of leather for which they had no use on some nails driven into the stockade. The ashes of their campfires were left as they were.

At a quarter past 9 on April 23 they set out in the opposite direction to Brahe's, a bedraggled little group with their weary camels and their tattered clothes, moving slowly back on their tracks down the south bank of the Cooper. They were heading for Mount Hopeless.

It would not have mattered to Brahe if he had left the depot on Cooper's Creek a day or two later; he might perhaps have even hung on for another week. But by April 18 he had absolutely made up his mind that he had to go, and he arbitrarily fixed on Sunday, April 21. Patton's gums were in a fearful state, and he was in great pain. He kept asking to be taken back to Menindie so that he could get medical attention, and it was apparent to all of them that if he stayed where he was he would die. Moreover, Brahe himself and both McDonough and Dost Mahomet had now become so weak and undernourished that they had difficulty in looking after the animals, and it was a severe strain when one day the horses strayed away for 15 miles and had to be brought back.

By this time, too, Brahe had given up all hope of Burke's return; the rations he had taken with him could not possibly have kept him going for the four months he had been away, and so, Brahe reasoned, he must either be dead or have found his way out to Queensland.

There was another factor that helped Brahe to make up his mind: he felt that he was bound to leave a cache of food behind, just in case by some miracle Burke and his companions did return, and now he had just enough provisions left to make this cache and to get his party back to Menindie. If he stayed longer he could leave nothing behind. Brahe and his men spent the next two days preparing for their departure. The provisions were divided, the cache was dug, camel dung was raked over it to disguise it from the natives, and the blaze was cut into the tree. On the morning of April 21 the animals' packs were stowed, Patton was lifted up and strapped to the quietest camel, and at 10:30—just nine hours before Burke arrived—the little caravan filed out of the camp.

They went on steadily for four days, Brahe setting the course through the barren hills, and out on to the plains, with one of Wills's compasses, and on April 27 they struck the water holes of Bulloo. They had been precisely 100 hours without water, and the horses plunged forward in frenzy to drink.

On the way to Bulloo Brahe noticed fresh tracks of horses and camels going in different directions, and they were not more than 10 or 12 days old. While his party rested next day he went out by himself before dawn to see if he could resolve this mystery. After going some distance he saw, to his great surprise, a European advance toward him. "It was Mr. Hodgkinson. He led me to Mr. Wright's camp, and after bringing in our party, with horses and camels, etc., I placed myself and my party under the orders of Mr. Wright."

It was the first time the two parties had met for six months, and Wright had a strange story to tell. After leaving Burke at Torowoto on October 29 in the previous year, he got back to Menindie in six days only to find that nothing was in readiness for the move to Cooper's Creek. Half the stores were still scattered about the settlement, and practically nothing had been done about transporting them to the new camp on Pamamaroo Creek. The animals that had been left behind were in poor condition, some of the men were ill, and all of them were plagued by flies. Wright decided that the best thing to do was to post off Burke's Torowoto letter to Melbourne—that letter in which Burke had asked that Wright should be put in charge of the rear guard—and to await results.

No word came from the committee and at the end of the year Wright decided to send off a second letter to Melbourne with Hodgkinson, the young man who had now become foreman of the base camp.

It was, of course, nothing new for a base camp to be a dismal place, but the lethargy that overtook Menindie during these months seems to have been quite exceptional. Wright did not even move to Pamamaroo Creek when the new camp was set up there. He lived with his wife and family in more comfortable circumstances at Kinchega station, 14 miles away. For as much as a week at a time he did not even bother to visit the camp. It was said later that the other members of the rear guard urged him to set out for Cooper's Creek before the summer was too far advanced and the water holes dried up. But Wright did nothing; he simply let the days go by waiting for news either from Cooper's Creek or from Melbourne. He kept insisting that until his appointment was confirmed, or until he could either buy more horses or Burke sent back to him some of the camels he had taken to the Cooper, he could not move.

It was Hodgkinson who set things in motion at last. He alone seems to have had some sense of urgency, for he rode the 400 miles to Melbourne from the Darling in 11 days, and when he arrived on December 31 he was greeted with some surprise. The committee told him that they had had no notion that there had been any delay. They had had Burke's letter from Torowoto but had not replied to it because they had believed that Wright had set out long ago to follow him up to the Cooper. They now gave Hodgkinson £400 in cash—enough to buy 10 additional horses and 150 sheep. Hodgkinson rode off to Menindie that same night. When he got back there on January 9 there was a stir in the camp at last. Wright dictated a letter to the committee saying that he was setting out next day with the entire party. Actually it was January 26 when they got away, and they started by night to avoid the excessive heat of the day. One would not have expected them to make the fast time to the Cooper that Burke had—23 days—since they were more heavily laden, and now, at the height of summer, they were going to have difficulty in finding water. More-

over, they had no surveyor with them, and Wright was not the kind of man who would inspire much confidence in his followers. Yet even so one would have to search far through the history of Australian exploration for anything to match the futile wanderings and the bungling ineptitude of this journey.

It was not until February 12 that they reached the half-way mark at Torowoto. Here they rested for two days, and then moved on again for 18 miles until they were blocked by an apparently waterless plain stretching away to the horizon. Wright now went ahead with Smith, and when they found a puddle 20 miles away to the north the whole party was assembled there. By now Becker, Stone, Smith, Purcell and Belooch—more than half of the entire party—were seriously ill with scurvy and from the effects of drinking bad water. All March went by while they dragged themselves miserably forward toward Bulloo which they reached in mid-April.

They were now an incredible 69 days out of Menindie, and the whole caravan was in a state of near desperation. Both Stone and Purcell died of scurvy.

The scurvy in the group is something of a mystery. Ludwig Becker was in his 50's and perhaps might not have been able to offer much resistance to the disease, but Stone and Purcell were station hands who had been enlisted on the Darling; they were accustomed to the tough life in the interior, the bad water, the poor food, the devastating heat. This march of a couple of hundred miles or so was probably no worse than other marches they had done before; yet they succumbed, and all the attentions of a trained doctor could not save them.

Then it was Becker's turn. On April 28 Wright had decided to retreat to Torowoto, carrying the unconscious man with them on a camel. They were actually packing up to move when Brahe made his providential appearance. Brahe was not really able to improve the position very much—he had his own dying man with him, and he himself and his other two companions were far from well. Becker lay prone and speechless in his tent all day, and that night he died without regaining consciousness.

They buried him beside Stone and Purcell on April 30, and then next morning set out to return to Menindie, a weary and dispirited group. It was more like an ambulance train than an expedition, Patton still strapped to his camel, several of the others hardly able to walk, and some of the animals visibly failing. They made camp beside the Koorliatto water hole that night, just south of Bulloo, and Wright decided that he would have to give the sick a rest.

Brahe was now beginning to have doubts about Burke. Was it just possible that Burke had come back to the depot on the Cooper? Should he not go back to make sure? Should he not satisfy himself that the blacks had not disturbed the cache? They were still only 80 miles from the creek. Brahe put it to Wright that the two of them should make a visit to the depot while the sick were recuperating at Koorliatto, and Wright, surprisingly, agreed. Early in the morning of May 8—15 days after Burke had left it—they rode into the depot.

The place was silent and deserted. They tethered their horses to the trees and went inside the stockade. The cache appeared to be undisturbed, the camel dung raked over the ground as it had been before.

Brahe did not notice that the rake had been moved, nor the glass of the broken bottle on the top of the stockade, nor the bits of rag that King had hung there, nor the square that had been cut out of the leather door. In other words, Brahe saw what, no doubt, he wanted to see: that nothing had been disturbed, that he had been right to come away from the depot when he did.

They decided not to dig up the cache because the freshly upturned earth might attract the attention of the natives, and they did not think of adding another note to the bottle—what was there to say? Nor did there seem to be any point in adding a fresh blaze to the tree indicating that they had made a return visit to the depot. After 15 minutes they decided that they had seen enough. They got on their horses and rode away.

Brahe's conscience was clear: Burke's party had now been gone nearly five months, and he went off with Wright feeling that, for the moment, he could do no more.

There now began the long agonizing ride home. For four weeks they wandered slowly southward, finding very little water; in fact, at one moment they might all have died but for a providential fall of rain. Two of the camels collapsed and were abandoned, and scab spread among the rest. Patton managed to hang on until early June, and then, having buried him, they went on again. On June 18 they straggled into Menindie.

Now in point of fact on May 8—the day that Brahe and Wright visited the depot on the Cooper—Burke, Wills and King were only about 30 miles away. They had intended, it will be recalled, to go back on their tracks down the creek for 30 or 40 miles and then strike southwest to the homesteads which they believed existed near Mount Hopeless, about 150 miles away. From Mount Hopeless it would be relatively easy to continue on through the settled districts to Adelaide.

At the start they had made very little progress, intending, as Wills says in his diary, "to recruit themselves and the camels whilst sauntering slowly down the creek." And so when they left the depot on the morning of April 23 they marched only five miles and then camped at a place where there was good feed for the camels. Next day they had a windfall. As they were about to start a party of blacks appeared, and in exchange for some matches and bits of leather strap gave them about 12 pounds of freshly caught fish.

They were ready now to make their forced march through new country toward civilization. They hoped to be able to follow the course of the Cooper nearly all the way. It was the beginning of winter, and the heat was not too bad—it was the cold by night that Burke and his two followers had to contend with—but it was not an exceptional year: no great flood had come down the Cooper. What they had to do was to leave the creek and get themselves across the dry waste and somehow keep going until they reached the more fertile country around Mount Hopeless, a hundred miles or more away to the southwest.

Now we must picture them walking very slowly, exploring the dry channels of the Cooper one after another and constantly turning back when all signs of water gave out; a concentrated little group, walking in Indian file through the silent gum trees, pestered by the flies, not speaking very much, each one intent upon an inner world of his own discomfort. They do not appear to have quarreled or to have lost patience with each other, and this was no moment for hysteria. Burke was much older than the others—13 years older than Wills, 18 years older than King—but he seems to have kept up very well, and they accepted him absolutely as their leader.

On Sunday, April 28—another of these fatal Sundays—a very serious thing happened: Landa, the better of their two male camels, got bogged in the mud beside a water hole. This mud, as any present-day traveler on the Cooper can testify, is of a stickiness and tenacity that almost passes belief. Landa lay all night in the mud and next day they made a final attempt to get him out. It was useless and they shot him. The rest of that day and all the next was spent in cutting off what meat they could get at and in drying it in strips in the sun. They were now left with only one camel, Rajah, and their position had taken a sharp turn for the worse. Each man had to shoulder his own bedding and whatever else he could carry while the stores were loaded on the camel.

On May 2 they were still moving down the creek and still coming across parties of natives—fish and nardoo cakes were exchanged for fish hooks and sugar—and they went on until the water petered out in a forest of dry box trees.

They then went off in a northerly direction on another arm of the creek, and they stuck at it for two days before they were again confronted with the desert. Rajah was getting increasingly stiff; it was so cold in the mornings he could hardly get up with his load. It was now two weeks since they had left the depot, and

the possibility had to be faced that they would never get off the creek.

On the morning of May 7, Rajah was unable to get up off his knees even without his load, and Burke and Wills left him in King's charge while they went up the creek a little way to see what they could find. Toward midday they came on a native camp where they received a warm welcome; by now the tribes had taken strongly to these strange wandering visitors and were almost ready to adopt them. Burke and Wills were plied with fish and nardoo cakes till they could eat no more. They were also given pitchery—a strange drug that is made from roasting the stems of a native shrub and is still used by the blacks in the center of Australia. King describes it thus: "After chewing it for a few minutes I felt quite happy and perfectly indifferent about my position, in fact much the same effect as might be produced by two pretty stiff nobblers of brandy."

So now Burke and Wills forgot their plight for an hour or two and spent the night in a gunyah—a hut which the blacks had prepared for them. Next day, May 8, the same day that Brahe and Wright were at the depot a little farther up the creek, Burke rejoined King while Wills went on alone with the reconnaissance, moving downstream this time. But again there was no way out. When he got back to his own camp he found that Rajah, being unable to move any more, had been shot. Now they were entirely on their own resources.

What was to be done? Well, there was one thing: they could make one more determined effort to get off the creek and reach Mount Hopeless. If they could make a forced march of, say, 30 or 40 miles across the plains surely they would find a creek or a water hole of some sort. Then they would rest and go on again.

All May 15 was spent in planting the stores they could not carry and in getting ready, and next day they set out, each man with a 30-pound pack on his shoulders, and Burke and King each carrying a billy full of water. They planned to live on nardoo cakes and three sticks of meat per man each day. They made eight miles the first day. Their packs were too heavy, and next day they buried more of their stores, before pressing on under a cloudy sky with a strange halo around the sun.

For the next six days there are merely jottings in Wills's diary; obviously the strain of the march left him with no energy to write. When they had marched about 45 miles southwest from the creek—five miles beyond the point which they had estimated to be their absolute limit—they sat down among the sand hills to rest for an hour and then turned back.

Even across a gap of a hundred years it is difficult not to feel indignant. This was too hard. Yet still they were a good way from despair. They struggled back to their old camping ground on the Cooper.

On May 27 Wills set off, carrying with him a few days rations, to return to the depot and see if any messages had been left there. The journey began well. He found the ground "quite black" with nardoo seed, and he came up with a group of native women and their children who were gathering it. Soon they were joined by a band of 20 men, and they led Wills off to their camp, promising him food. One man carried his shovel, another his swag. After eating with them Wills shared a hut with an old man of the tribe, and through the cold night fires were kept going so that they should be warm.

He was not feeling very well next day after eating some fresh-water mussels, but he pushed on again. That night he slept in a deserted hut and was fairly comfortable. He was now only 11 miles from the depot, and next day, May 30, he reached it at 11 in the morning. Again, nothing. No one there, no sign of any white man having been near the place. He dug up the cache with his shovel and found it just as they had left it on April 23, with Burke's letter lying in the otherwise empty box. So that was that: there was nothing more to be done.

He was now very weak, and perhaps his disappointment added to it. He had no food left at all. On June 2 he dragged himself into the last camp where the blacks had been so kind to him on the way up and found it deserted. He was desperately hungry and he gnawed at some fish bones he found lying about.

Wills, half dead, got back to Burke and King and gave them his dismal news. Now at least the issue was clear. They could not leave the creek. Their only hope was to stay where they were and try with the help of the blacks to keep alive until rescue arrived.

The agitation in Melbourne about the fate of the expedition had been growing since March. In that month the *Argus* published a letter: "What has become of the expedition? Surely the committee are not alive to the necessity of sending someone up? Burke by this time has crossed the continent or is lost. What has become of Wright? What is he doing?"

This was soon followed by other letters and leading articles in all the Melbourne papers. It was pointed out that nothing had been heard from Burke since he had written his letter from Torowoto in October of the previous year, and that was five months before.

Wills's father, Dr. William Wills, was very naturally concerned, and he kept writing to the committee for news. Dr. Wills was not perhaps an impressive figure—people seem to have found him very tedious and interfering—but he was intensely proud of his son, and he was a pertinacious man. And now in June 1861 Dr. Wills, with some justification, decided to make himself unpleasant with the committee unless they bestirred themselves.

He arrived just in time to attend a meeting called by the committee to discuss what should be done. One after another the members made speeches about the finances of the expedition, the geography of the interior and the various routes that Burke might have taken. Dr. Wills warmly intervened to say that a rescue party should set out at once, and that he himself was ready to be a member of it. No one seems to have been much impressed by this.

Dr. Wills alone the committee might have ignored, but not the Press; it was now in full cry, and at last, in the middle of June, it was announced that a "Contingent Expedition" was to go out and make a search for the missing men. It was fortunate that, just at this moment, a really exceptional man offered himself as the leader of the rescue party. Alfred William Howitt came from a Quaker family; he was the son of the author, William Howitt, and he had arrived in Australia with his father in the early 50's to try his luck on the gold fields. It seems strange that Howitt's name had never come up when the committee was casting about for a leader of the original expedition, for he was a steady and intelligent man, an anthropologist, a geologist and an excellent bushman: a man in the Sturt tradition. He was just 31. It was now decided that with three others, a surveyor named Edwin J. Welch and two assistants, Alex Aitkin and Weston Phillips, Howitt was to go to Menindie and make his way up Burke's track to Cooper's Creek. At this stage he was thought of as hardly more than a courier—a man to bring back news to the committee.

On June 26 he set off with a minimum of fuss for Swan Hill. Three days later the party reached an inn called the Durham Ox, on the Loddon River, and here they fell in with Brahe, who was on his way down to Melbourne. Directly he heard Brahe's news Howitt saw that the whole position was altered: a much more substantial expedition would have to be got together if Burke was to be found, and he wired the committee in Melbourne saying that he was returning immediately with Brahe. Four men dead, Wright's party back at Menindie and Wright himself gone off to Adelaide, Burke missing since December 16 and now abandoned somewhere in the north—it was terrible news.

Brahe was briskly questioned. Why had he left Cooper's Creek before his provisions were exhausted? Why had he not sent a message down to Menindie long ago? Why had he not kept a diary? Where did he think Burke was now?

Brahe appears to have answered these and a hundred other questions quite firmly and lucidly, and the committee, though obviously looking for a scapegoat, calmed down a little as their

knowledge was expanded. Brahe was sent off to write up a diary of the events on Cooper's Creek from such rough notes as he possessed.

Something had to be done and for an hour or more the members debated the matter back and forth without achieving much more than getting themselves into a muddle. It was Howitt who restored some direction to the proceedings. He submitted a letter which he had drafted on his way down to Melbourne from the Loddon, and in it he suggested that he should set out at once with a somewhat larger party. Brahe, he said, had offered to come back with him and his experience should be invaluable.

The members of the committee fell upon this sensible document and debated it clause by clause. Next day Dr. Macadam read out the diary that Brahe had written during the night, and although it threw little more light on the situation it helped the committee to come to a decision: they agreed finally, more or less as they had done the year before in the case of Burke, to forget all about their motions and directions, and to give Howitt a free hand.

Howitt had hoped to get away on the Monday night's coach to Swan Hill, but it was not until three days later, July 4, that he managed to assemble his party. There were nine of them in all: Howitt himself, Brahe, a Dr. Wheeler, four assistants and two black trackers, Sandy and Frank. Welch, the surveyor, and the other two men had gone on to Swan Hill, and Howitt was to pick them up on his way through. The Government had indicated that it would put up £2,000 toward the expenses. The committee gave Howitt a letter for Burke saying how concerned they were about him and informing him of Howitt's appointment. Howitt was very clear about this last matter: he insisted that if he did meet Burke he would not be under Burke's orders but would continue to control his own party.

Howitt made excellent headway on his journey northward; by July 13 he was through Swan Hill, and on July 30 he swam his horses across the Darling at Menindie. Here he picked up sufficient stores for five or six months, and on August 14 he set out for the Cooper with 37 horses and seven camels. They stuck to Burke's old route through Mootwingee and Torowoto and then, with Brahe showing them the way, they by-passed Bulloo and struck directly north to the Cooper. After the nightmare of Wright's meanderings this march was a model of precision and dispatch. They reached the creek in 25 days.

They were traveling, of course, at the best time of the year, when water was to be found at almost every halt, and indeed it was raining quite heavily during the last part of the journey. In this cool weather migrating birds teemed around the water holes, and everywhere the land was coming to life again, sometimes unpleasantly so, for they were harrassed by flies and the rain had brought out death adders and other snakes. Howitt knew how to live off the land, and they made good meals of pigeons roasted on coals, and of crayfish and mussels dredged up from the water holes.

Their purpose now was to make their way down the Cooper, keeping a lookout for fresh camel tracks or any other signs of Burke's return. On the face of it this search was a hopeless affair, or rather it must have seemed so now that they were confronted with the enormity of their task. Nine months had elapsed since Burke had disappeared. Nothing whatever was known of his route after leaving the Cooper; he could be anywhere within a thousand miles and nearly all this country was unknown and unexplored. Where in all this dreaming, floating space was Burke to be found?

There had been just one encouraging incident on September 6, when they were approaching the flat-topped hills and the gibber plains of the Cooper country. A party of blacks—an old gray-haired man, a younger man and a group of lubras with their children—had come up to them on a dry water course. "They were in a very excited state," Howitt says, "waving branches and jabbering incessantly. The younger man shook all over with fright. Sandy could not understand them, and I could only catch 'Gow' (Go on). At last, by the offer of a knife, I prevailed on the old man to come with us to show us the nearest water, but after half a mile his courage gave way, and he climbed up a box tree, to be out of reach. Mr. Brahe rode up to him, when he climbed into the top branches, jabbering without stopping for a moment. Finding that he would not come down and kept pointing to the N.W. (our course) we left him."

Whatever all this could have meant it was clear that the blacks were eager for them to follow down the creek, and the party marched onward in the rain.

On September 13 they rode into Depot LXV and Brahe declared that it was precisely as he had left it, the stockade still standing, no fresh blazes on the trees, nothing to indicate that anyone except blacks had been there. Incredibly they did not open the cache. The mute appeal of the word "Dig" on the tree meant nothing to them: they had ample rations, Howitt explained later, and so there seemed to be no purpose in broaching the store Brahe had left behind. They stayed only a few minutes at the depot and then camped several miles farther down the creek.

Next day they reached the place where Burke had made his last camp on the Cooper before striking north to the Gulf on his outward journey, and here at last they came on signs that within the past few months someone had visited the place. Around the camp there were camel droppings and tracks in places where Brahe was certain Burke's camels had never been on the outward journey.

Early next morning Howitt set out with Sandy to cast about, and they had hardly gone a mile or two when they came on tracks running in all directions around the end of a large water hole, and here on the ground Howitt picked up the handle of a clasp-knife. A little farther on they came on very definite camel footprints going east, and the track of a horse. "In about four miles," Howitt wrote, "this led me to the lower end of a very large reach of water, and on the opposite side were numbers of native wurleys (or huts). I crossed at a neck of sand and at a little distance again came on the track of a camel going up the creek. I followed it. In doing so I came upon three pounds of tobacco which had lain where I saw it for some time. This, together with the knife handle, the fresh horse tracks, and the camel track going eastward, puzzled me extremely, and led me into a hundred conjectures."

And at this point messengers from the rest of his party, who had remained on another branch of the creek, came hastening toward him. They had tremendous news. King had been found.

It was Welch, the surveyor, who had discovered him. Suddenly, Welch says, his horse, Piggy, bolted. Some blacks scattered in fright leaving behind them "one solitary figure, apparently covered with some scarecrow rags and part of a hat, and prominently alone on the sand. Before I could pull up I passed it, and as I passed, it tottered, threw up its hands in the attitude of prayer, and fell on the ground. The heavy sand helped me conquer Piggy on the level, and when I turned back the figure had partially risen. Hastily dismounting, I was soon beside it, excitedly asking:

" 'Who in the name of wonder are you?'

"He answered, 'I am King, sir.' For the moment I did not grasp the fact that the object of our search was attained, for King, being only one of the undistinguished members of the party, his name was unfamiliar to me.

" 'King?' I repeated. 'Yes,' he said. 'The last man of the exploring expedition.'

" 'What, Burke's?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Where is he and Wills?'

" 'Dead—both dead long ago.' And again he fell to the ground."

Welch fired a revolver to attract the attention of the others, and presently Howitt came up. It was difficult to make out what King was saying, and he was an appalling sight, burned by the sun and half demented by starvation and loneliness.

Howitt made camp at once and they carried King up to a

tent on the bank beside the creek. Dr. Wheeler, who attended him, said afterward that he could not have lived more than a few days had he not been found. Next morning he was a good deal improved and little by little they got his story from him. Howitt sat beside him jotting it down in pencil in his notebook, secretly fearing that the patient would die before he got to the end. It is from Howitt's excellent transcription and from Wills's field books (which were recovered from his grave a day or two later) that we can now piece together the story of how the explorers lived out their last weeks on the Cooper.

Wills had also written a last letter to his father, and it is astonishing now to examine this document; there is not a word misspelled, hardly a comma forgotten, or a fault in grammar or style.

The letter reads:

Cooper's Creek
Jun 27th 1861

My dear Father,

These are probably the last lines you will ever get from me. We are on the point of starvation, not so much from absolute want of food, but from want of nutriment in what we can get. We had very good luck and made a most successful trip to Carpentaria and back to where we had every right to consider ourselves safe, having left a depot here, consisting of four men, 12 horses and six camels. They had sufficient provisions to have lasted them for 12 months with proper economy. We have also every right to expect that we should have been immediately followed up by another party with additional provisions and everything necessary for forming a permanent depot at Cooper's Creek. The party we had here had special instructions not to leave until our return, unless from absolute necessity. We left the creek with nominally three months' supply, but they were reckoned at little over the rate of half rations, and we calculated on having to eat some of the camels. By the greatest good luck at every turn we crossed to the Gulf through a good deal of fine country, almost in a straight line from here. On the other side the camels suffered considerably from wet, and we had to kill and jerk one soon after starting back. We had now been out a little more than two months, and found it necessary to reduce the rations considerably, and this began to tell on all hands, but I felt it by far less than either of the others. We got back here in four months and four days and found that the others had left the creek the same day. We were not in a fit state to follow them. I find I must close this that it may be planted but I will write some more, although it has not so good a chance of reaching you as this. You have great claims on the committee for their neglect. I leave you in sole charge of what is coming to me, the whole of my money I desire to leave to my sisters; other matters I will leave for the present.

Adieu, my dear Father.

W. J. Wills

This letter, King said, was read aloud by Wills to himself and Burke so that they should see that he had written nothing to their disadvantage and only the truth. Wills also said he wanted his father to have his gold watch and both watch and letter were given to Burke. King promised that he would take good care of them if Burke died before he did. Wills's field books were then buried near the hut; firewood, water and nardoo cakes were placed close to his hand, and the next morning, June 29, they left him there, lying on his bed, to fend for himself. King and Burke went off to seek aid from the blacks.

King did not get very far with Burke. All through the first day Burke complained of pain in his back and legs and he was distressed about leaving Wills behind. On the second day he said he felt better, but they had only marched two miles when he collapsed on the ground saying that he could go no farther. "I persisted in his trying to go on," King said, "and managed to get him along several times, until I saw that he was almost knocked up, when he said he could not carry his swag, and threw all he had away. I also reduced mine, taking nothing but a gun and some powder and shot, and a small pouch and some matches. On starting again we did not go far before Mr. Burke said he should halt for the night, but as the place was close to a large sheet of water, and exposed to the wind, I prevailed on him to go a little farther to the next reach of water, where we camped. We searched about and found a few small patches of nardoo seed, which I collected and pounded, and with a crow which I shot, made a good evening's meal. From the time we halted Mr. Burke seemed to be getting worse, although he ate his supper. He said he felt convinced that he could not last many hours, and gave me his watch, which he said belonged to the committee, and a notebook to give to Sir William Stawell, and in which he wrote some notes."

King showed the notebook to Howitt; he had kept it all this time in a little canvas bag which he had hung round his neck, together with the two watches and Wills's letter to his father. Burke's notes were a rough disjointed scrawl written in pencil. They ran as follows: "I hope we shall be done justice to. We have fulfilled our task, but we have been aban——. We have not been followed up as we expected, and the depot party abandoned their post. R. O'Hara Burke. Cooper's Creek, June 26th.

"King behaved nobly. I hope that he will be properly cared for. He comes up the creek in accordance with my request. R. O'Hara Burke. Cooper's Creek, June 28th."

Burke managed, however, to make a Lear-like gesture at the end. He got King to put the pistol in his right hand, and since he knew that King was too weak to dig a grave he insisted that he should be left lying on the ground. Through the early morning hours Burke prayed a little. At 8 o'clock he was dead.

"I remained a few hours there," King said, "but as I saw there was no use in remaining longer, I went up the creek in search of the natives. I felt very lonely, and at night usually slept in deserted wurleys belonging to the natives."

After wandering for two days he rested for two days and then made his way back to Wills. He was too late, however; Wills was lying there dead. King buried the corpse in the sand.

And now, at the beginning of July, King entered into his long, bemused struggle to keep alive. He remained around the camp for a few more days and then set off to track down the blacks. As he marched along he shot crows and hawks and presently the report of his gun brought the tribesmen out to meet him. King's account of how he was cared for during the next two months until Howitt arrived is one of the most moving tributes ever written to the kindness of the primitive people of Australia, and it makes perhaps the best epitaph for the now vanished blacks of Cooper's Creek. One must remember that they, too, were hard pressed for enough to eat, and an extra man who was a semi-invalid was a great burden to them.

"They took the birds I had shot," King says, "and cooked them for me, and afterward showed me a gunyah, where I was to sleep with three of the single men.

"I told them they would receive many presents, and from this time to when the relief party arrived, a period of about a month, they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves," he said.

This then was King's story as he related it, painfully and slowly, to Howitt while the two men sat together in the tent on Cooper's Creek.

Within two days King had improved in health so much that he was able to lead them to Wills's grave, seven miles farther down the creek. They found the place pretty much as he had described it to them, but the native dogs had been about and poor Wills's body was dreadfully mangled. The arms and legs were scattered about, his hair matted with the hair of the camel pad on which he had died, and the skull nowhere to be found. They carefully gathered up the remains and made a new grave.

King was exhausted when they got back to camp that night,

and was not capable of further exertion during the following days. However, he managed to explain to Howitt where Burke's body lay, some eight miles away up the Cooper, and while Dr. Wheeler remained in camp with King, the others went off to the place on September 21. Here, too, the dingoes had been scavenging, and the hands and feet were missing, but the rest of the body was entire. The Colt revolver lay on the sand a few feet away, corroded with rust, and still cocked and capped. Had Burke then meant to shoot himself?

They placed the bones in a Union Jack and lowered them into a grave. While they stood around bareheaded Howitt read aloud the 11th chapter of St. John: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

One detects after this a great lightening of spirits in Howitt's camp; they had accomplished their mission and King was picking up again.

While they were waiting for King to recover enough strength for the homeward march they shoed their horses and filled their days by shooting birds and making great catches of fish in the creek; on one day nearly 100 pounds were caught, all of them, Howitt says, delicious to eat.

All this time King was getting better. He was still very weak, but he was putting on weight at an astonishing rate. By September 25 Wheeler decided he was well enough to travel, and they turned homeward. For the first few days they made easy stages up the creek, so that King could get accustomed to his camel. On September 28 they were at Depot LXV and now at last the cache was dug up. Everything was intact: the letter Burke had written when they had first returned from the Gulf, the note Wills had deposited there at the end of May, a few rough map tracings, one or two notebooks and a tin box with letters inside. They filled in the hole again and went on.

There was a hot wind blowing, but it was superb spring weather. On October 4 they were ready to make their forced march across the waterless country to Koorliatto, and the animals were given a last drink in the creek. It was hardly necessary; on this charmed journey they found water nearly all the way.

On October 11, when they were about a third of the way to Menindie, Brahe and one of the men were sent on ahead to break the news to the outside world. The main caravan followed slowly on, and at last on October 28 they rode into Menindie. It was just over a year since King had left the settled districts. They gave him a week to recover from the journey, and then on November 6 he set out for Melbourne in Welch's charge.

Howitt did not go with them. He had no great liking for crowds and applause; he stayed behind at Menindie putting the expedition's camp into order and writing his dispatches, and then in his own good time he rode back to Melbourne when all the excitement was over.

And excitement there was, almost to a surrealist degree. When the news reached Melbourne on November 2 there was a commotion such as we might have in our time at the news that just one survivor was returning from an expedition to the moon.

The coach that took them to Castlemaine was covered with decorations, and settlers came out to wave at them as they trotted by. At Woodend a train was waiting—flags on the engine, colored bunting on King's special coach—and they had to fight their way through the crowds to get him aboard. At every station bouquets were flung into the carriage. The train was expected to arrive in Melbourne in the evening, and from early afternoon crowds began to gather at the principal station in Spencer Street. The committee had made careful plans for King's reception; he was to be met at the station by Dr. Macadam and then conveyed in an open carriage to the rooms of the Royal Society, and here he was to meet Sir Henry Barkly, the Governor, the committee members and their wives, and the political leaders of the colony. King's sister, a Mrs. Bunting, who was a wardress at the Melbourne Lunatic Asylum, was also to be there. It was a gala night.

"John King . . ." the Melbourne *Herald* wrote, "is regarded with feelings similar to those which made the people say of Dante, 'There goes the man who has been in Hades.' "

He had not been in Hades. He had been living with the blacks on Cooper's Creek on an insufficient diet, and it could have been that there were now moments when he wished himself back there again.

Despite its mismanagement and its tragic result, the Burke and Wills expedition was one of those incidents that, in a quite unpredictable and unexpected way, set fire to a chain of events, and gave color and movement to an age. It had the quality of a myth, of a genuine and wholly Australian legend, and that was enough to inspire others to accomplish things which were far beyond the achievements of the original expedition. The rescue parties that went out to look for the lost men increased the knowledge of the inland enormously.

The greatest rewards were reserved for the miners. Working up Sturt's and Burke's routes they found that Piesse's Knob, to the north of Menindie, was in fact the site of a rich deposit of silver, lead and zinc, indeed the richest such deposit in the world; and so, under its new name, the Broken Hill commercial empire started on its way. By 1958 its earnings were estimated at £400 million. Then, farther to the north in the Cloncurry area, there were other finds almost as valuable; Mount Isa with its copper, and the uranium mine with the delightful name Mary Kathleen. Compared with the millions of pounds earned every year by these enterprises the £60,000 spent on the expedition does not appear to be a very great sum.

Not many of those who were connected with the expedition survived Burke and Wills for very long. King very wisely rejected an offer from a showman to appear in vaudeville together with "a cyclorama of the expedition" and lived quietly with his sister, Mrs. Bunting, in St. Kilda. He married a cousin in 1871. But he never fully recovered from his privations on the Cooper, and in the following year he died of tuberculosis. He was just 33.

It is still quite possible today to retrace Burke's march to the Gulf, camping where he camped, and seeing more or less the same things he saw.

The Cooper remains basically inimical to man, it rejects him, the climate is too arid and too hard. The cattlemen here contract sores and swollen gums which they call Barcoo Rot (Barcoo being the other name for the Cooper) . Sometimes, too, the men shake violently in a spasm of nerves, a condition known as the "Dry Horrors," but this usually only besets those who spend their vacations in prolonged bouts of drunkenness, and whose craving in these dry wastes becomes ungovernable. A week or two in the pubs in the south generally puts them right, and they can continue for another six months or so without a drink.

But perhaps the really undermining thing about the Cooper is the inertia that overtakes one there. It is not the soporific torpor of the tropics, but rather a feeling of deep physical exhaustion, a fatalistic passivity in the mind.

Burke and his companions can hardly have had much sense of achievement in this uneventful place, and one wishes very much that they had somehow got through to the sea and had had their moment of triumph there before turning back to that fatal depot on the Cooper. After all, another day would have made no difference.

—Alan Moorehead

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THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

by John le Carre

this funny Life

It happened in Vietnam as the Army-Navy football game time approached. Rivalry between the services was high and a few tempers were short from the ribbings being taken.

An Army major called to a Navy enlisted man from across the room. "Sergeant!" There was no answer, and the Navy man kept on with his work.

"Sergeant!" repeated the major—with still no answer from the Navy man.

Obviously vexed at being ignored, the major walked over to where the man was sitting and tapped him on the shoulder. "Sergeant," he said, "I called you."

The Navy man looked up and with a touch of indignation stated, "I'm not a sergeant. I'm a first class petty officer in the United States Navy!"

"Well, if you were in the Army, you'd be a sergeant!" was the reply.

"No, sir," said the sailor. "If I was in the Army, I'd probably be a major!"

Name withheld at writer's request
San Francisco, Calif.

Last fall, while residing in the province of Quebec, an acquaintance informed me that he was seriously considering investing his hard-earned savings in some kind of stock. He solicited my advice.

I actually knew very little about stocks, but, flattered by his request, I said I could give him a few pointers.

I didn't hear from my friend again for about six months, when I received the following post card: *Well, so much for your pointers. Now how about a few retrievers?*

Frank R. McCarthy
St. Andrews, N.B. Canada

The recent report on smoking was read and discussed wherever two or more people gathered. As a reporter for a tobacco trade journal I questioned a number of people as to whether or not they intended to quit smoking.

Most of the replies were vague, but a cute little waitress came up with an answer that brought down the house.

"What are you going to do now that you have read the report?" I asked.

"About like I did when I read the Kinsey Report," she replied.

Edward Grimes
Oakland, Calif.

Returning from a field trip in New Guinea during the war, I was amazed to find that everyone at the base believed I had been killed in a plane crash. To convince me that the erroneous report actually had been made, a corporal in my section said, "Lieutenant, we were so sure that you were dead that some of the men even started to say you had been a pretty good guy, after all."

Dom Antonelli
Conyngham, Pa.

Because the state boundaries had been determined during pioneer times, for years the small town of Costilla had straddled the line between Colorado and New Mexico. Occasional disputes had arisen, mostly over taxation and titles to property. Subsequently a more thorough survey of the boundary line revealed that some homes which for years had been believed to be in Colorado were actually in New Mexico.

Upon learning this, one such home owner commented, "I don't mind, in fact I rather like it. I don't believe I could have stood another winter in Colorado."

A. V. Paulsen
Albuquerque, New Mex.

For the first two weeks of basic training, none of the company drill instructors could manage to make the recruits remember that on the order, "Take your seats!" given at the beginning of each training session, they were to sound off with the company motto. The cadre's most industrious efforts produced only a chaotic mumbling from the young soldiers.

One morning, much to the dismay of the commanding officer and first sergeant, the problem was finally solved. The company of recruits filed into the chapel for an informal character guidance class conducted by one of the post chaplains. The chaplain cordially suggested that the men standing at rigid attention in the pews take their seats. The men sat down with military precision and in perfect unison and with roof-shaking clarity shouted the company motto:

"India Company: BEST GODDAMED COMPANY IN THE WHOLE DAMNED REGIMENT!"

T. E. Kennedy
Elmhurst, N. Y.

During prohibition, my husband was given a bottle of whisky by a client who had been traveling in the South. It was a brand unknown to my husband. A little dubious about it he passed it on to the elderly elevator operator.

Several days later he asked the operator, "Was it all right?"

"Just right, Mr. James. Just right."

"What do you mean just right?"

"Well," was the frank reply, "if it had been any better you wouldn't have given it to me. And if it had been any worse, I couldn't have drunk it!"

P. R. James
Burbank, Calif.

A fellow prisoner of mine here at the state prison of southern Michigan was telling me the other day about all the fun he and his wife used to have at the beach, burying each other in the nice, warm sand.

"And," he concluded, with a wistful look in his eye, "I suppose I should go back there when I get out and dig her up."

Name withheld at writer's request
Jackson, Mich.

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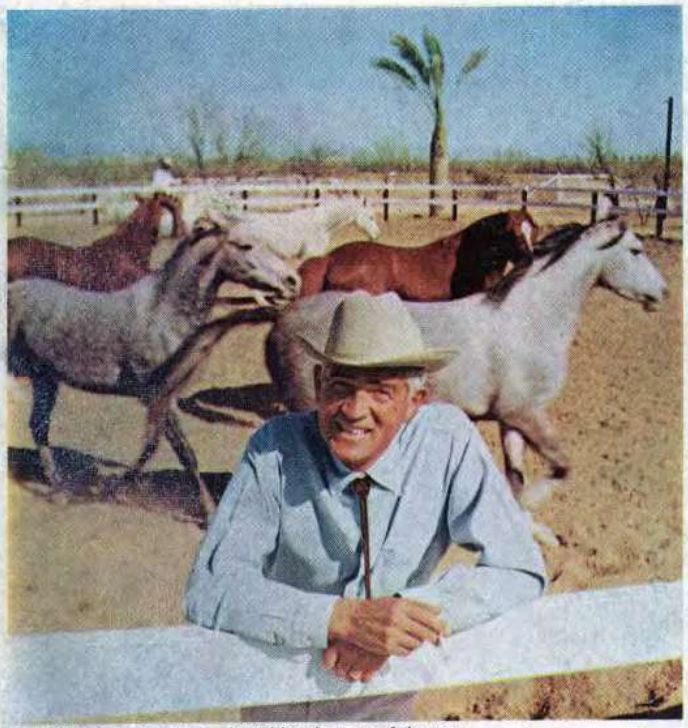
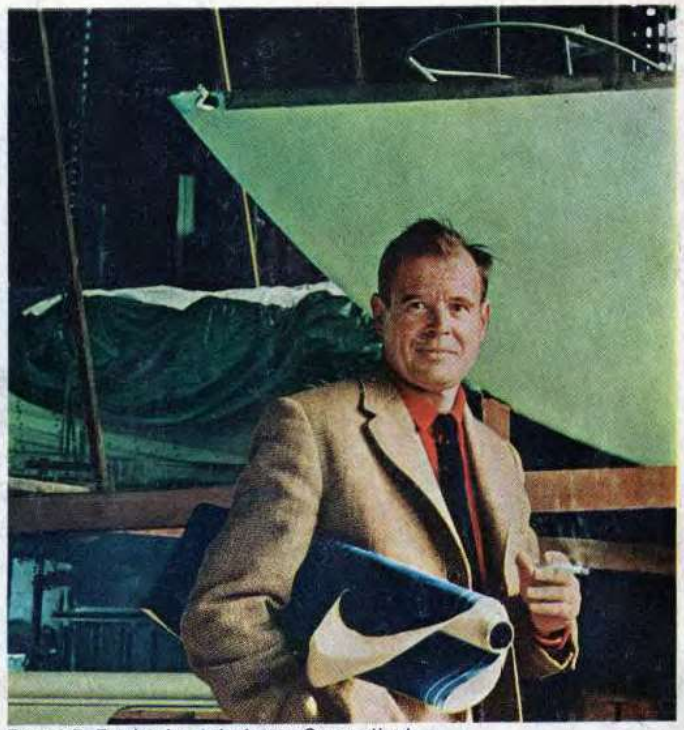


Guy Stillman, breeder of Arabian horses, Arizona



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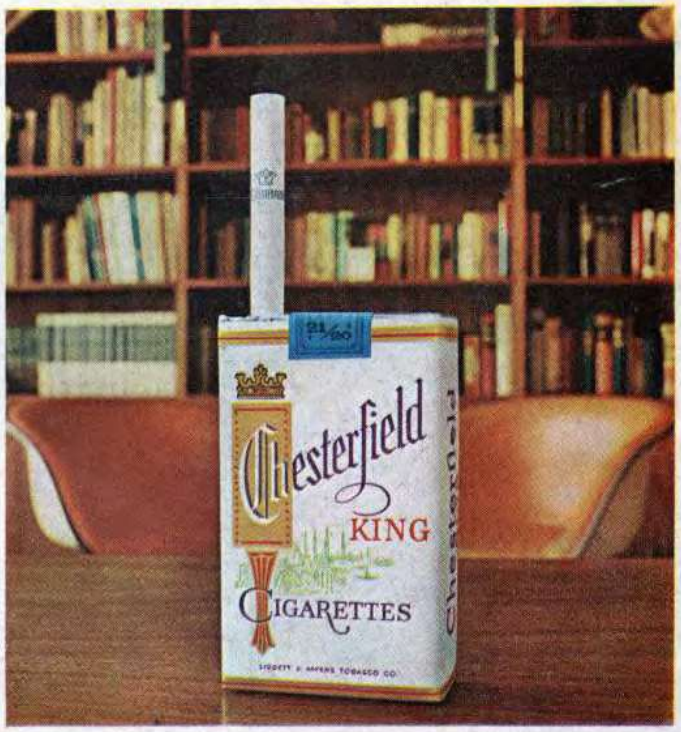

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